MARCH • 10¢

MISS America

for Teen-agers

comics ★ charm ★ fashions ★ stories ★ movies

MISS America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

HOW are your New Year's resolutions holding up? Of course, you did make resolutions. We all do, in moments of strength—or do I mean weakness! It makes one feel so characterful and strong when we resolve to refrain from giving vent to our pet (but such fun) weaknesses. But gosh! what a release and relief when we finally break down and succumb to the things we resolved never, never to indulge in again—such as, for instance, rich gooey sundaes which add pounds in the wrong places, and allowing our closets and bureaus to become awry (that's a nice word for sloppy), and things of that sort.

How I wish we could all get together and have a good old-fashioned gabfest. It would be wonderful to meet all of you and exchange ideas, talk about the things that mean so much to teen-agers. I've got a tremendous respect and admiration for you, because I've learned, through your letters, what a grand bunch of girls you are. You've got heads on your shoulders, all right. And that's so gratifying, especially in these troublous times. So much depends on you tomorrow; you're preparing yourselves, now, to be the backbone of tomorrow's world, and what serious thought you are giving to this gigantic task.

So many of you have already started MISS AMERICA Clubs, and suggested that MISS AMERICA back them up. You can bet it will be a privilege to be part of such a worthwhile organization. I am sure we can really do big and important things.

But it will take time and thought and will mean more letters from you telling us of your plans and how many members you can get in your community. So let's work on the idea of building MISS AMERICA Club into a nation-wide affair.

Don't forget that we're looking forward to your stories and articles to be published in MISS AMERICA. Don't miss the thrill of a lifetime to have your stories published. Think of what you can do with $50.

I'm hoping and hoping that the judges will have finished reading your TOMORROW'S WORLD essays in time to make the April deadline. Meanwhile, keep us informed as to what you're doing, thinking, planning, dreaming. Speak up in MISS AMERICA SPEAKS.

See you next month. Be good.

Bestest,

JEAN GOODMAN.

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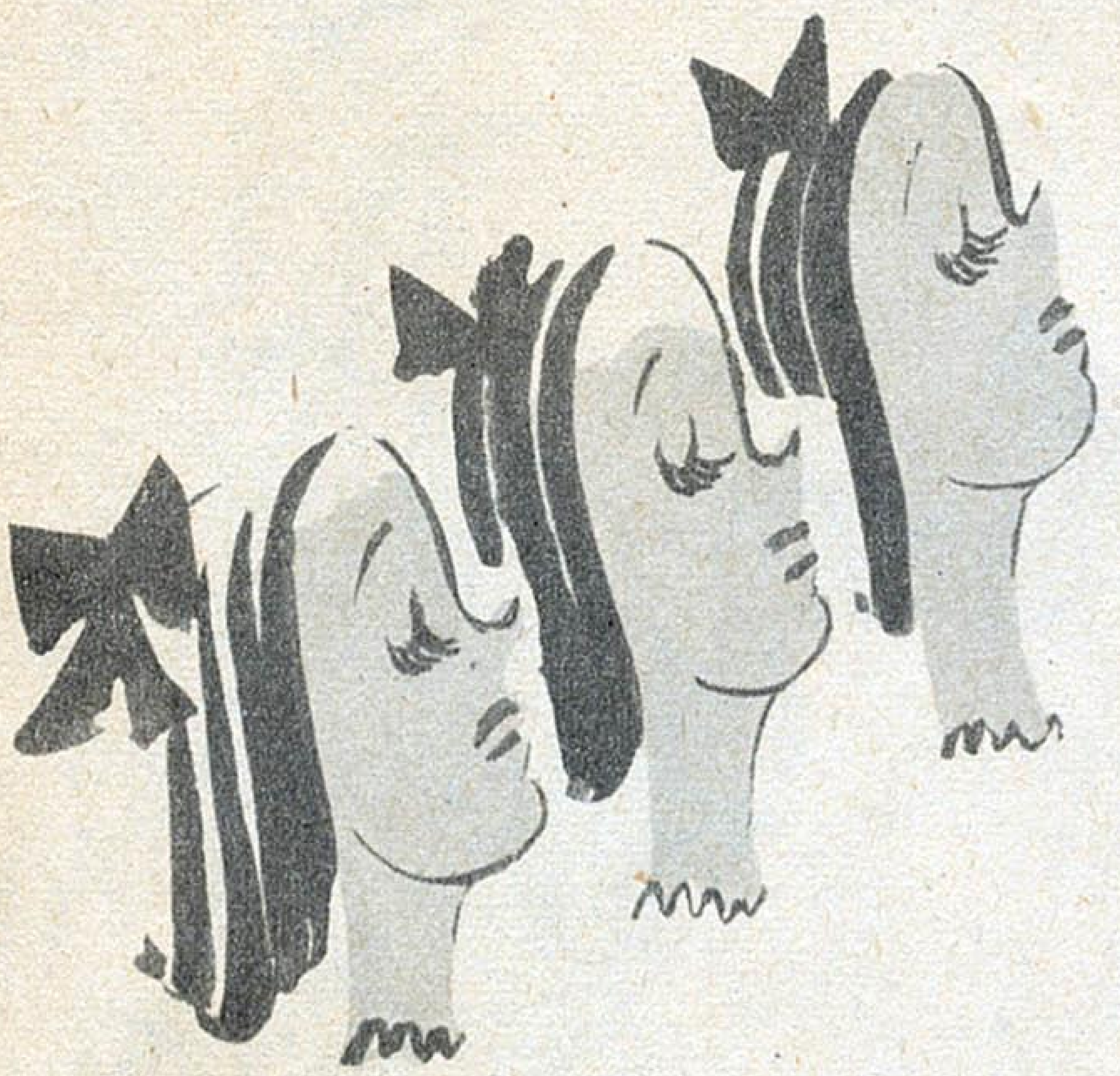
Pogo-Stick Patsy...



We hope to goodness you're not like Patsy in this too-too true fable. . . . The moral of this tale is don't be a snob who snubs REAL friends . . . You'll kinda have regrets later on . . .

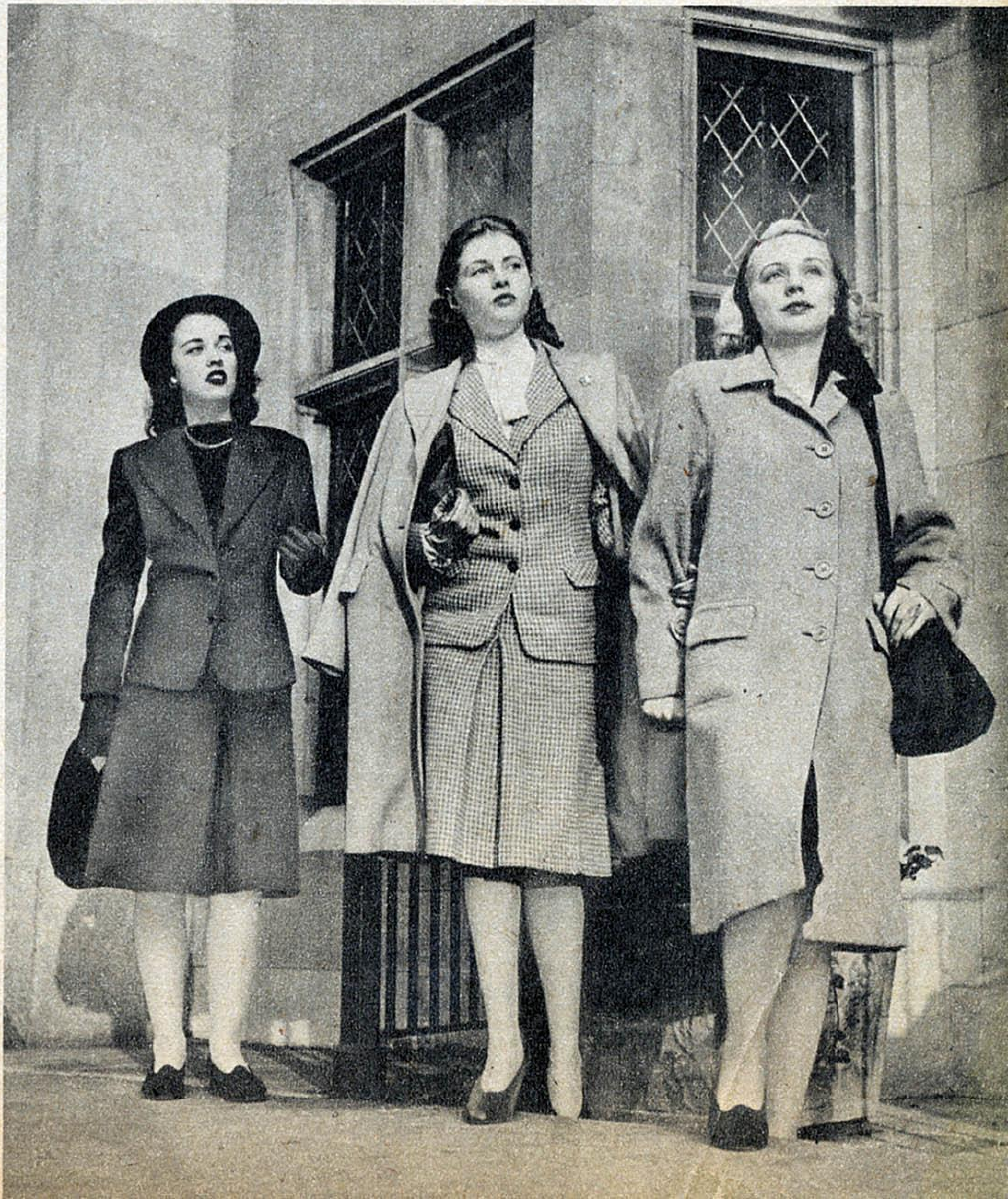
By PEGGY LAWTON

JUMPING JUPITER!

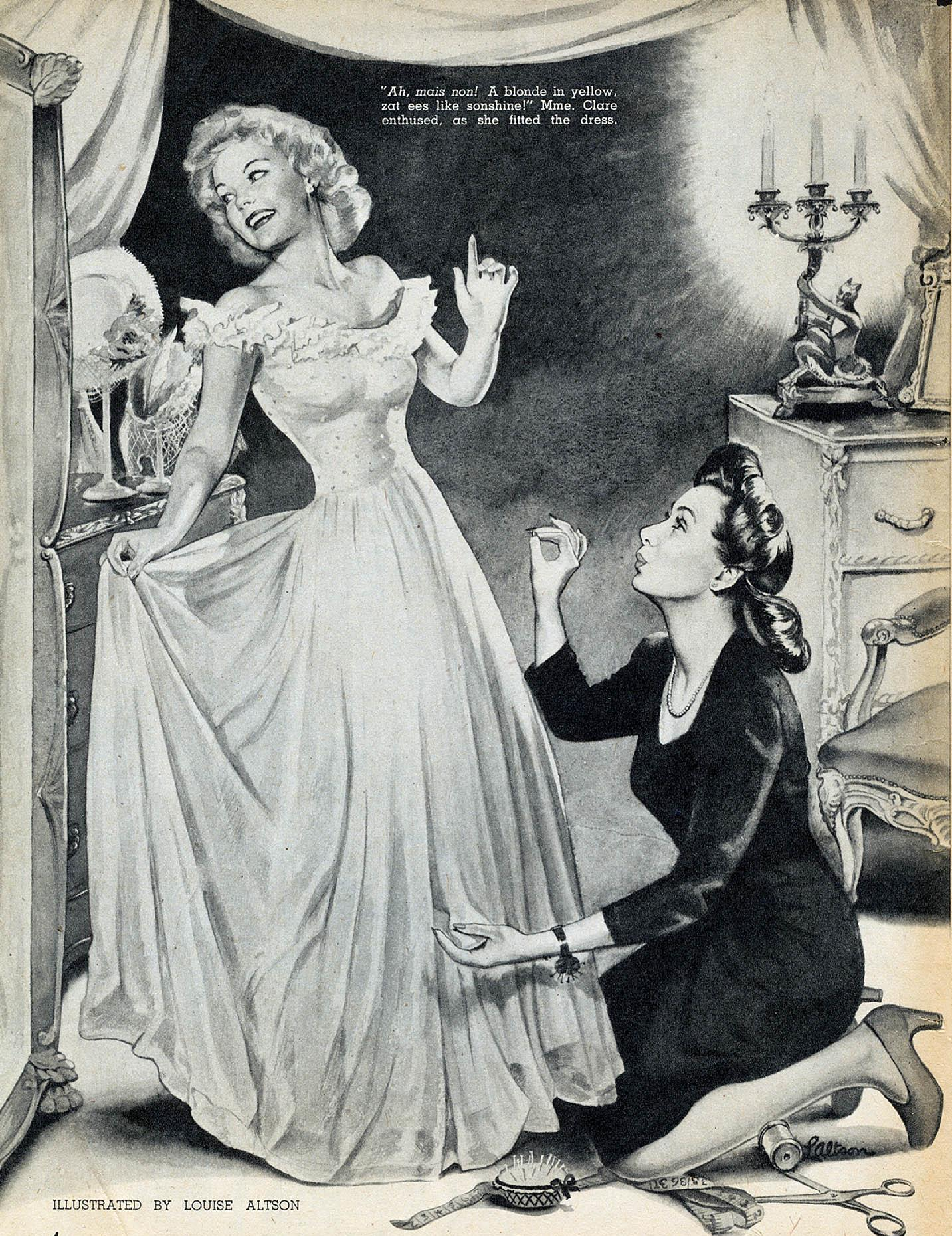
What makes you think they're bringing back the "pogo-stick"? It probably was one of the few things that didn't kill vaudeville, but it sure will put you on the skids. One, two, three, my pretty grasshopper. Relax. High tension looks good on wires, speed is what your track star hero has. But you over there with the bright-eyes . . . how about keeping those moccasined feet on *terra firma* for a bit?

Now, don't pout and make with the "what-have-I-done-now?" lower lip. Listen!

Cathie is your bestest friend. You love her like mad. It's Cathie who is at the other end of the phone when you get that cable from overseas. Cathie's the gal you walk with when the guys go stag for the night. It's Cathie who says "buy the red dress, (*Continued on page* 43)



It's bad manners and thoughtless cruelty to snub old friends . . . And really, the gal who hurts her "old faithful" friends now, will feel the pain of being left out of things, later . . .



"Ah, mais non! A blonde in yellow, zat ees like sonshine!" Mme. Clare enthused, as she fitted the dress.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

Swell Affair...

By S. I. KISHOR

Boys, like books, cannot be judged by their cover. . . . Cathy's romantic story could happen to you, too

CATHY BREWER, working evenings at the drugstore fountain to earn some extra dress-money, stood there pumping seltzer into a banana split until her counter-mate, Bud Larkin, jogged her arm.

"You nuts, Cathy?"

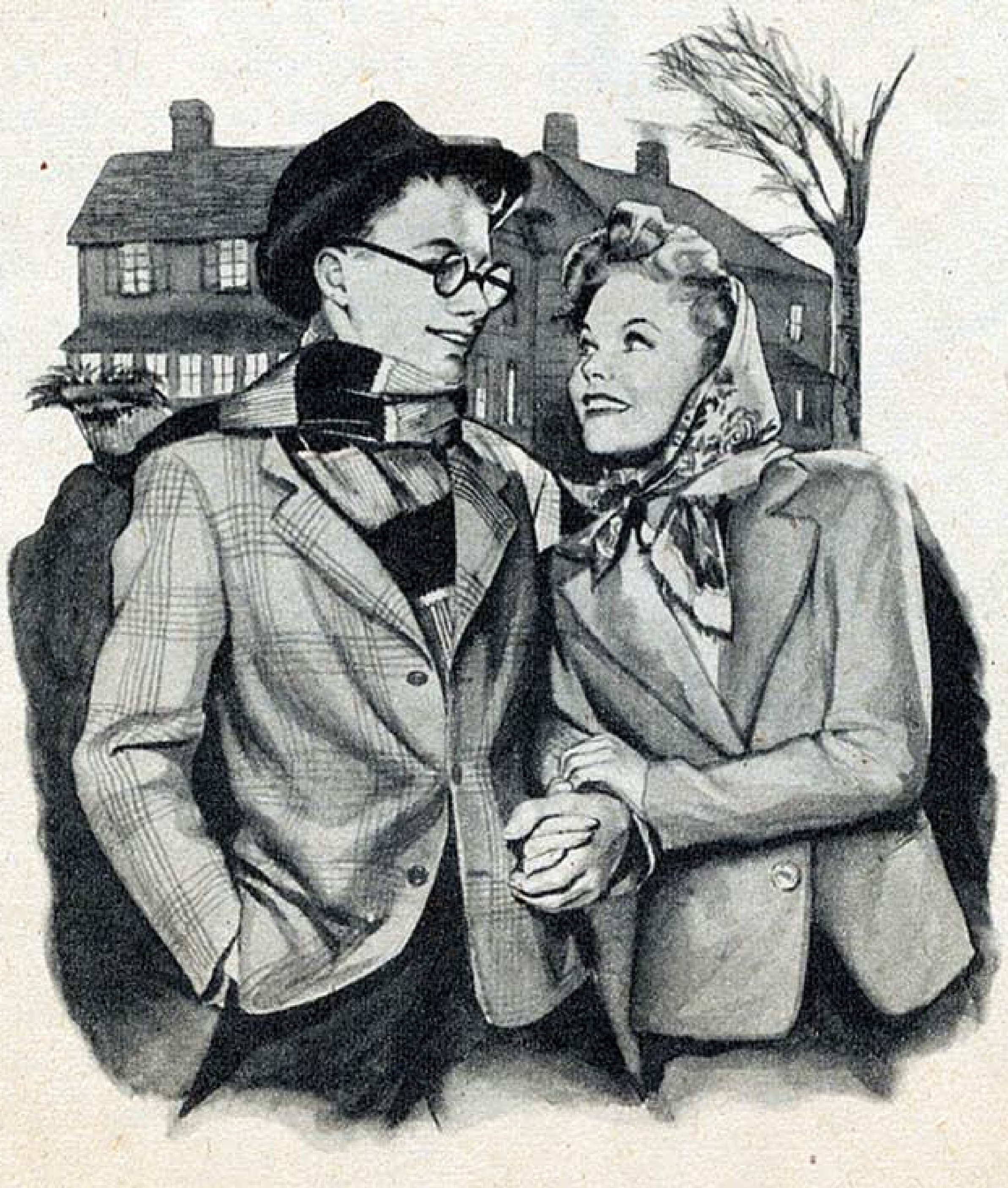
Cathy suddenly saw what she was doing, tossed the ruined split into the waste-can and began making up another. She hoped no one noticed how she was blushing. But when you've seen your No. 1 heartbeat from freshie days till your present first-term junior, walk into the drugstore and this time he's in Navy blue—you can't exactly take it quietly. Especially when he's got with him the girl you've always been jealous of—beautiful Lorraine Hunter, in a new green blazer and green plaid skirt.

Lorraine was a second-term senior and she had everything — looks, charm, money. But Cathy couldn't dislike her. Lorraine always smiled so kindly at her, and she did so now.

Yes, it was Kit Forlew all right whom Lorraine had with her, and the young football star had never looked so stunning as now, in his uniform. He was tall and dark and—oh, there was something in his look that made a girl's heart stumble over itself. At any rate, that's the way Cathy felt. He'd been graduated last term, but he'd been home on furloughs.

She'd never had a chance to speak to him, but this time Cathy's heart was high. She might be able to attract his attention, perhaps, even to dance with him. For, strangely enough, three weeks ago, she had actually received an invitation to the dance of the most exclusive sorority of the high school. She didn't know how or why it had happened, but there was the invitation, with her name on it, Cathleen Brewer.

So she had asked Bud Larkin, a boy from out of town who had come to work in the drugstore, to get her a part-time job there, so that she could buy a new party dress. The store had been only too glad to take her on, to work at the fountain. By now she had twenty dollars saved for a dress.



There was something about Bud that warmed Cathy's heart. They walked home arm-in-arm.

(Continued on page 39)

Pvt. Lon McCallister reporting...

Here he is, girls, the G. I. you've been asking about . . . Lon answers MISS AMERICA'S highly personal questions on love and such . . .

Lovely Jane Ball and Lon play Mister and Missus in 20th Century-Fox's brilliant film, "Winged Victory." Lon is so nice because he's a typical American boy—clean-cut, and such a regular guy!

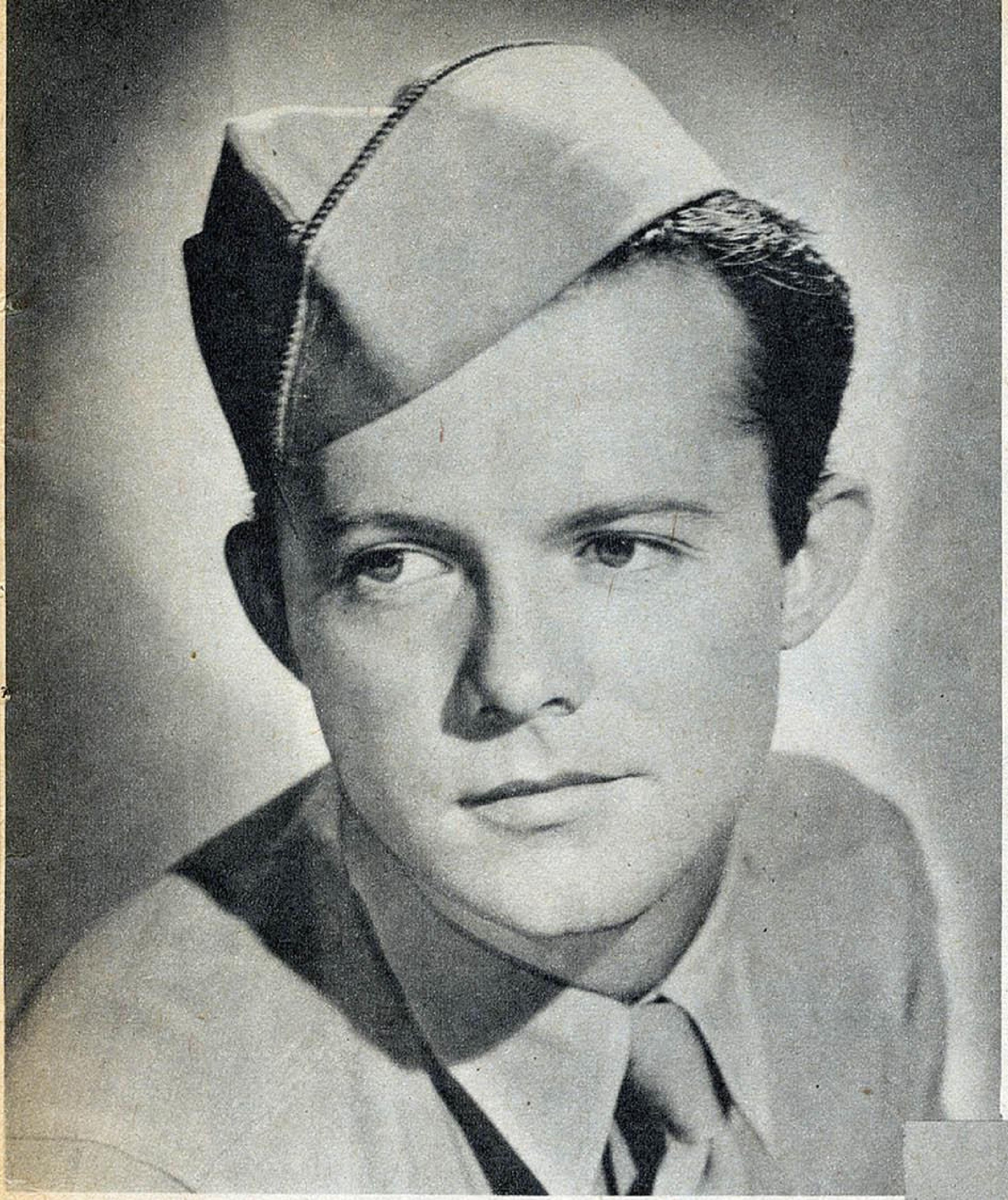
"THIS is my last interview for six months—maybe longer," Pvt. Lon McCallister said. He was a good looking boy, clean-cut and neat in his freshly pressed cadet uniform. A boy any girl would like to think of as "hers". All hers.

Lon, standing in the wings, was waiting his cue for "out-stage, front center," in the Army Air Force play "Winged Victory". The play had opened in Los Angeles for its second record smashing cross-country tour, after completing the film version for 20th Century-Fox release.

"My sarge says we are slated for overseas when we close in New York next April," Lon smiled. "It's been grand being home during the picture. Although," he added thoughtfully, "we are all still in the Army and have to report every A.M. for P.T. and regular training. The show doesn't let out until almost midnight, but at least I've been at home with Mom and Grandmother. And I've seen Bill Eythe and all of the kids."

Lon is such a regularly nice guy, that his most adoring fans would wax even greater enthusiasm if they could have stood there talking with him. He's not affected by his sudden popularity. He shies away from mentioning it. He is grateful that anyone wants to know about him; wants to hear more about him.

Lon's twenty-one. And, "sure," someday he wants to get married. But there is no particular girl at the moment. Of course, he thinks Jeanne Crain and Marjorie Riordan are tops.



Pvt. Lon McCallister as he looks today—downright splendiferous, we'd say, in his G. I. get-up. Look, and swoon, gals, at the favorite pin-up of every teen-ager, and the answer to any girl's dreams—Wotta guy!

"I carry Jeanne's picture with me in my wallet, and I have pictures of the others that were taken at my farewell party in Hollywood, along with Mary Anderson, Bill Eythe, and the rest of the gang."

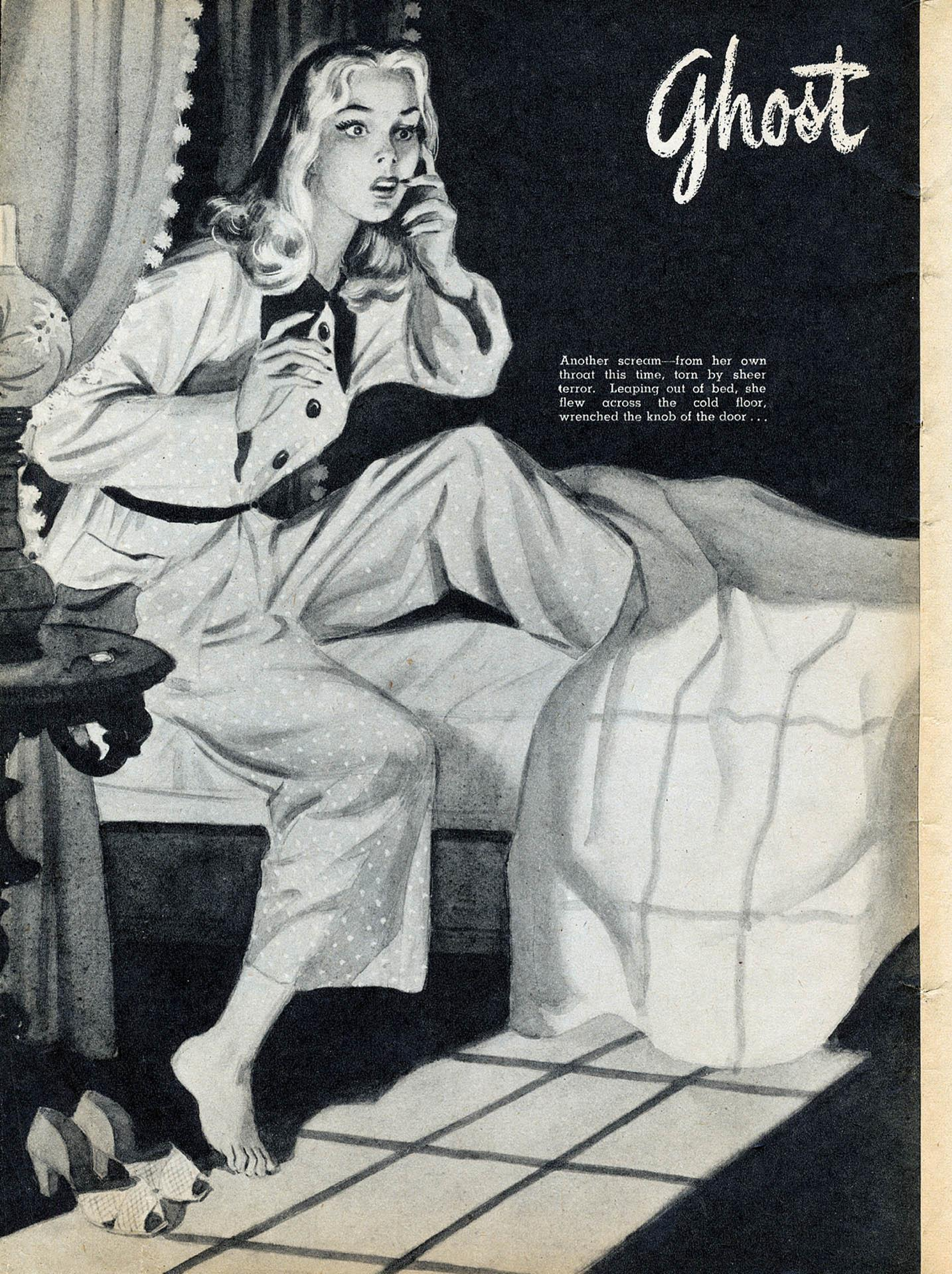
Is he in love with Jeanne Crain? Does he answer his fan mail? Has he a good movie contract to come back to? Does he want to get married? What kind of a girl does he want to marry? Those are your questions. Questions you've mailed in. Questions you are hoping Lon will answer.

"Sure, we'll take them one at a time," he smiled obligingly. "This being my last interview, we'll try and *(Continued on page 26)*

This is no make-believe shot, and make no mistake, please. Lon does his share of K.P. on the 20th lot, while S/Sgt. Mark Daniels dishes out the orders.

Lon and darling Jeanne Crain managed to find time to gossip and gaze at each other between scenes of "Winged Victory." He always carries her pix. in his wallet.

By MAY MANN



Ghost in the guest room . . .

Another scream—from her own throat this time, torn by sheer terror. Leaping out of bed, she flew across the cold floor, wrenched the knob of the door . . .

G-G-g-OS-H! ! G-G-H-o-S-t--sss. . . . . ! ! Where did "IT" come from? And why did it haunt the lovely old Kincaid home? And where did the scary intruder disappear to, in daylight? The answers will make you gasp . . .

By MAXINE SHORE

THE scream was still splintering the night air when Susan Trent sat up, abruptly awake, shivering. Through the old French windows, chill light from a lop-sided moon slanted on the wide canopied bed.

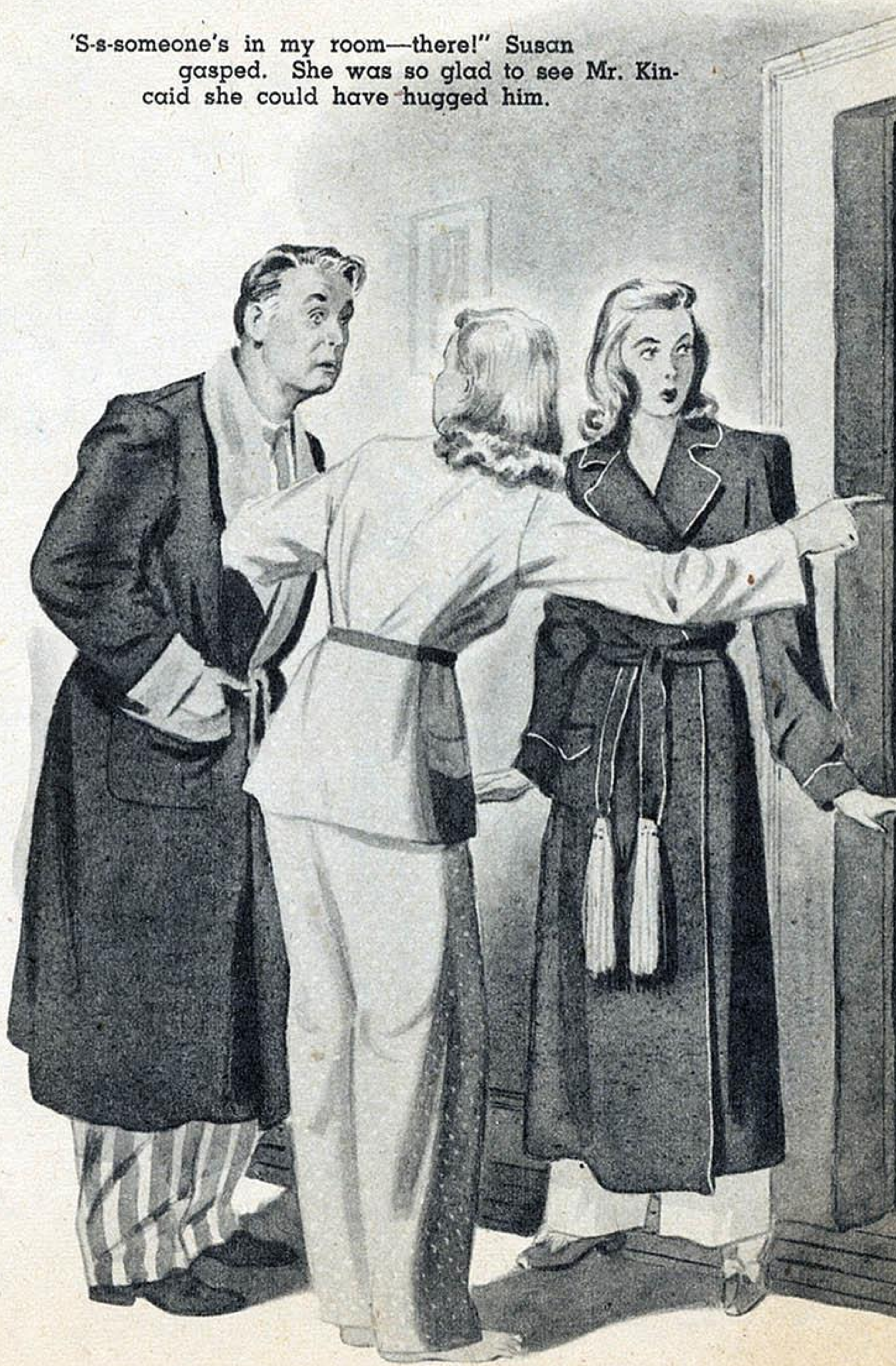
Susan didn't dare move. Her eyes darted fearfully around the strange room. Oh, why had she ever come? Why had she accepted Maida Kincaid's invitation to spend Spring vacation at the old Southern mansion Maida's father had bought?

Susan had been pleased to be asked. Her own home was too far to go for just a week and, besides, she liked pretty, popular Maida Kincaid. Maida was fun. At least, she had been at school. Here she was—well, different. Queer, sort of. This afternoon, when Susan had arrived, two days after Maida, things had been pleasant enough on the surface, but underneath was an odd under-current. The Kincaids seemed to be waiting, dreading something especially as night came creeping up from the deep river which ran by the old plantation house.

And now—that dreadful shriek! It was like something out of a nightmare. A nightmare . . . Susan stirred hopefully. The ice along her spine began to thaw. That was it, she told herself hopefully. She'd just dreamed that weird, high-pitched cry. Something she'd eaten, probably. Anyway, she remembered, her door was locked.

Relieved, she slipped back under the covers. (*Continued on page* 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

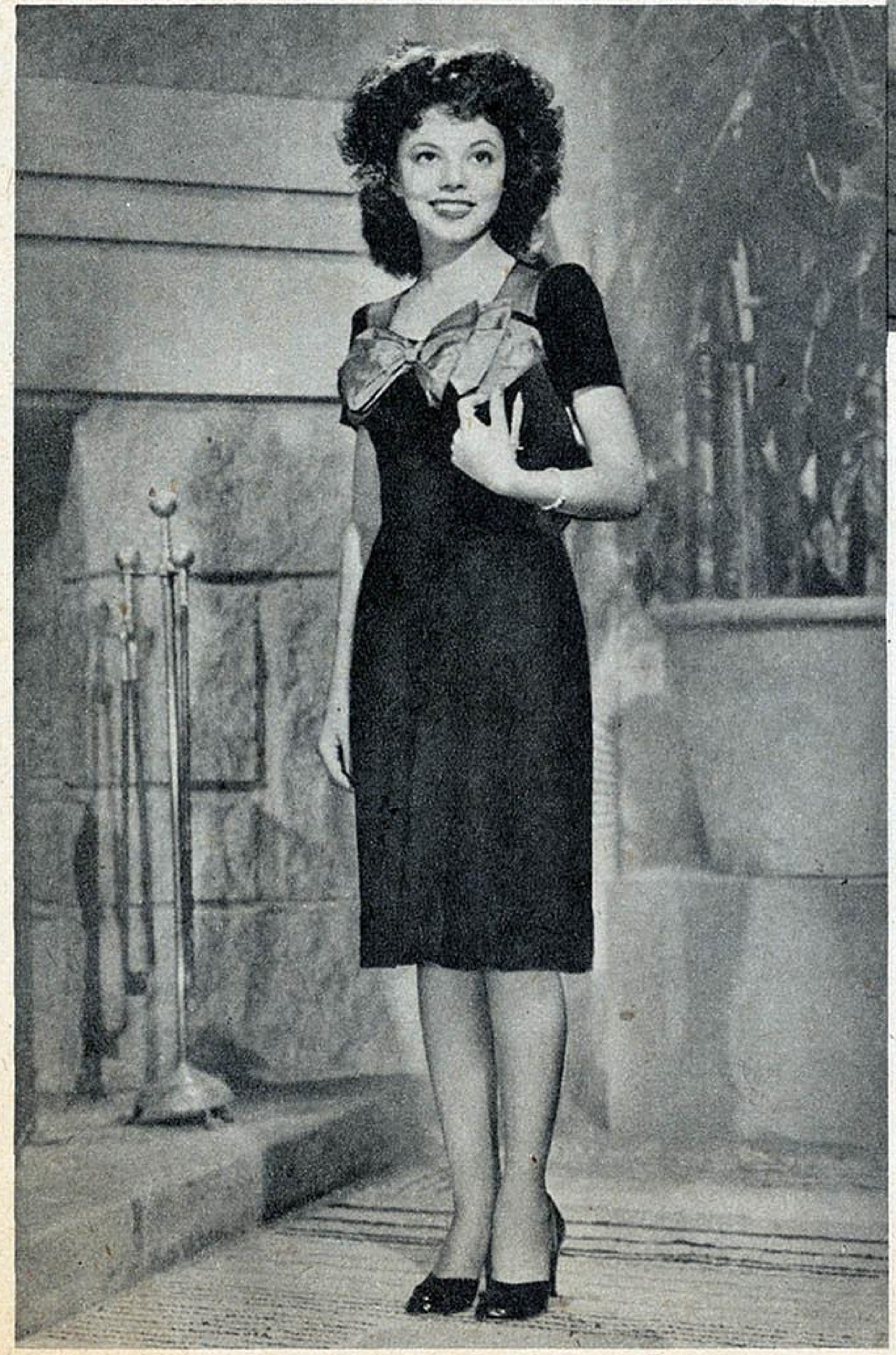


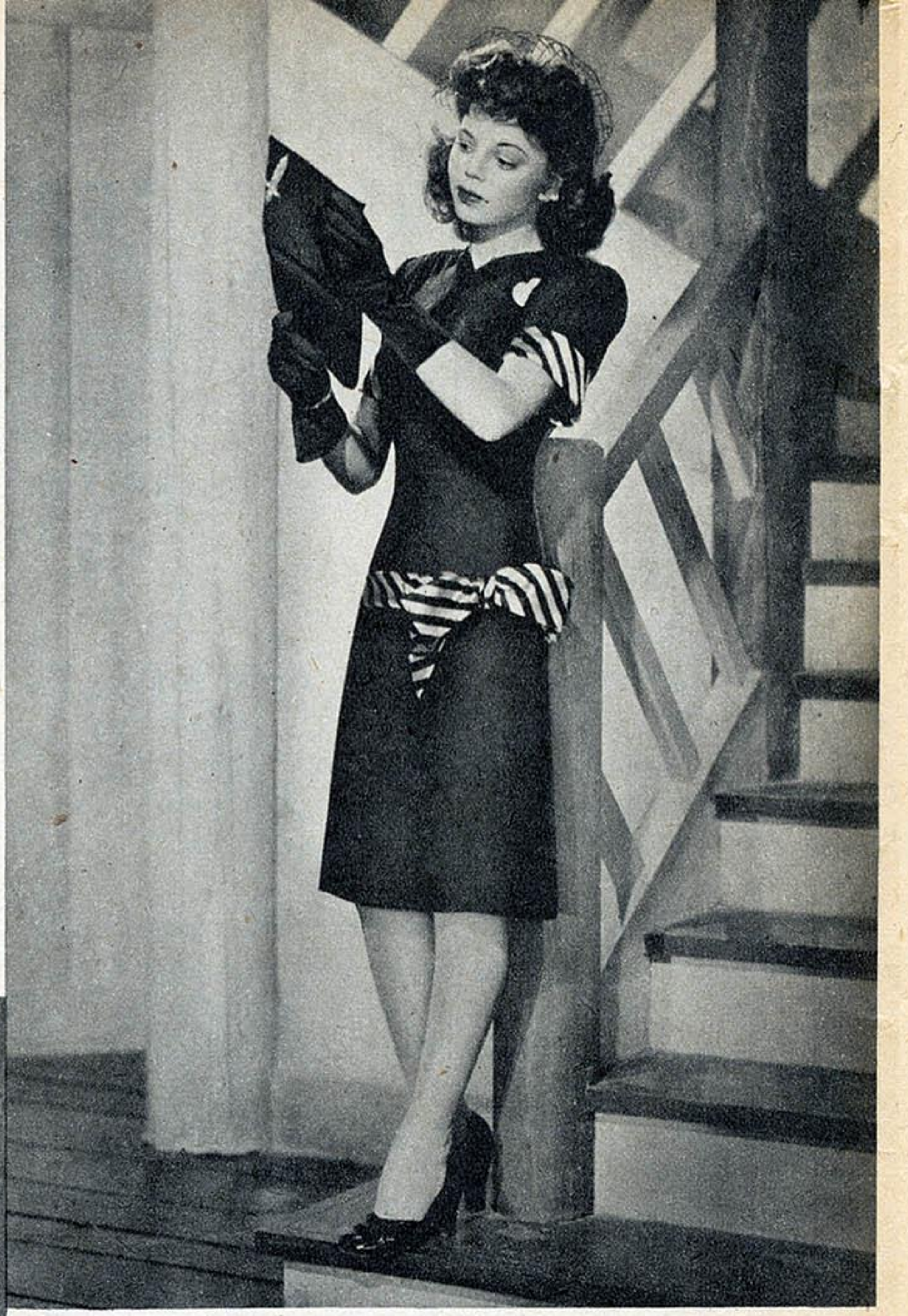
'S-s-someone's in my room—there!" Susan gasped. She was so glad to see Mr. Kincaid she could have hugged him.

PINT-SIZE PRETTIES...

Petite Jean Porter, MGM starlet of "The Thrill of a Romance," looks as smart as taller teen-agers. Here's how . . .

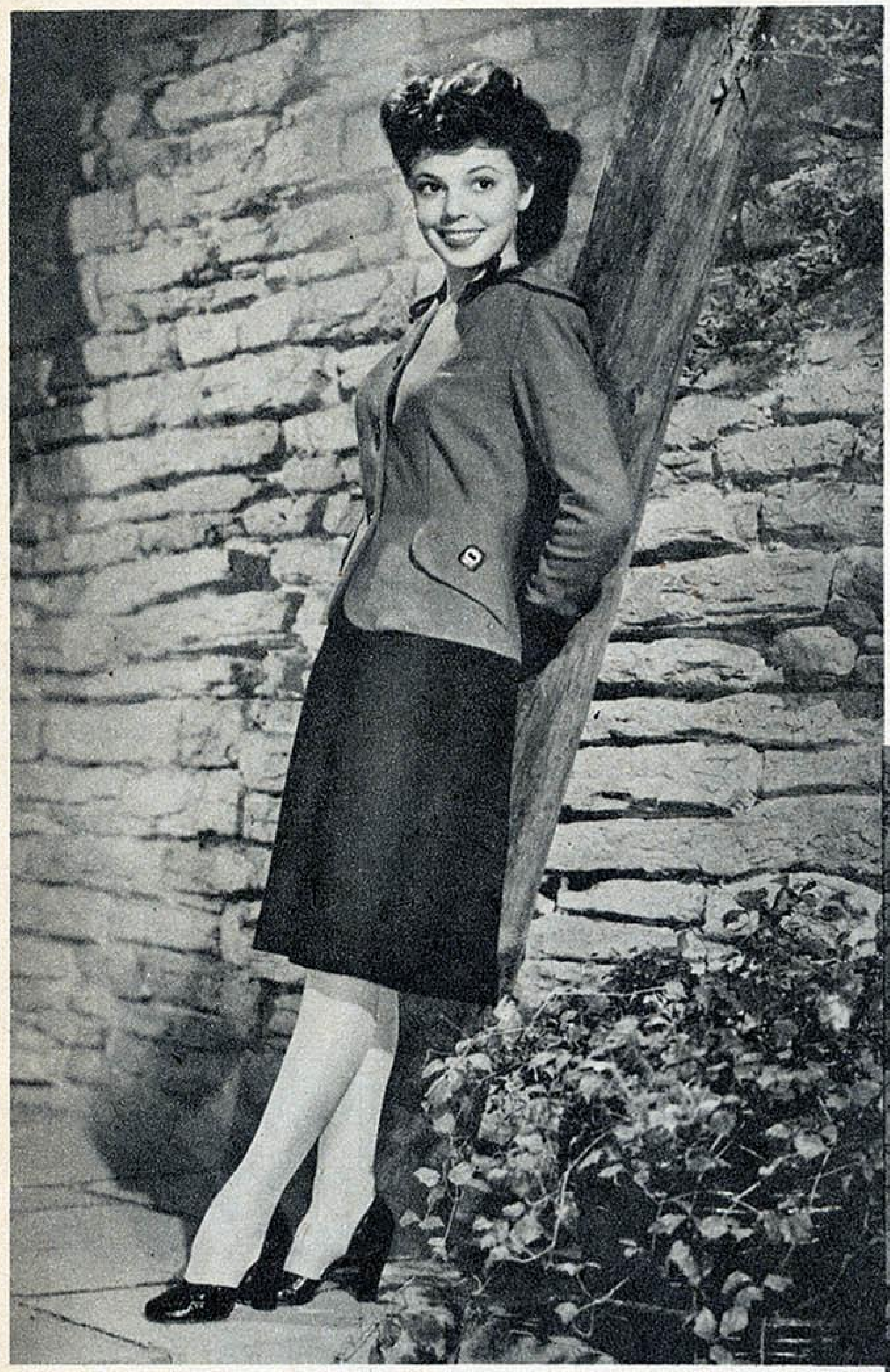
*These fashions obtainable at Saks-Fifth Avenue, N. Y.





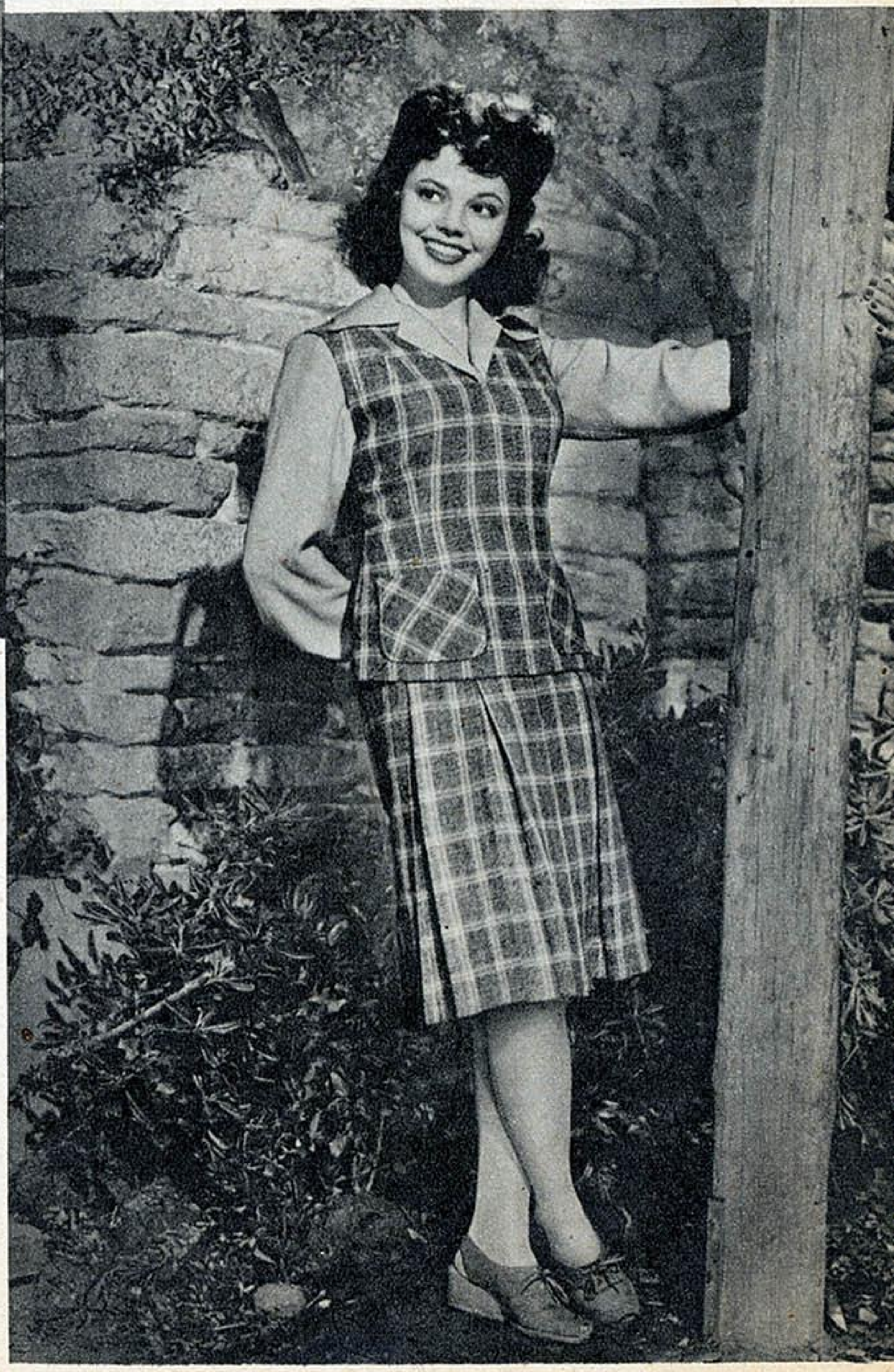
A dream of a dress for little ladies. See that low-waisted effect—It's a clever trick teens try, to achieve long lines. This one's a black crepe with pale blue and black stripes on cuffs and sash.

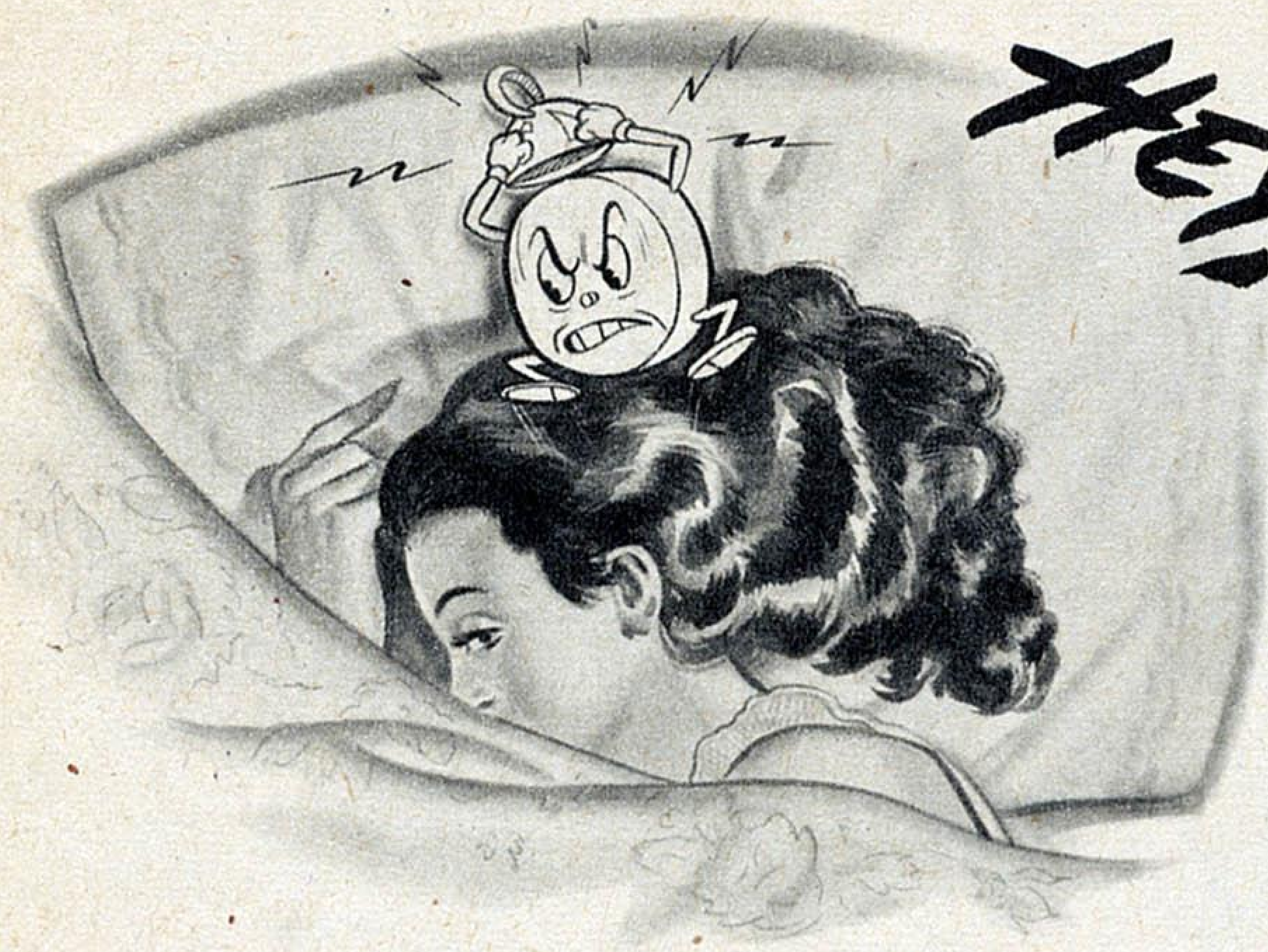
Jean wears a slim, black crepe dress specially designed for small people. Trimming is all at the top. Tiny teens take note! The yoke is of pink taffeta with a butterfly bow. Nice for tea or formal wear.



Jean's suit is soft and feminine. Remember, pin-packages should never wear man-tailored types. Properly proportioned, this suit boasts a bright red wool jacket, black bows at neck, metal buttons. Skirt is black.

Smart as all A-grades is this two-piece jumper of brown and beige plaid wool tweed. Note again: Jerkin is proportioned somewhat short. Blouse is beige. Complete costume, interchangeable. Cute for campus kids.





HEY, YOU! WAKE UP!

Whoops! Helene's on the job again, telling us where to get off . . .

HEY, you! Wake up!

C'mon now! Open that other eye. Don't turn over on the other side. You may be a half pint, but you're far from being half-baked. Like that after-movie hamburger, you're not too rare, or too well-done. You're just right. Solid, Jackson!

But, look, kidlet. Make us know it.

There you are, on or about sixteen years, with a wolf appetite for food and facts, a puppy's energy, bright as your lipstick when you want to be, and what are you doing? Sure, we know. You're dating crew-cuts, seeing flickers, you're jiving, lapping up goo over the marble counter. You're putting your hair up, matching your lips to your nails, and listening to Frankie. OK, gorgeous. But I repeat, what are you *doing?* After you've gotten yourself organized, given your hair its hundred strokes, scrubbed your face, counted your calories, finished your history homework, then what?

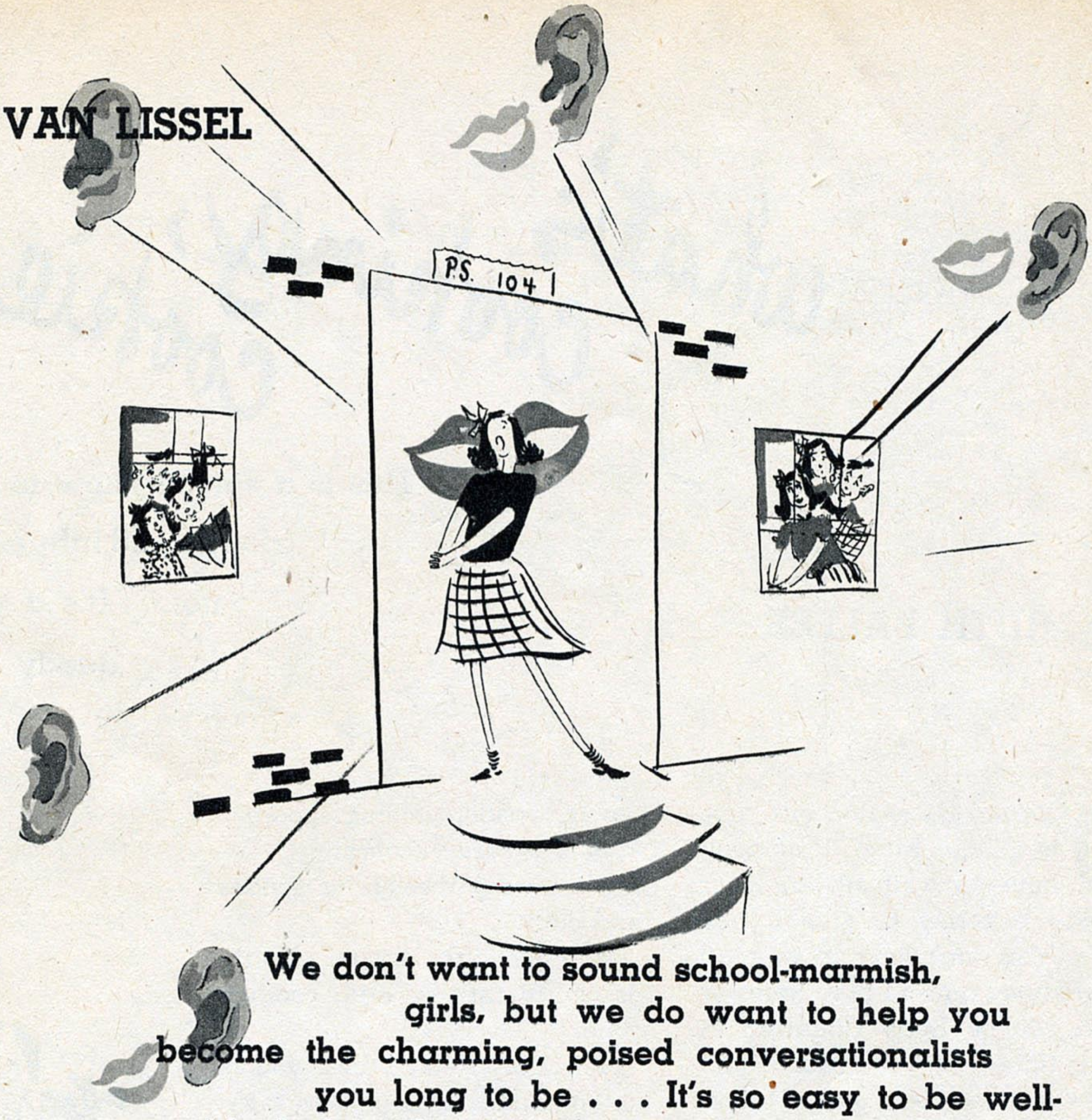
Maybe, if you were a damsel back in King Arthur's court, you might have slid by on that beautiful but dumb routine, but leave us face it. That's not the way they play in 1944. You see, lambie-pie, this world of ours is moving like a super-fast lindy, and if you don't open those baby blues of yours real quick, you're not even going to see it pass you by. Presuming that you want to do something, but the idea is vague, and like the hair you just washed, (*Continued on page 64*)

Sure, learn to dance, by all means. It's fun and high on the social priority list.

By HELENE WANDERMAN

SPEAK UP!

By KAREN VAN LISSEL



We don't want to sound school-marmish, girls, but we do want to help you become the charming, poised conversationalists you long to be . . . It's so easy to be well-liked—but it's up to you . . .

SOMETIMES, when you talk with somebody, it's because you want to find out something, or the other person wants to find out something, or both of you want to make a decision. But most of the time, you talk to people just for fun, don't you?

But do you always have fun? Sometimes, people bore you. Sometimes, they make you feel angry. Then talking with them isn't any fun at all.

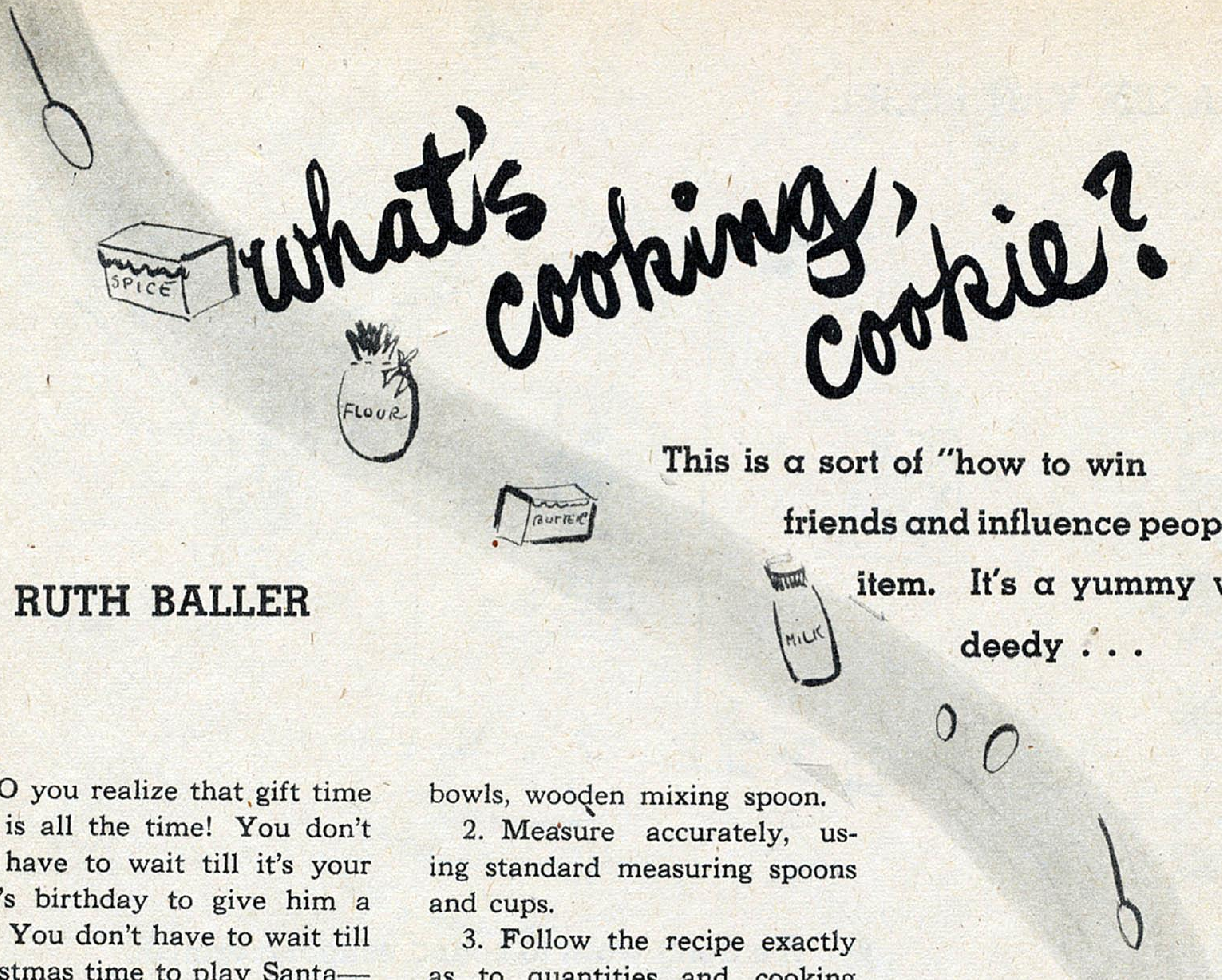
How about you? Did you ever stop to ask yourself whether people enjoy talking with you? Here is a way to find out. See how many of these things you do in conversation. If you do most of the right things, you are good; if only about half of them, average; if only a few, you'd better start improving right away!

DO YOU LIKE PEOPLE?

To be a good conversationalist, you must like people. I don't mean that you must like every person you meet; but, then, you can't have a good conversation with every person you meet, either. But you should want to tell people about the things that happen to you and the ideas that run through your head, and you should want to know about the things that happen to other people.

It will not (*Continued on page* 54)

what's cooking, cookie?



This is a sort of "how to win friends and influence people" item. It's a yummy way indeedy . . .

By RUTH BALLER

DO you realize that gift time is all the time! You don't have to wait till it's your Dad's birthday to give him a gift. You don't have to wait till Christmas time to play Santa—you can be Lady Bountiful at any time—all year round, and give the sweetest gift of all—CANDY—and made with your own little hands. Of course, at the sound of home-made candy you remember that sugar and butter are scarce, but we've remembered that too, and our candy recipes require, very, very little of these rationed rarities.

Candy-making is an art, a grand hobby, and you might, you can't tell, you might even be such a successful candymaker that you'll be swamped with orders! Whatever you cook, whether it be candy, cookies, crabs, carrots, or creamed codfish there're a few rules you should remember in order to get the best results.

1. Assemble all the ingredients called for in the recipe—i.e. milk, nuts, salt, vanilla, etc., and also measuring utensils, proper size pot, hot-pot cloth, mixing bowls, wooden mixing spoon.

2. Measure accurately, using standard measuring spoons and cups.

3. Follow the recipe exactly as to quantities and cooking time.

I'm quite sure that you've eaten pounds 'n' pounds of taffy, salt water taffy, molasses taffy, "kisses" (the kind that are wrapped in cellophane). Have you ever wondered just how they're made? Or are you way ahead of me and can say you've pulled yards of taffy at Hallowe'en parties for years! Here's a simple recipe which requires only three items.

YELLOW JACK

2 cups dark corn syrup
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Place corn syrup in a saucepan and cook till the temperature 270° F. is reached (if you have a candy thermometer); if not, use the cold water test—drop a drop into cold water, candy will be slightly brittle. Stir to prevent burning.

(*Continued on page* 48)

Hollywood's YOUNGER SET . . . By May Mann

We're so glad Ann Gillis has completely recovered from that auto accident and happy to see her looking soo-oo pretty as she dances with Tim Taylor at Ciro's.

Diana (Dolly Dimples) Lynn felt mighty proud when chosen for the honor of mailing the first letters with the new 50th Anniversary Motion Picture Stamp.

Jeanne Crain looked like a dream as she danced with Michael Gaszynski, director of Polish Information, at a party given by social leader, Cobina Wright, Sr.

**Lucky us!
Hollywood's famous pin-up reporter has finally found the time to take over this department. From now on you'll be seeing the cinema sights and stars with May . . .**

'TENSHUN! Lana Turner's cut her hair shorter than the Victory Bob which she popularized two seasons back. Her hair is now less than an inch long and almost shingled in back. She wears it in waves and sometimes in tight golden ringlets. Watch the waist-length hair drop to the floor, for Lana's a style-setter.

* * *

Pretty teen-ager, Virginia Weidler's all set to be the thrush for her brother Warner's band, when he gets out of the Army.

* * *

If Susanna Foster looks a bit swoon-struck these days, 'tis because she has a terrific crush on an actor. She saw Rudy Valentino (Mother's favorite, twenty years ago)! Susanna says she was born twenty years too late.

Janet Martin, the Republic singing starlet, makes no secret of the fact that she'd like to meet Van Johnson! And she isn't the only one.

(*Continued on page* 28)

date data...

By SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Miss Shirley Temple is, to our way of thinking—and millions agree—the sweetest, most beautiful girl on the screen today. To boot, she's got good, sound sense, far beyond her years.

LOTS of girls have written lately, asking me questions about dates. Since I've just started dating recently, too, I think it's a good idea to compare notes. Maybe talking it over will help us all, so here goes for a heart-to-heart hen session.

"Boys, and what to do with, and for, them" is definitely one of our major problems. There are *so* many different things to consider in connection with "dating".

I'd say "appearance" comes first. After all, you have to attract a boy by your appearance before you are *asked* for a date.

Of course, every girl has her own idea about clothes—dressy or tailored. Personally, I go for tailored things except for evening wear. But with a tailored suit, I always wear a very pretty blouse. A girl should always wear the clothes that make her look her *(Continued on page 42)*

From the screen's loveliest and most talented teen-ager comes this wonderful scoop . . . We're proud to present Shirley's fine advice to MISS AMERICA and heartily endorse her ideas on dates, dressing, and many other items mentioned in her heart-to-heart girl-talk with you . . .

Shirley and Joseph Cotten share the spotlight in Vanguard's "I'll Be Seeing You," in which Ginger Rogers shares star billing. What a thrilling threesome!

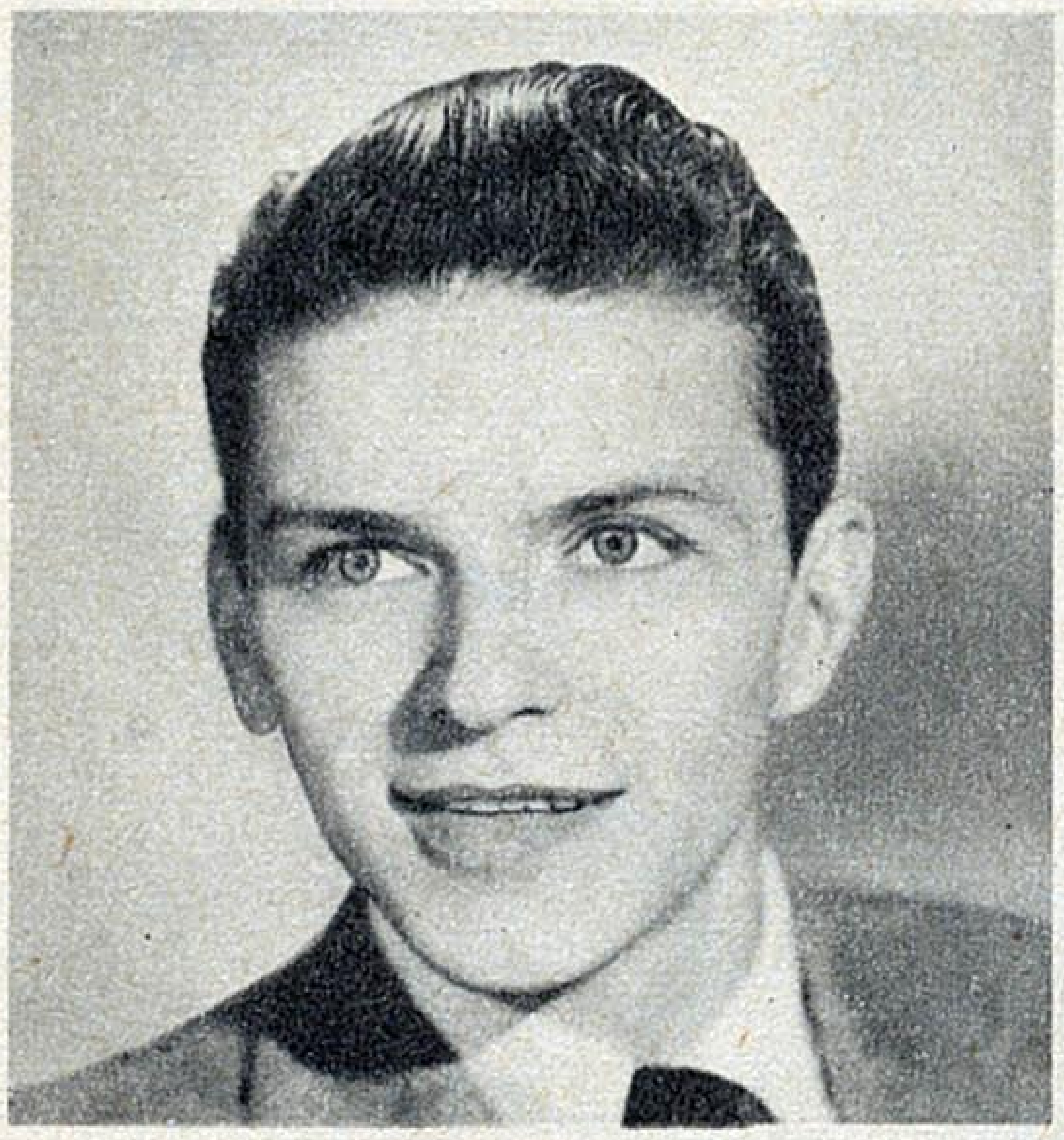
We hope you had the good fortune to hear Shirley address the New York Herald Forum. She stressed the value of films in depicting historical events.

You can't see the camera in this scene of "I'll Be Seeing You," but it's there, as Shirley gets set to write to servicemen. In real life the star writes to many G.I.'s.

Jam Session

By PAT PARKS

There's pul-enty cookin' on the disc burner, cousins . . . but let's be quick in introducing Pat Parks, our platter chatterer, whom you'll be meeting every month in this sparkling space . . .

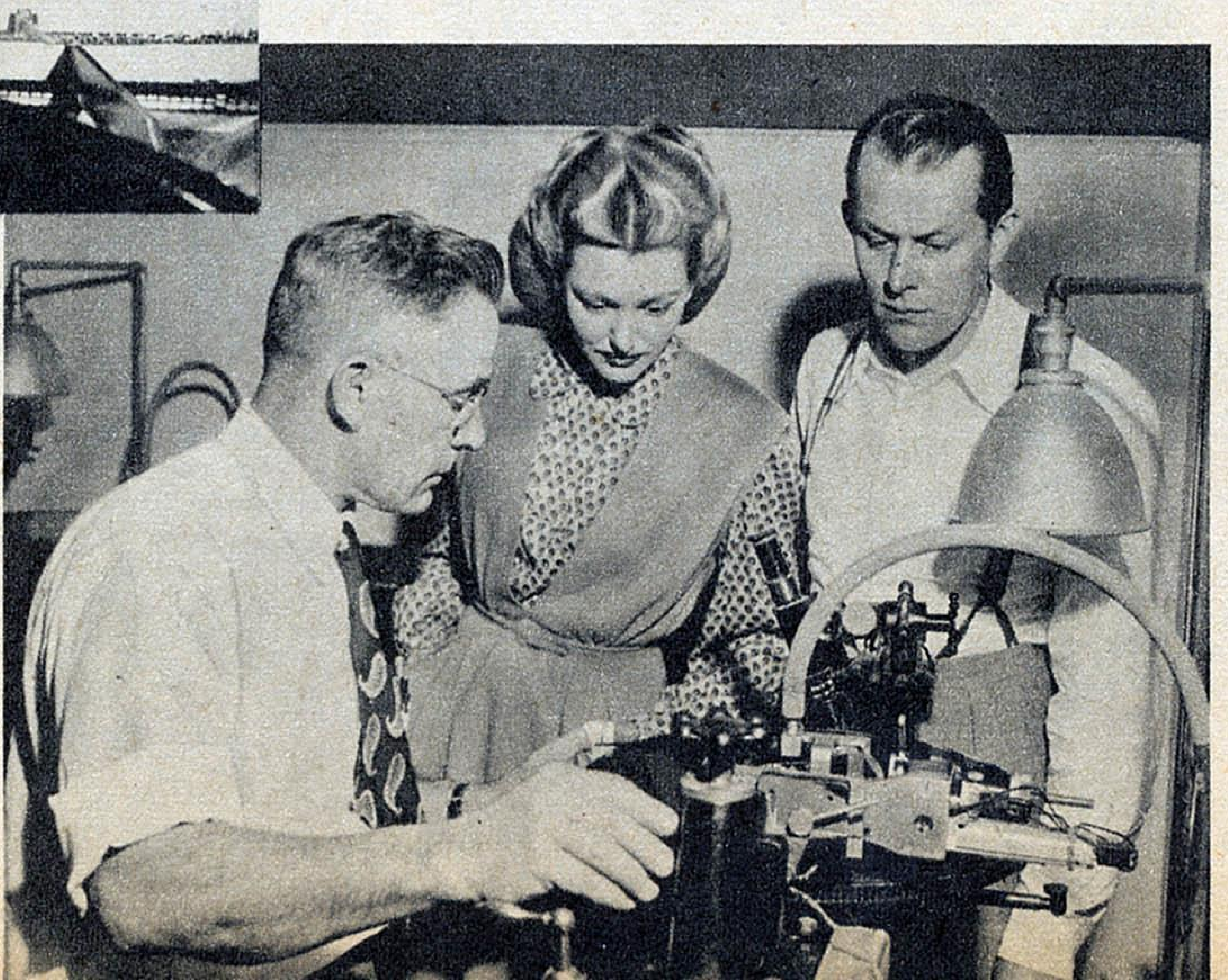


Our Pat Parks is telling US that Frankie Boy is g-g-great!! Ho-ho! Old stuff, but always nice to hear, don't you think?

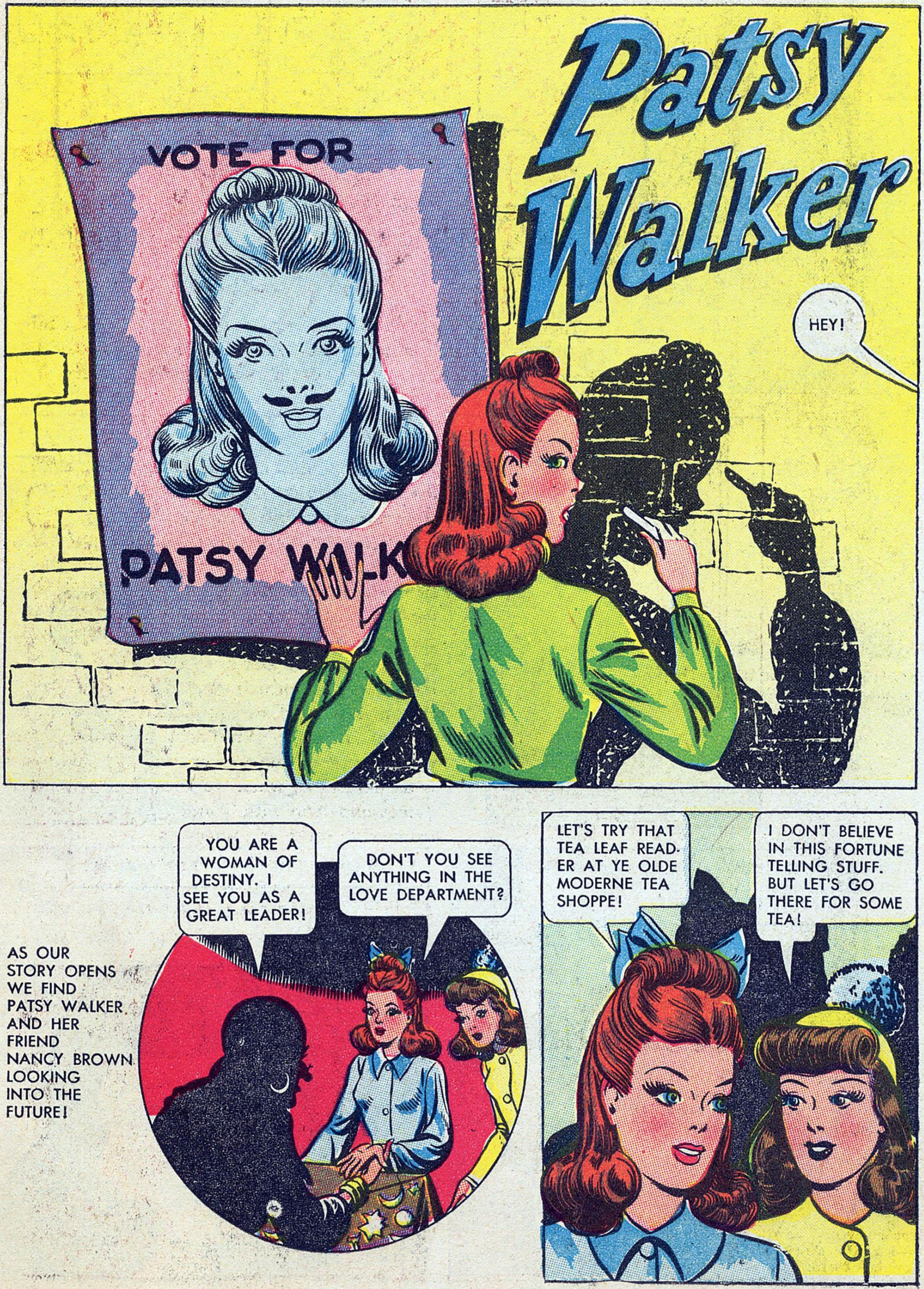
Idol notes and chatter: Dug Frank Sinatra's show in person the other day and went backstage afterwards to talk to Frankie. Looking at Sinatra from a non-bobby sox point of view, we still say the guy is terrific. He's a trifle too thin, true, but after all, are we judging him as a singer and a person, or according to how many calories he consumes at each sitting? Frank has a technique of phrasing his material so that every line has a meaning. His voice is good but it's the phrasing that makes them swoon, mark our words!

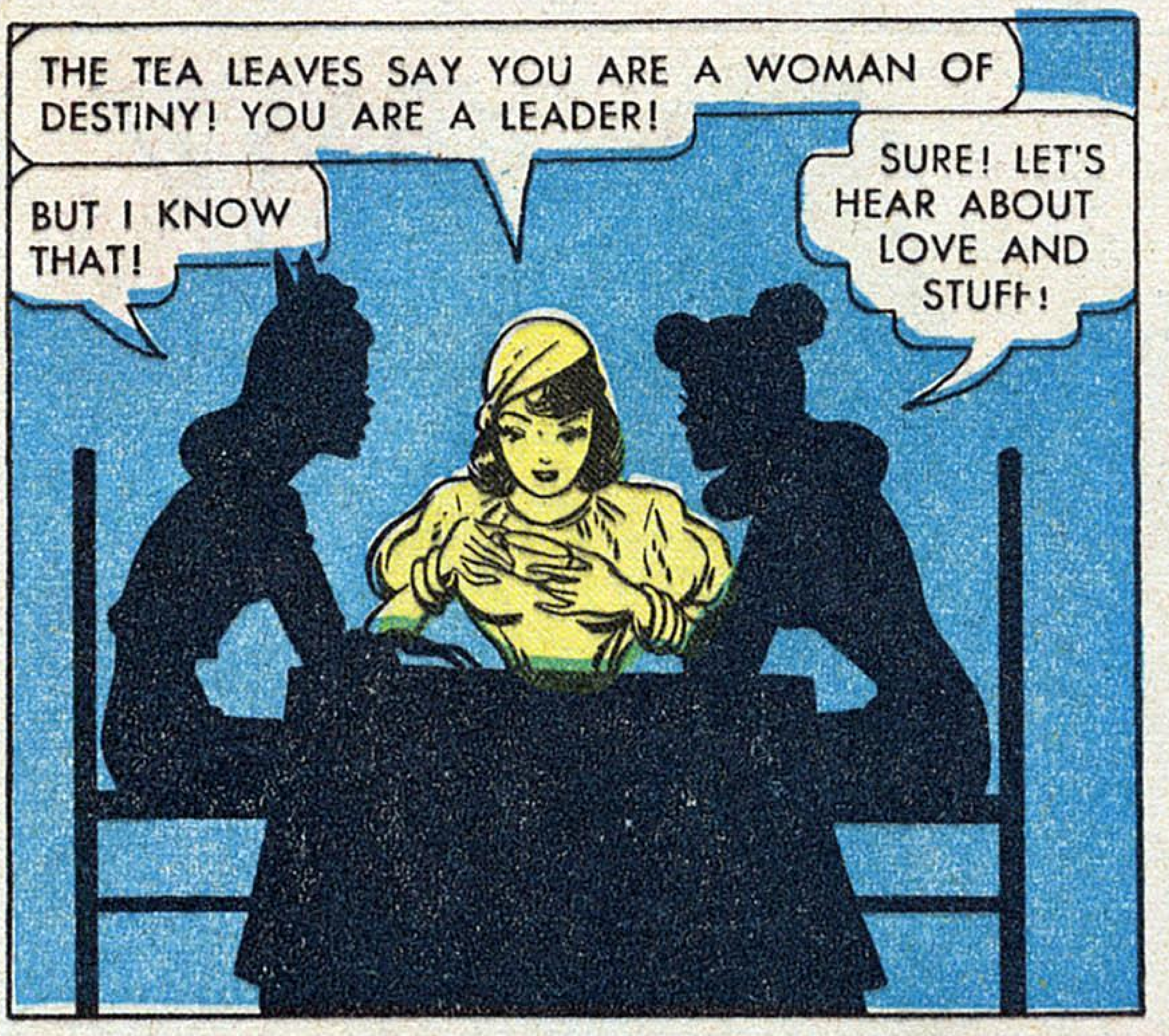
Is he a right guy? Frankie is one of the grandest personalities we have ever met. To this day he is as natural as when we knew him with Harry James and then with Tommy Dorsey. He has a wonderful sense of humor, a great laugh. He doesn't take himself too seriously, laughs at his own misfortunes (what few there are). He loves all of us kids and don't (*Continued on page* 61)

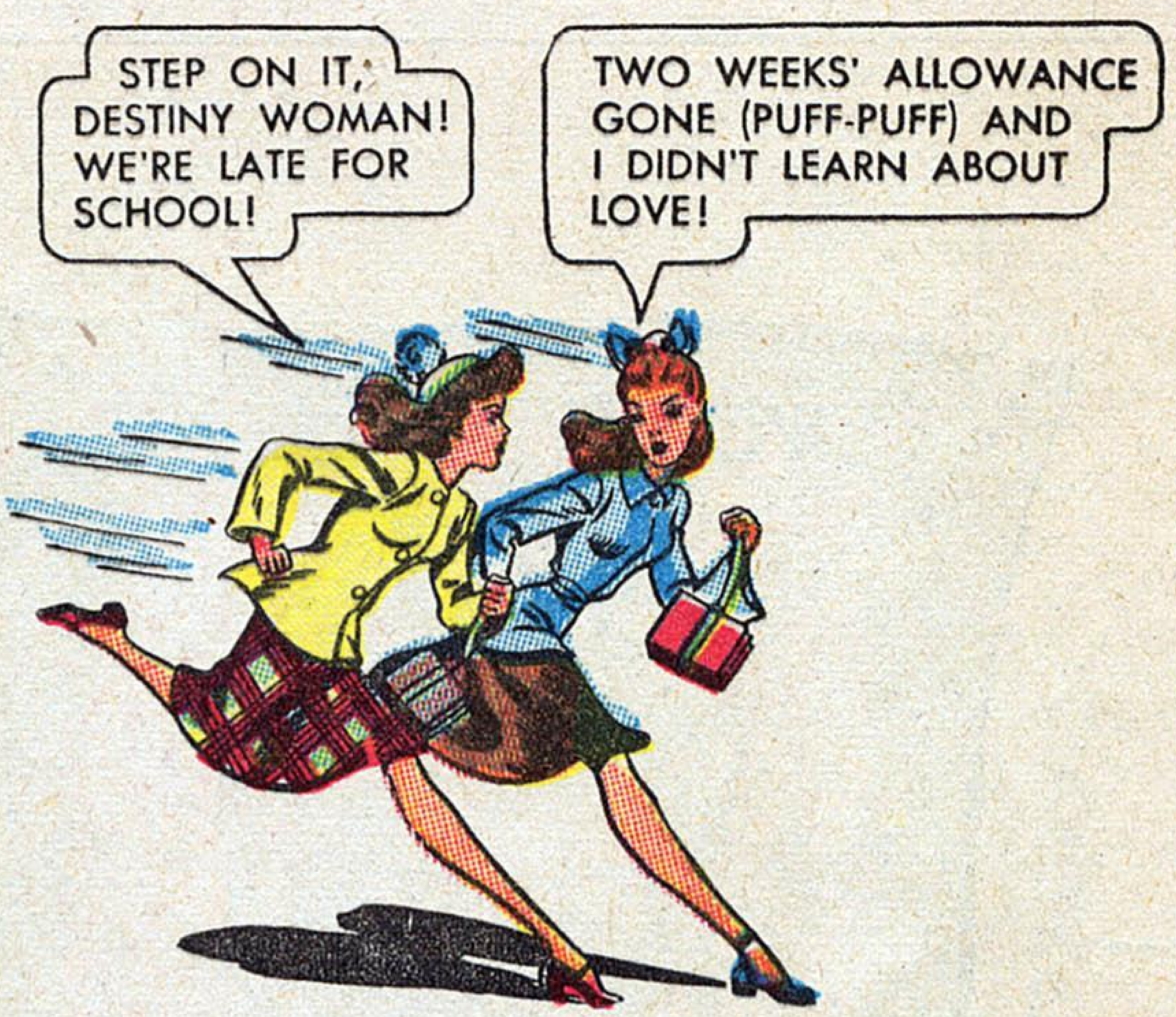
Can't you just hear Phil Moore as he fingers his own grand compo, "Shoo Shoo, Baby"? Sounds like more, so hows about "Gonna See My Baby"?



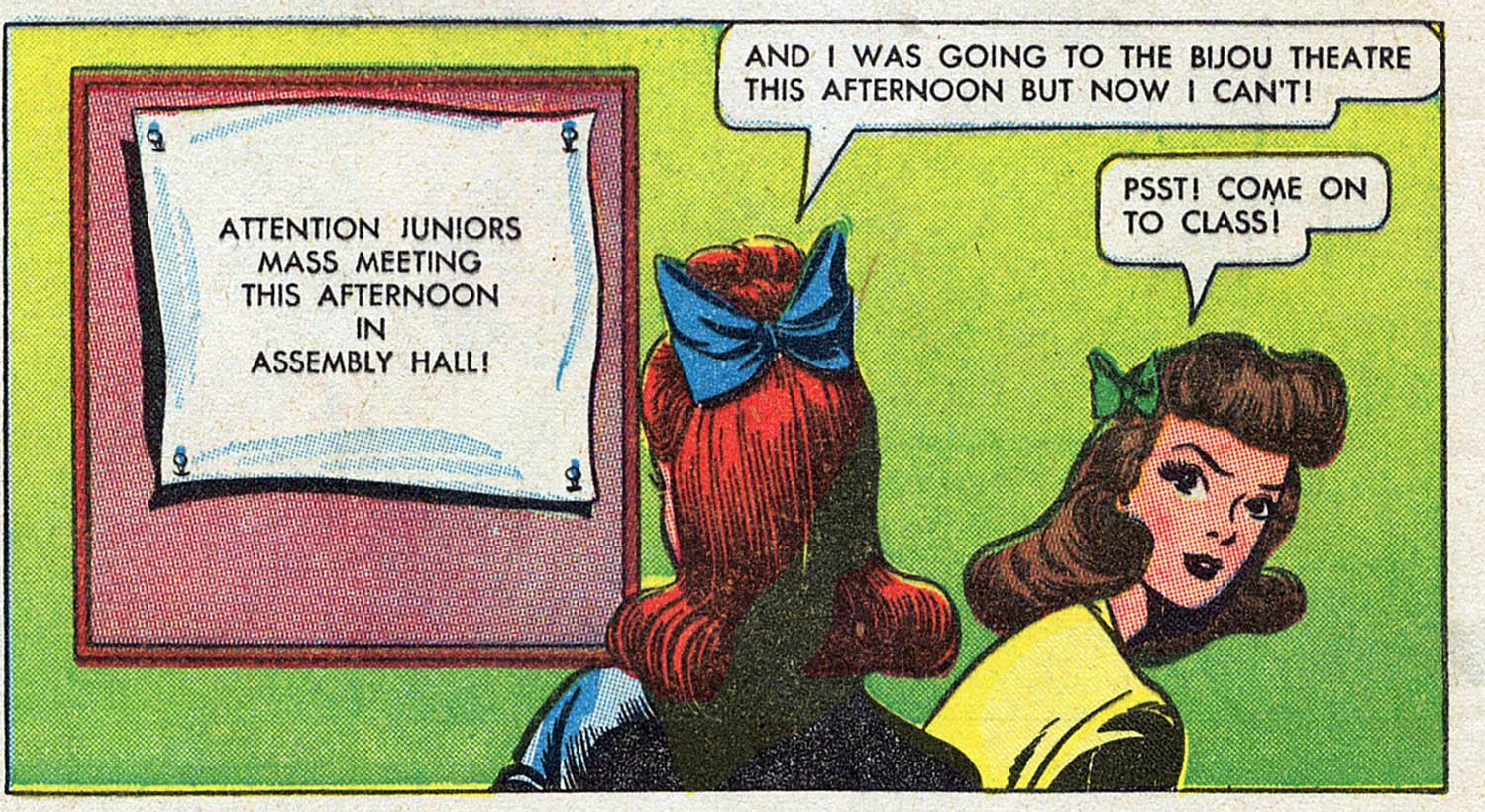
This is history, sorta. Sound engineer Fred Lynch, singer Marilyn Duke and Vaughn Monroe gaze at record-cutting machine after lay-off of record making.

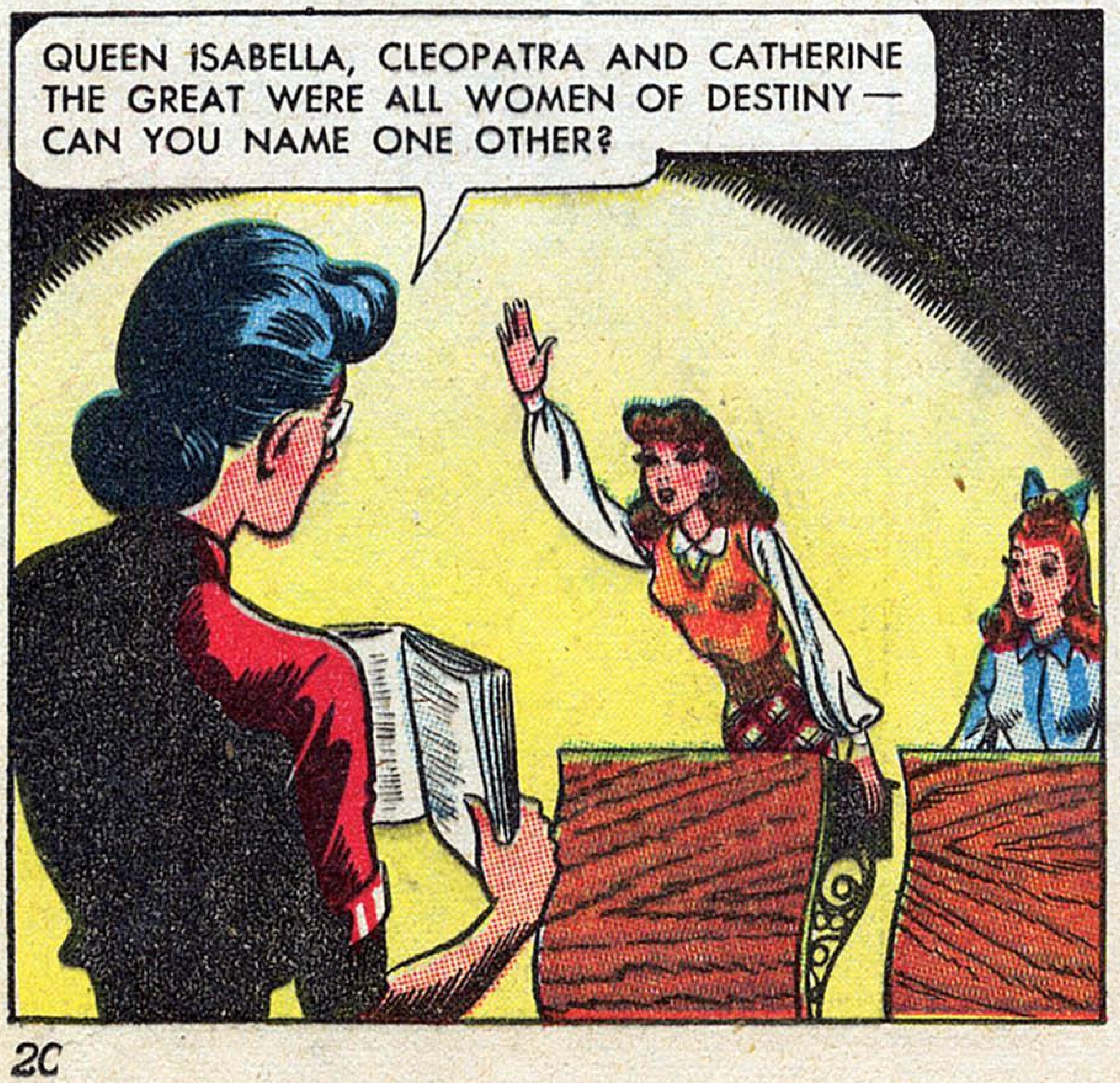

Patsy Walker
VOTE FOR
PATSY WALK
HEY!
YOU ARE A WOMAN OF DESTINY. I SEE YOU AS A GREAT LEADER!
DON'T YOU SEE ANYTHING IN THE LOVE DEPARTMENT?
AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND PATSY WALKER AND HER FRIEND NANCY BROWN LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE!
LET'S TRY THAT TEA LEAF READER AT YE OLDE MODERNE TEA SHOPPE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN THIS FORTUNE TELLING STUFF. BUT LET'S GO THERE FOR SOME TEA!

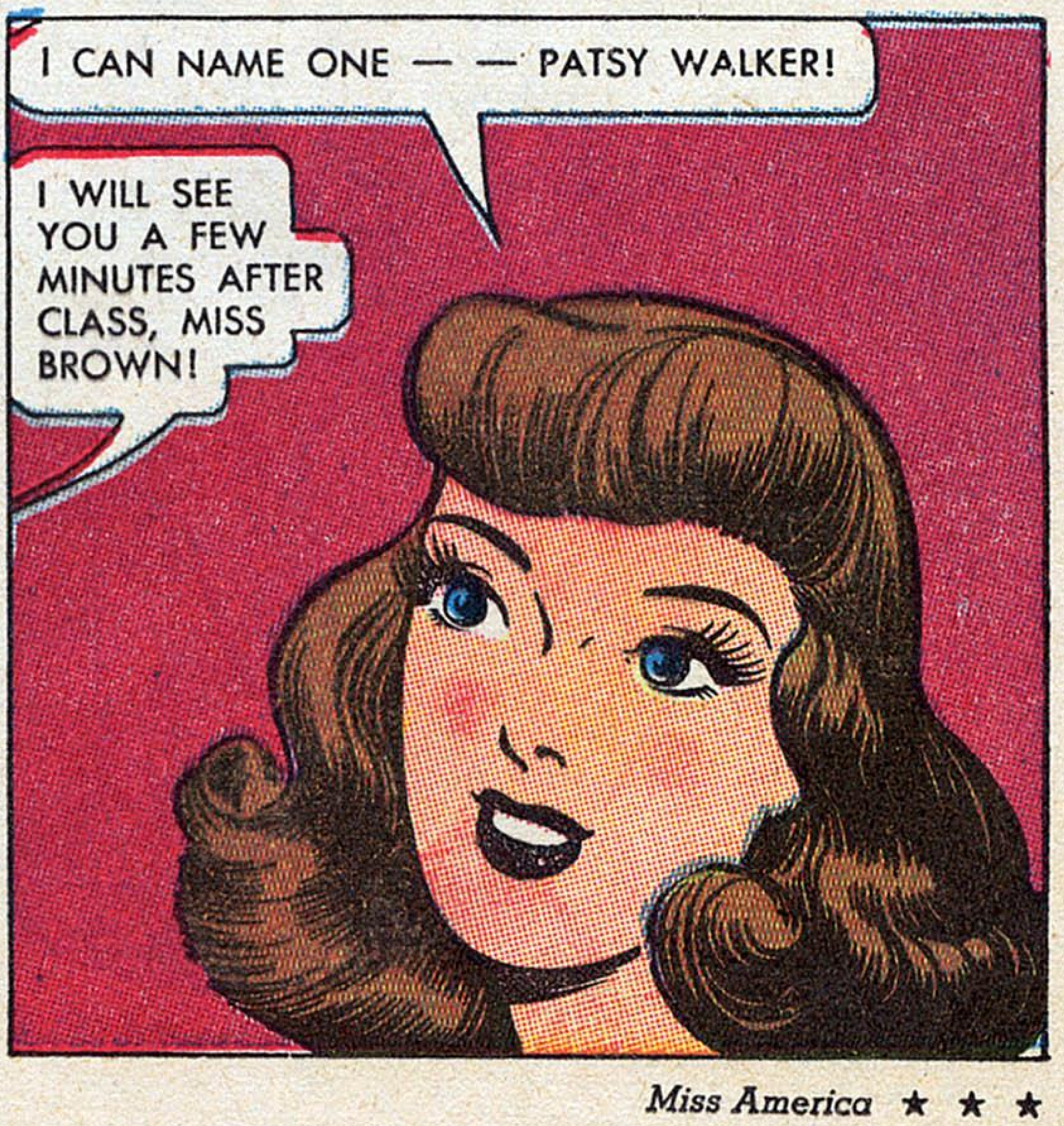

THE TEA LEAVES SAY YOU ARE A WOMAN OF DESTINY! YOU ARE A LEADER!
BUT I KNOW THAT!
SURE! LET'S HEAR ABOUT LOVE AND STUFF!


STEP ON IT, DESTINY WOMAN! WE'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL!
TWO WEEKS' ALLOWANCE GONE (PUFF-PUFF) AND I DIDN'T LEARN ABOUT LOVE!

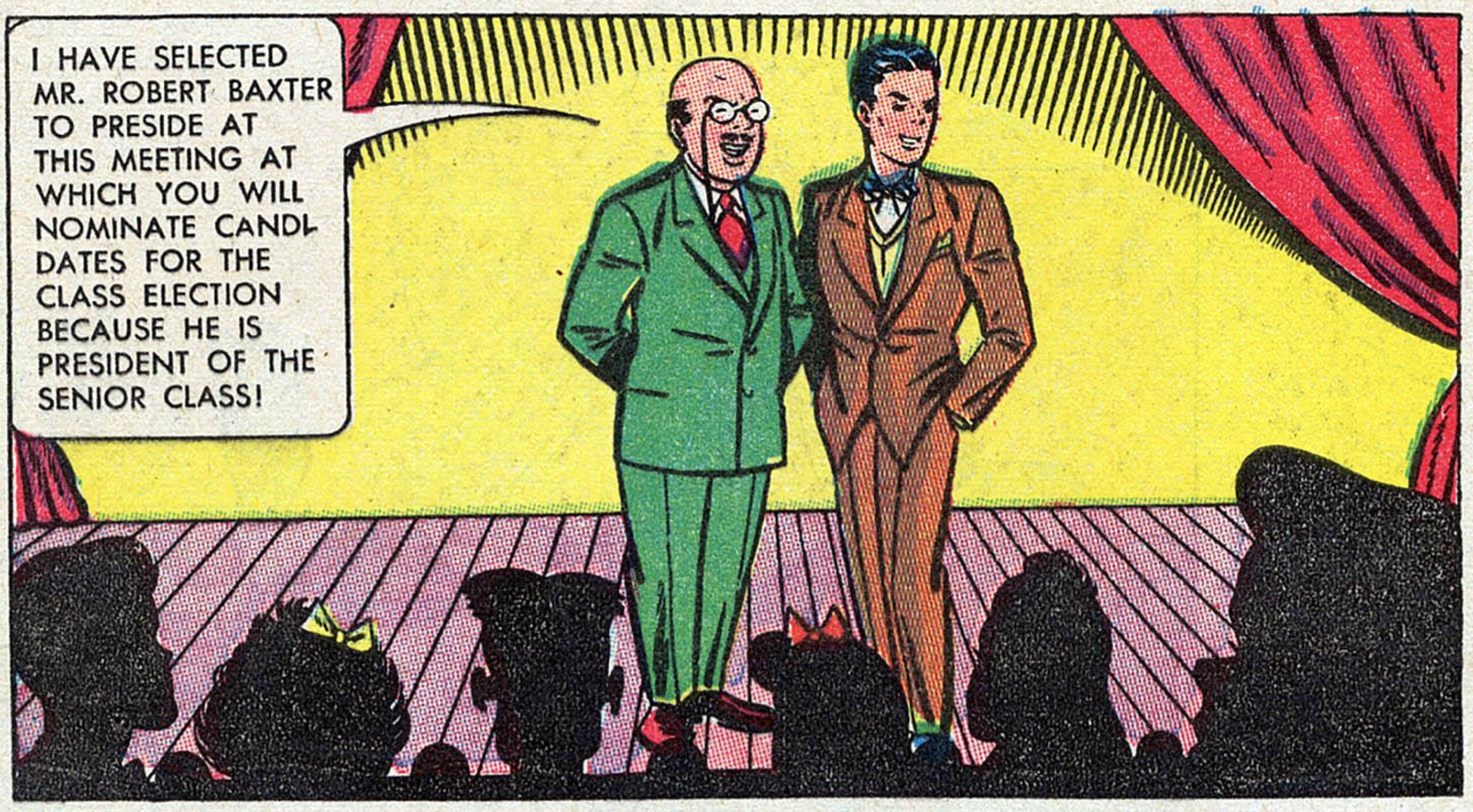
PATSY AND NANCY STOP TO READ A NOTICE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD!

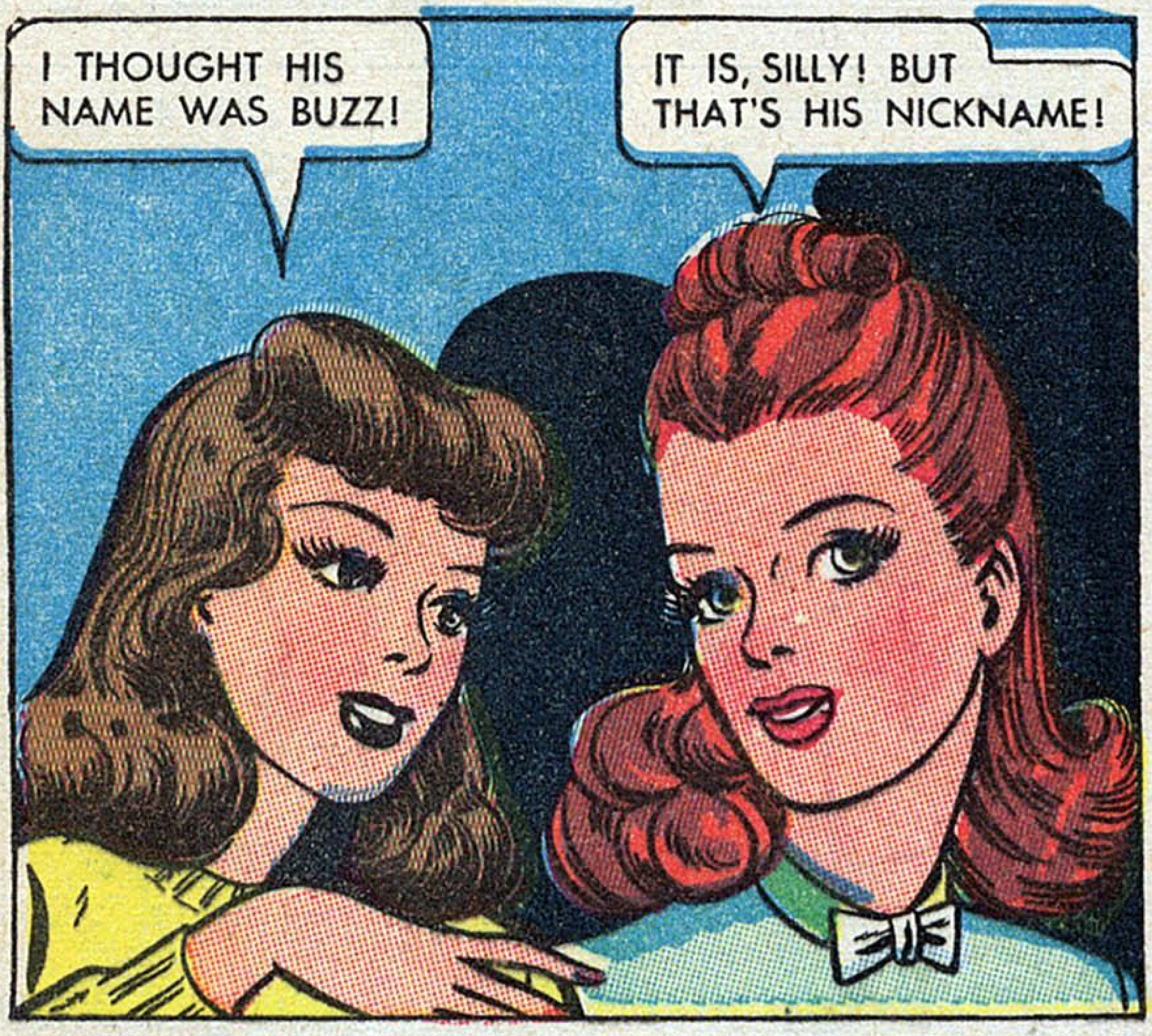

ATTENTION JUNIORS MASS MEETING THIS AFTERNOON IN ASSEMBLY HALL!
AND I WAS GOING TO THE BIJOU THEATRE THIS AFTERNOON BUT NOW I CAN'T!
PSST! COME ON TO CLASS!

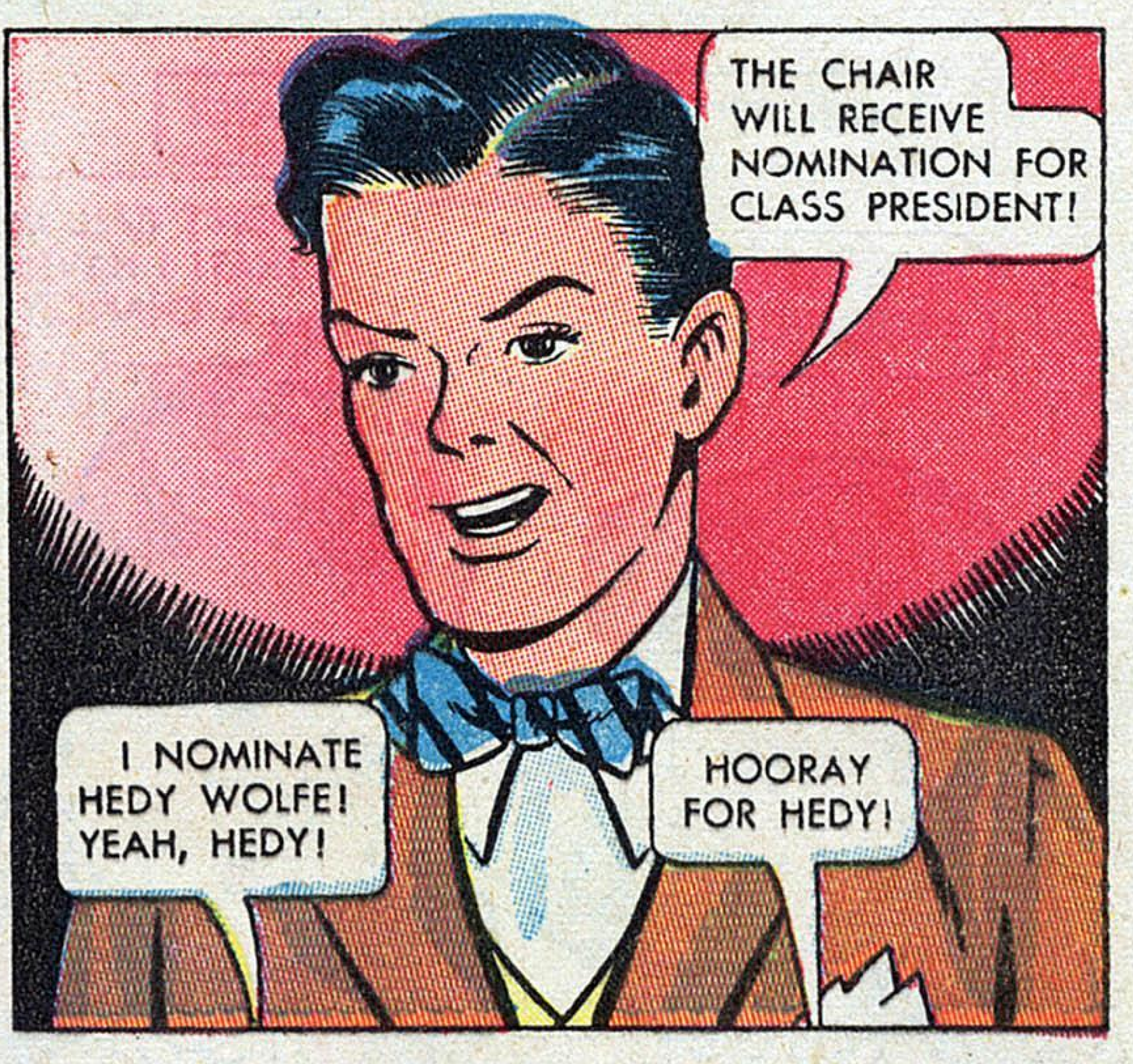

QUEEN ISABELLA, CLEOPATRA AND CATHERINE THE GREAT WERE ALL WOMEN OF DESTINY — CAN YOU NAME ONE OTHER?

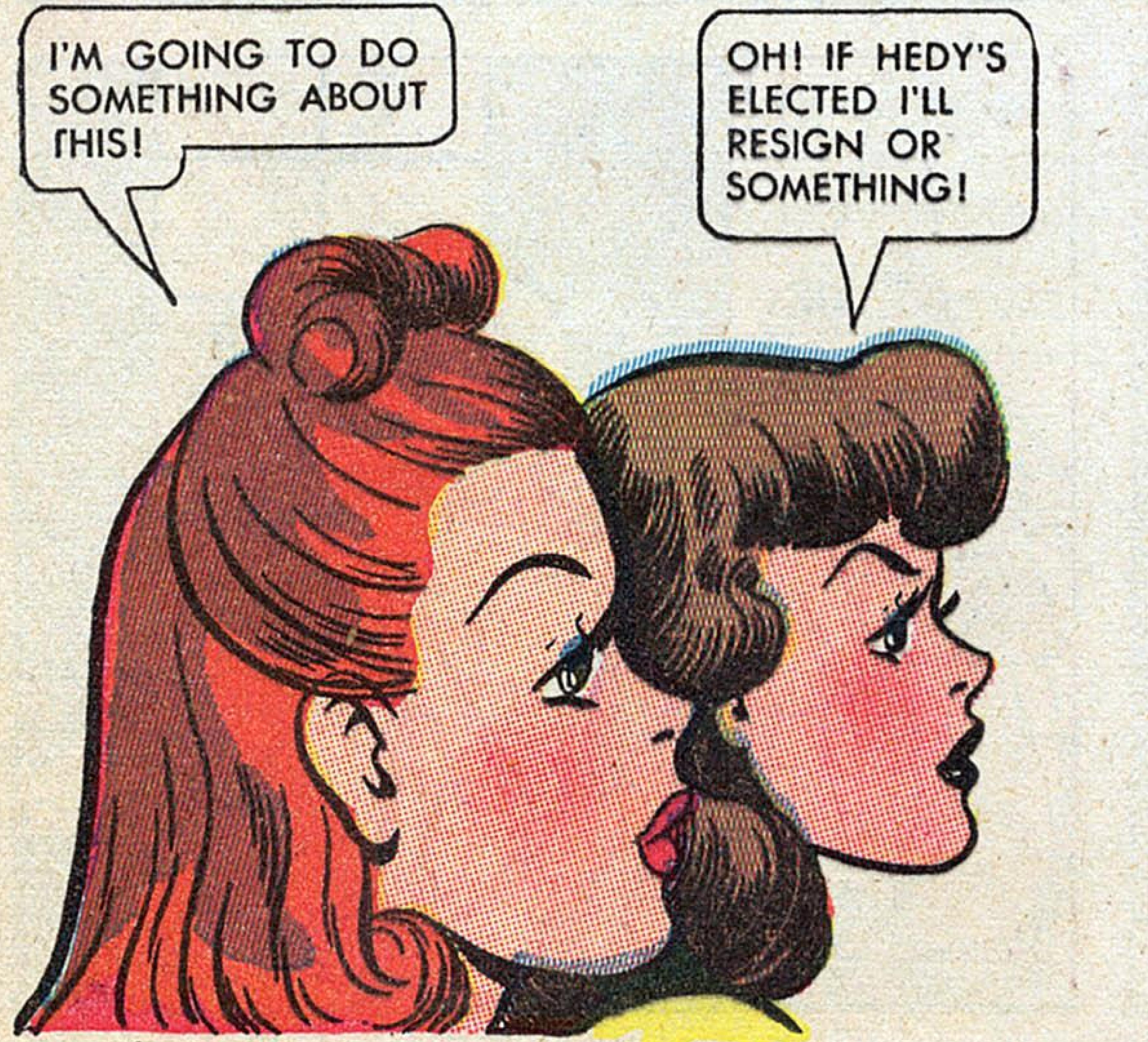

I CAN NAME ONE — — PATSY WALKER!
I WILL SEE YOU A FEW MINUTES AFTER CLASS, MISS BROWN!

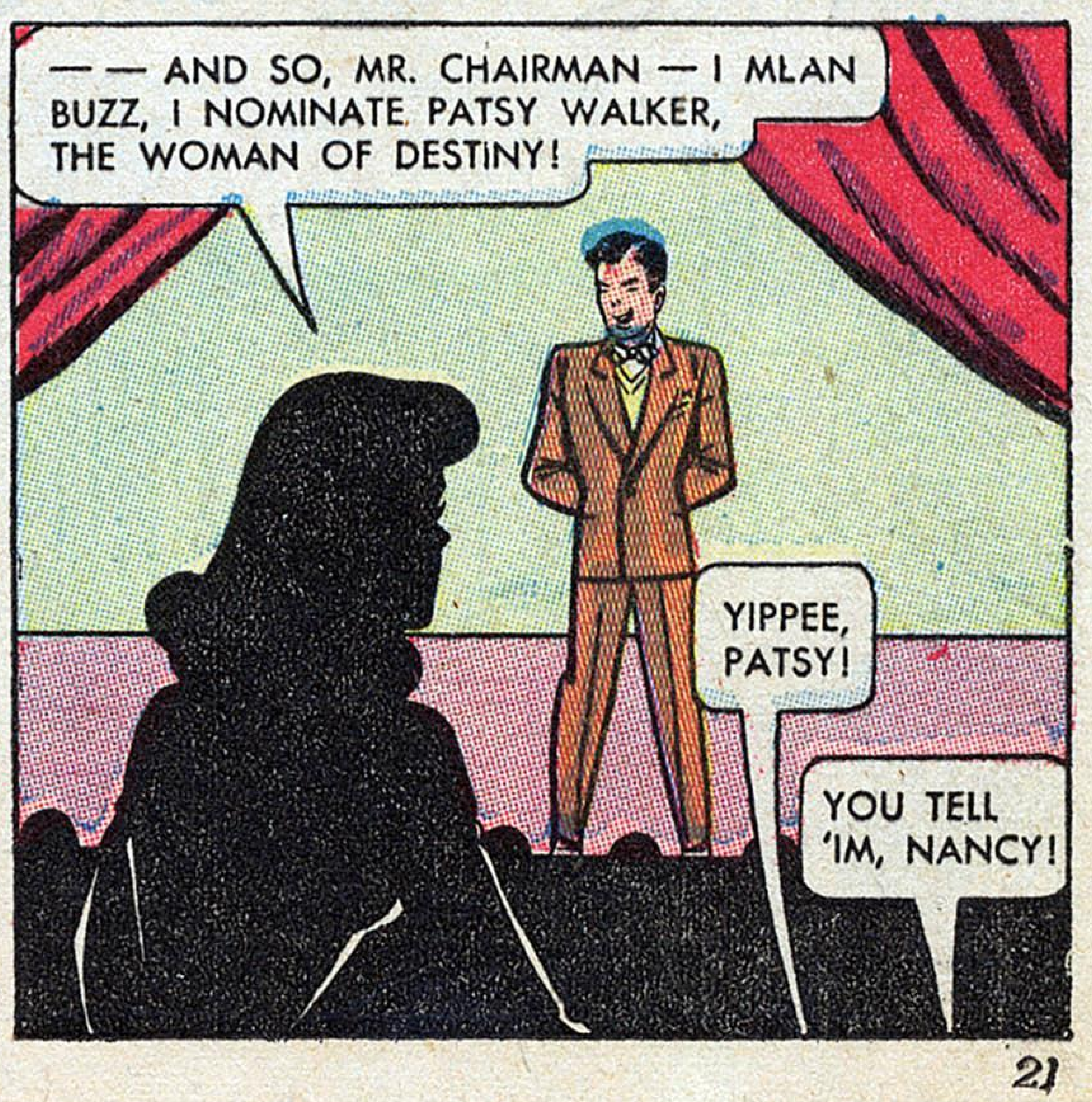
AFTER SCHOOL, THE JUNIOR CLASS GATHERS IN THE AUDITORIUM!

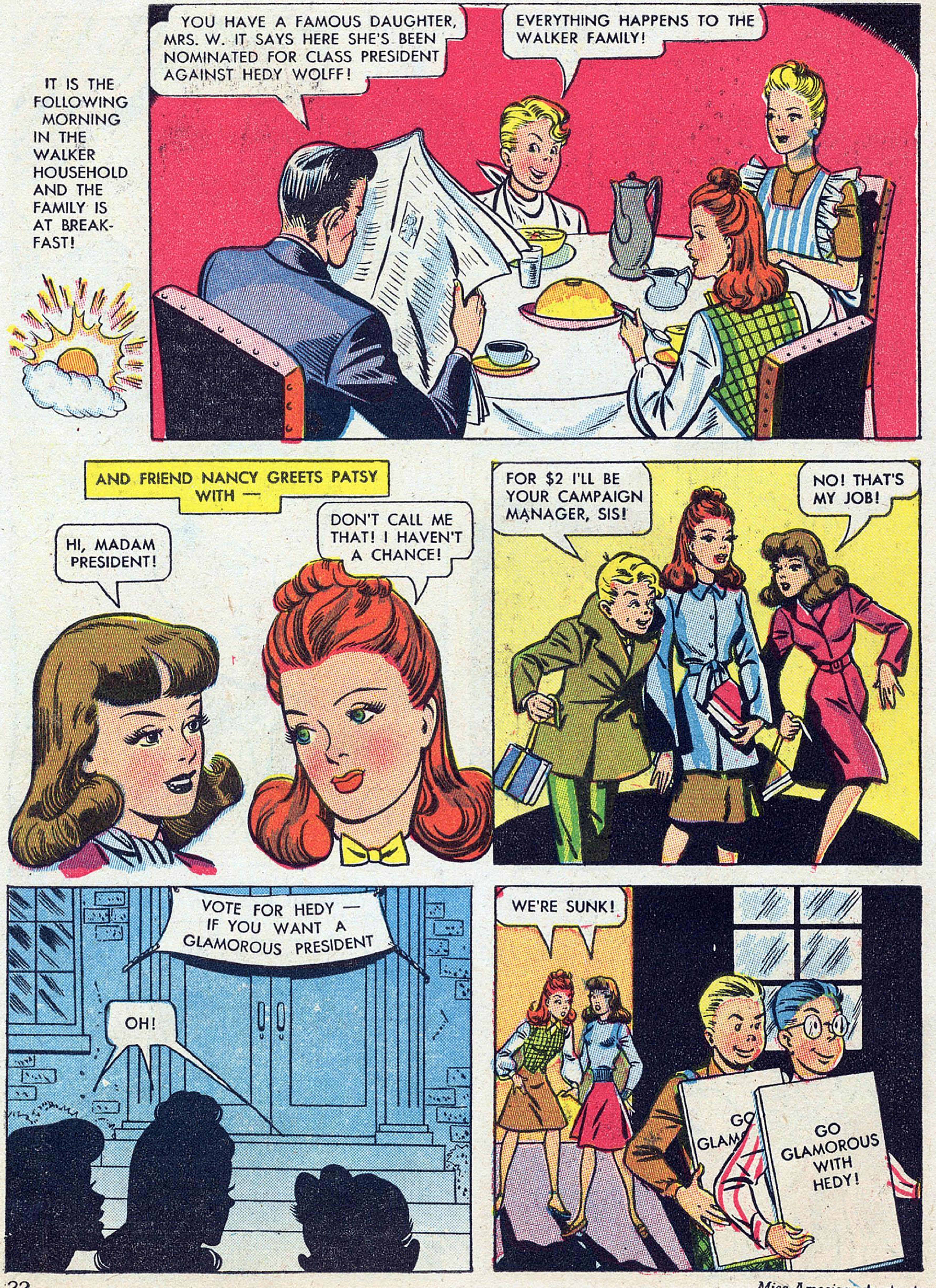

I HAVE SELECTED MR. ROBERT BAXTER TO PRESIDE AT THIS MEETING AT WHICH YOU WILL NOMINATE CANDIDATES FOR THE CLASS ELECTION BECAUSE HE IS PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS!

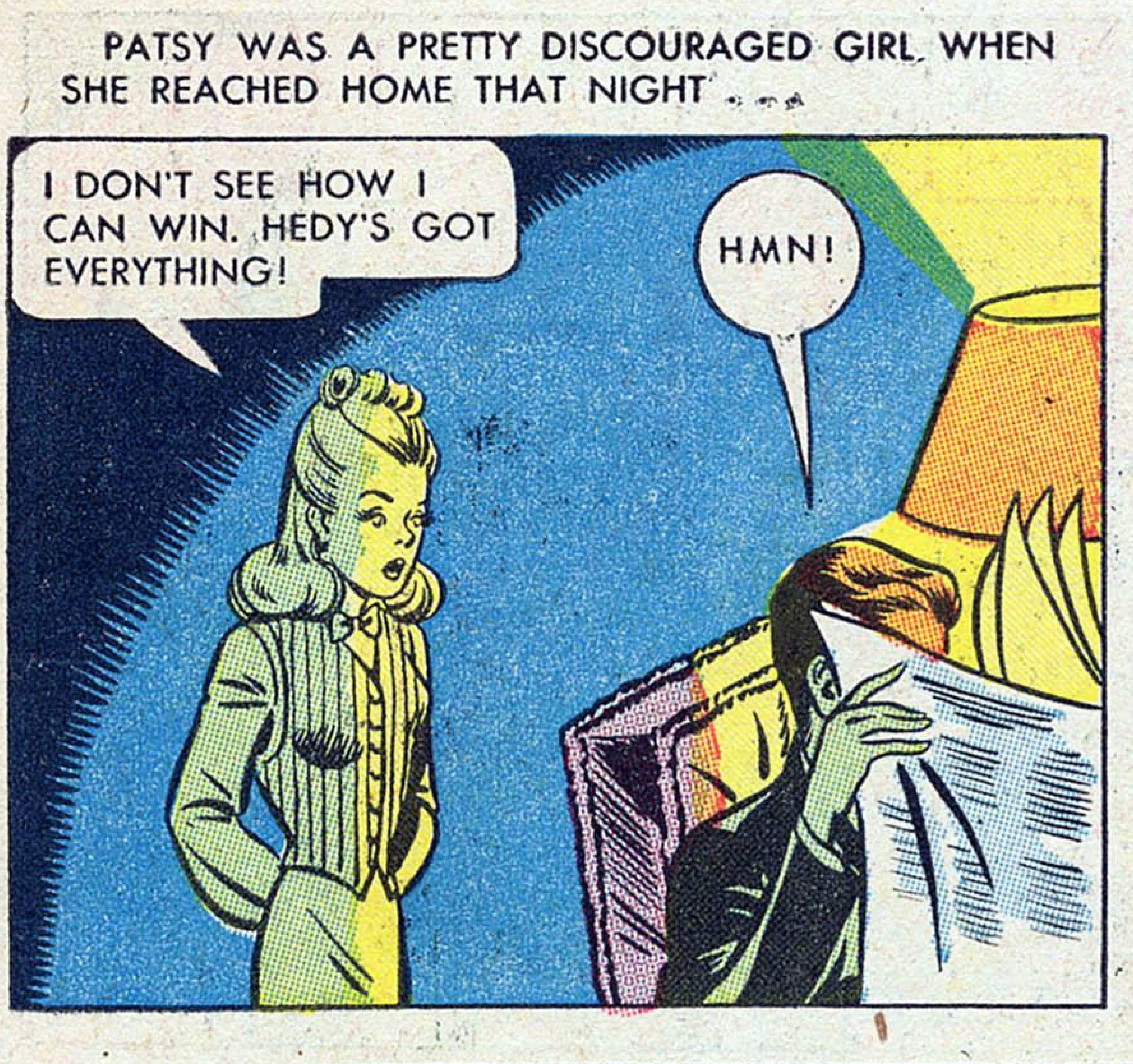

I THOUGHT HIS NAME WAS BUZZ!
IT IS, SILLY! BUT THAT'S HIS NICKNAME!

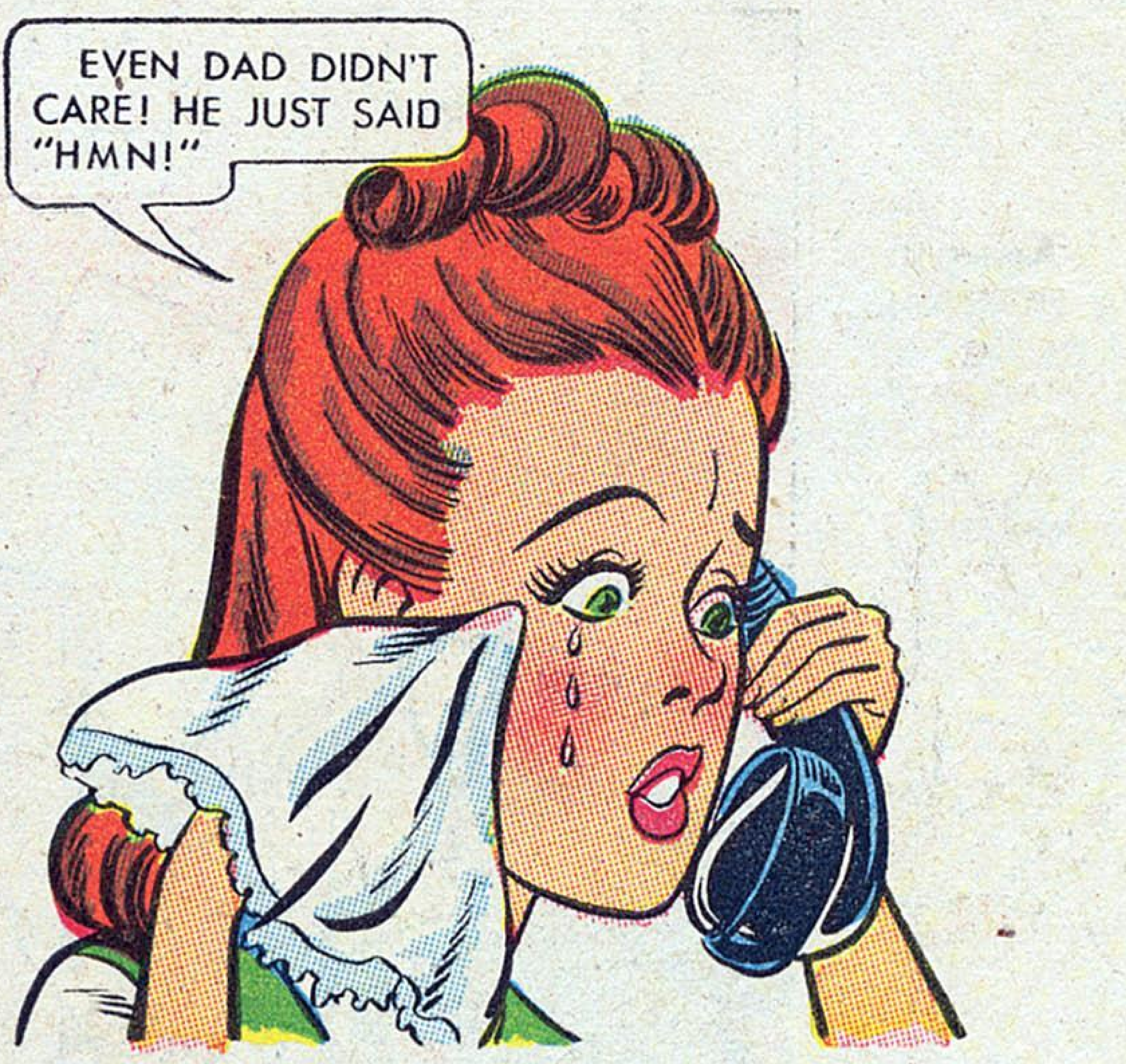

THE CHAIR WILL RECEIVE NOMINATION FOR CLASS PRESIDENT!
I NOMINATE HEDY WOLFE! YEAH, HEDY!
HOORAY FOR HEDY!

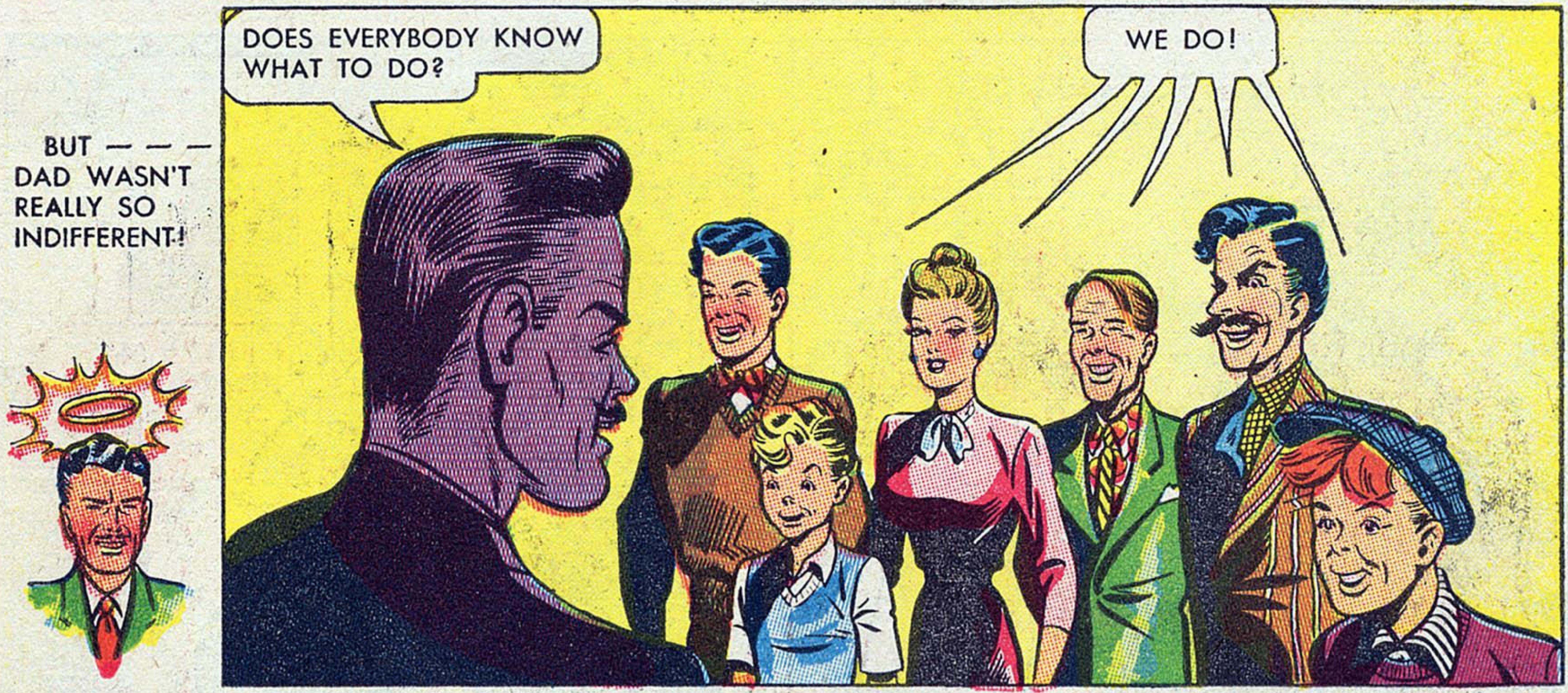

I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!
OH! IF HEDY'S ELECTED I'LL RESIGN OR SOMETHING!

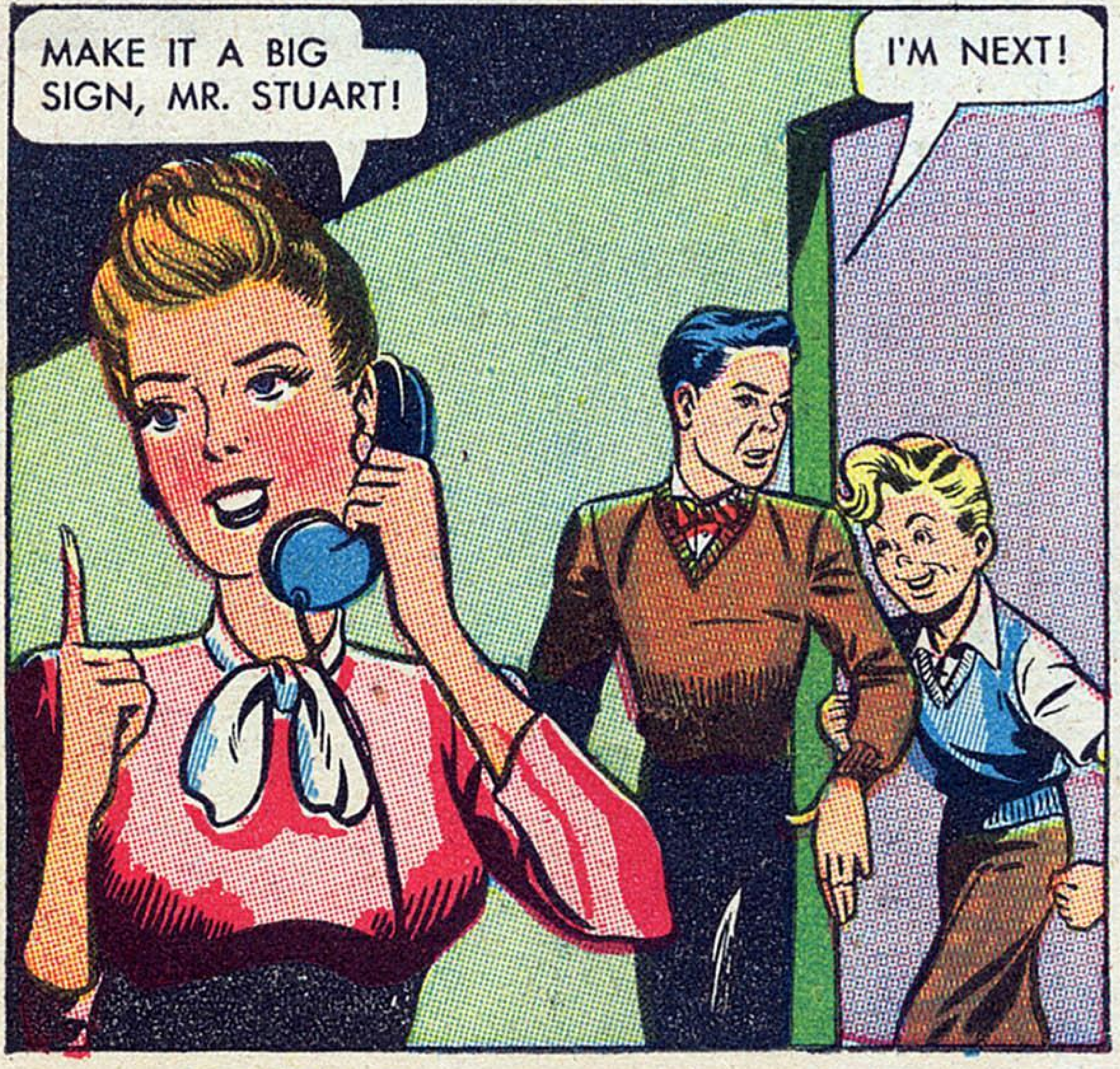

— — AND SO, MR. CHAIRMAN — I MEAN BUZZ, I NOMINATE PATSY WALKER, THE WOMAN OF DESTINY!
YIPPEE, PATSY!
YOU TELL 'IM, NANCY!

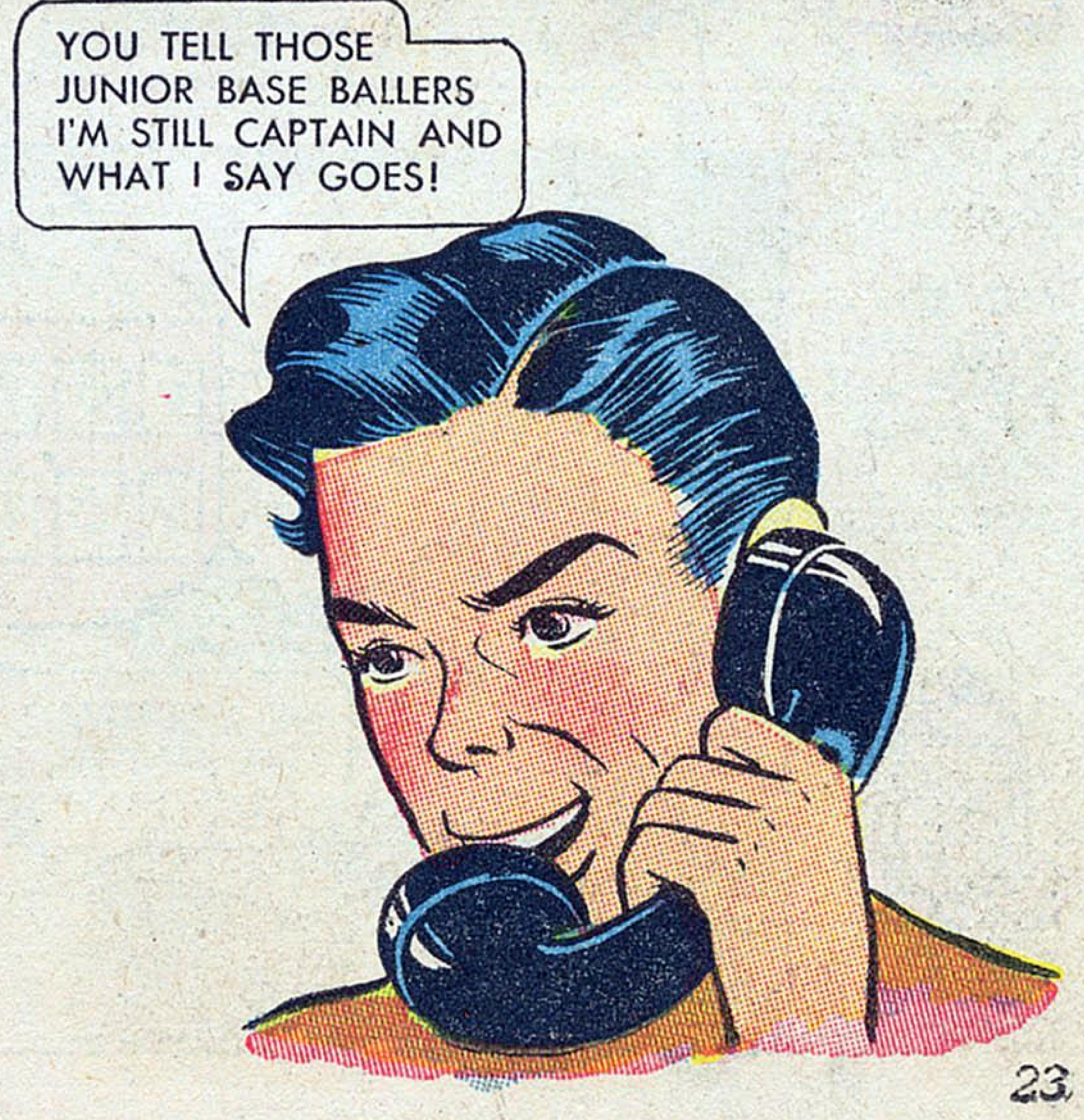

IT IS THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE WALKER HOUSEHOLD AND THE FAMILY IS AT BREAKFAST!
YOU HAVE A FAMOUS DAUGHTER, MRS. W. IT SAYS HERE SHE'S BEEN NOMINATED FOR CLASS PRESIDENT AGAINST HEDY WOLFF!
EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO THE WALKER FAMILY!
AND FRIEND NANCY GREETS PATSY WITH —
HI, MADAM PRESIDENT!
DON'T CALL ME THAT! I HAVEN'T A CHANCE!
FOR $2 I'LL BE YOUR CAMPAIGN MANAGER, SIS!
NO! THAT'S MY JOB!
VOTE FOR HEDY — IF YOU WANT A GLAMOROUS PRESIDENT
OH!
WE'RE SUNK!
GO GLAMOROUS
GO GLAMOROUS WITH HEDY!

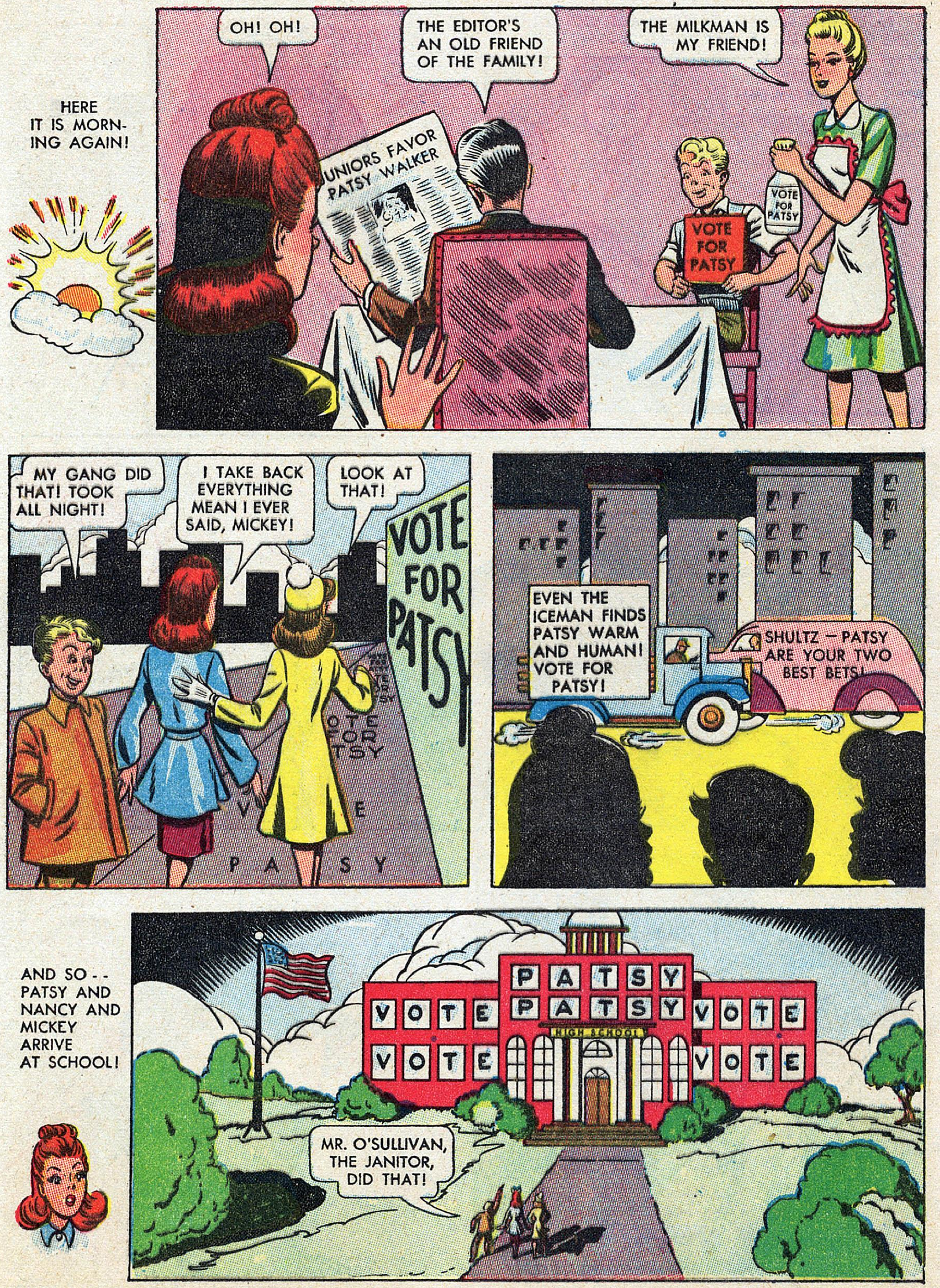

PATSY WAS A PRETTY DISCOURAGED GIRL WHEN SHE REACHED HOME THAT NIGHT . . .
I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN WIN. HEDY'S GOT EVERYTHING!
HMN!

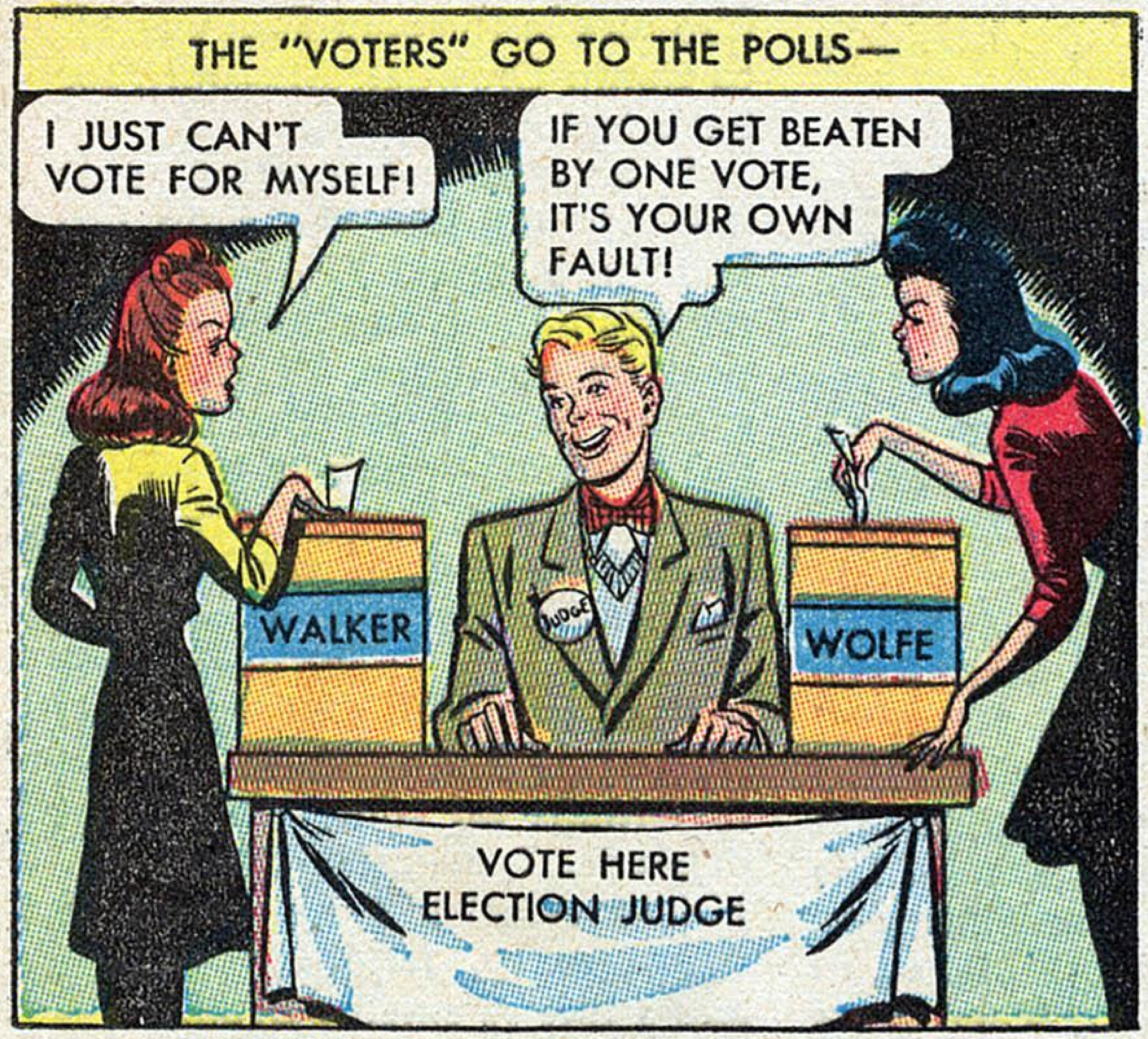

EVEN DAD DIDN'T CARE! HE JUST SAID "HMN!"

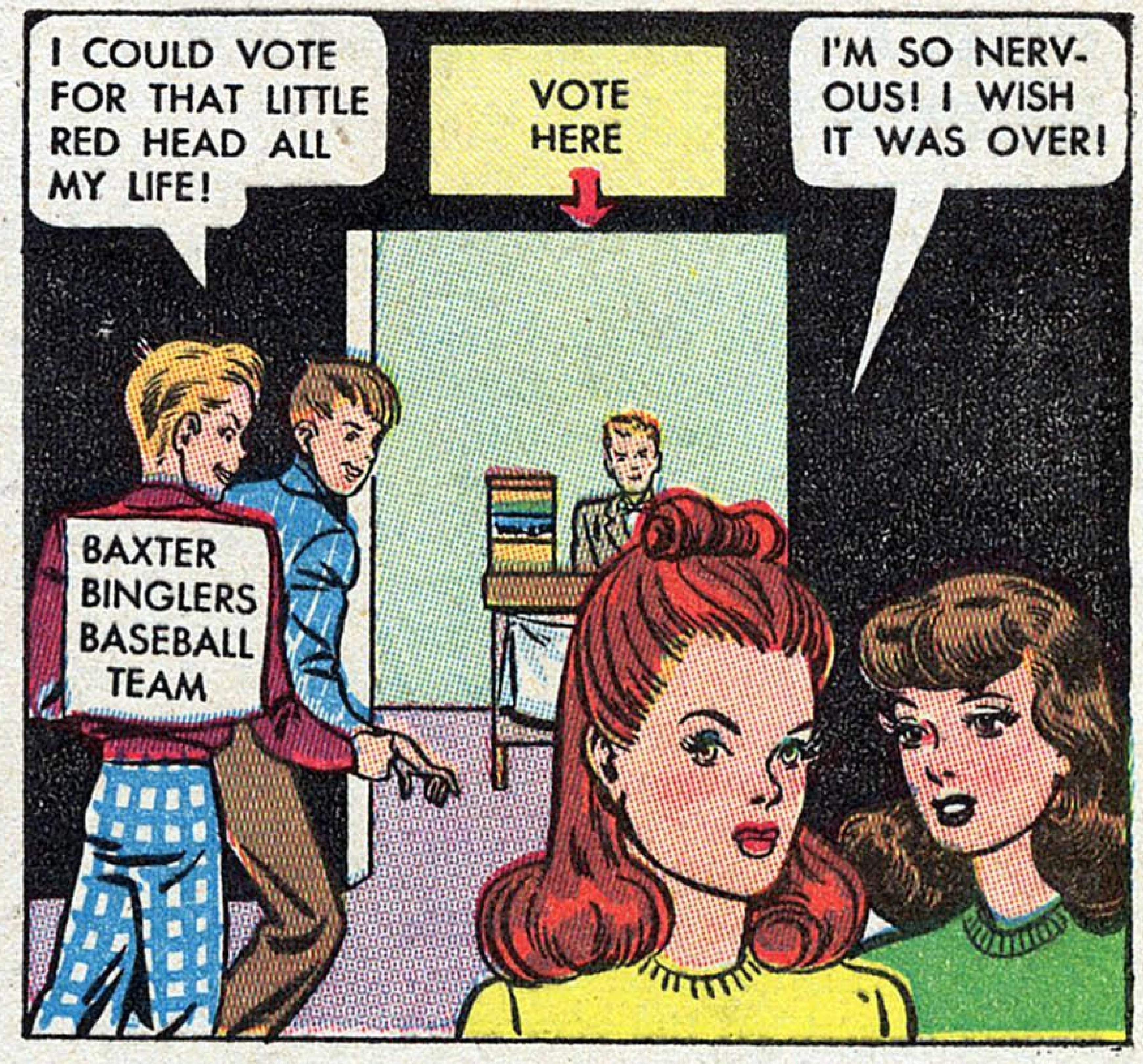

BUT — — — DAD WASN'T REALLY SO INDIFFERENT!
DOES EVERYBODY KNOW WHAT TO DO?
WE DO!


MAKE IT A BIG SIGN, MR. STUART!
I'M NEXT!

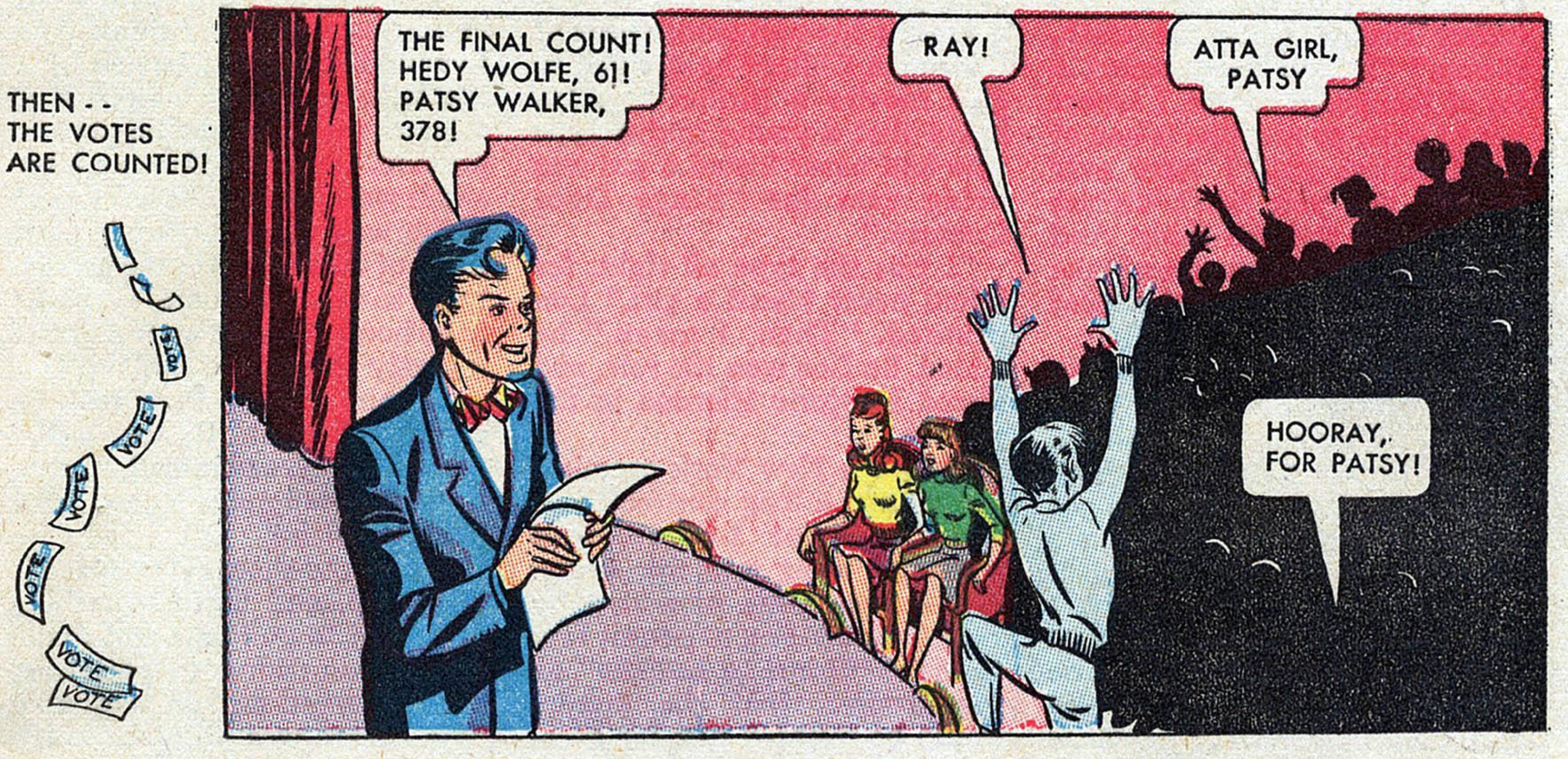

YOU TELL THOSE JUNIOR BASE BALLERS I'M STILL CAPTAIN AND WHAT I SAY GOES!

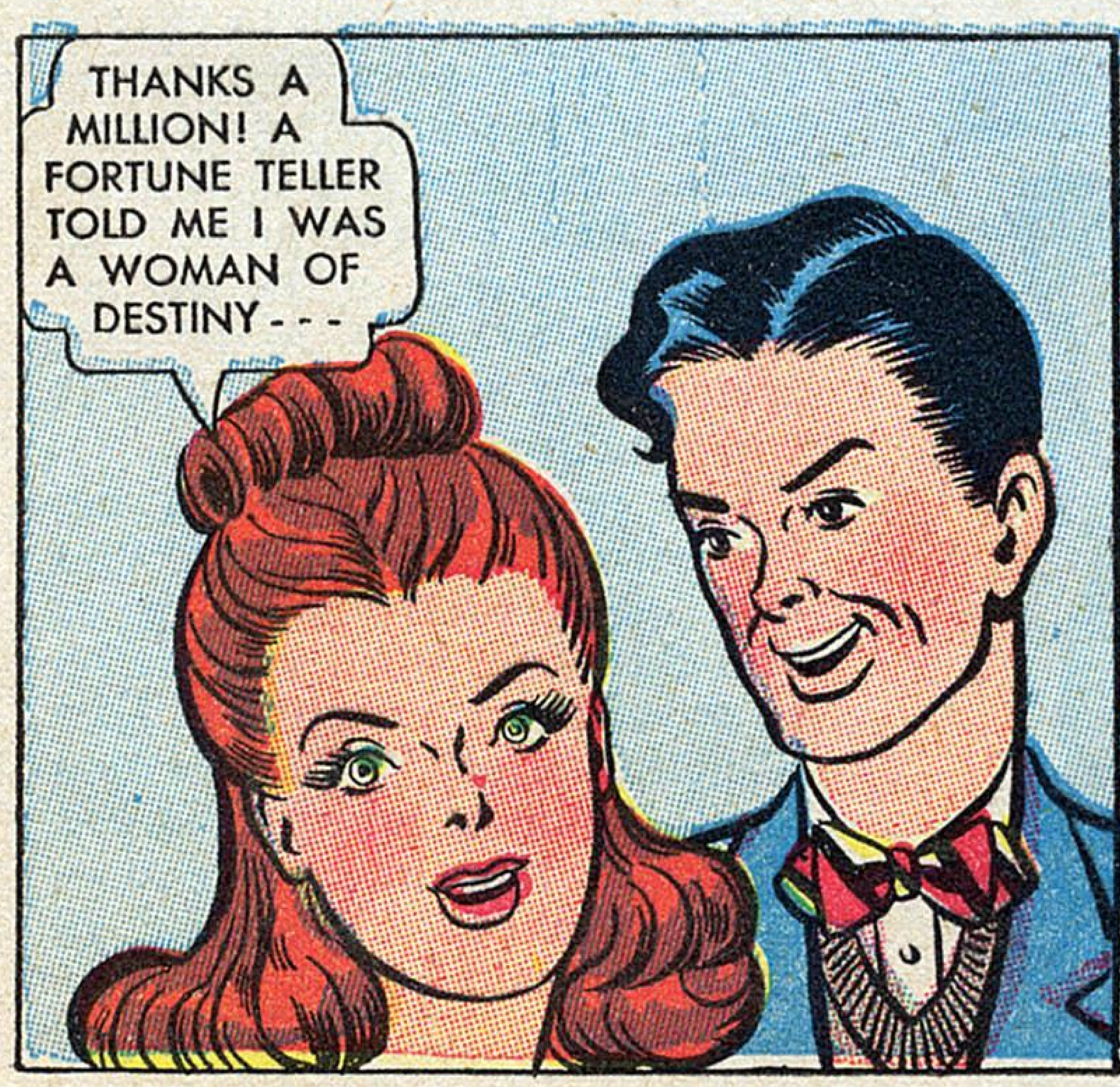

HERE IT IS MORNING AGAIN!
OH! OH!
THE EDITOR'S AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY!
THE MILKMAN IS MY FRIEND!
JUNIORS FAVOR PATSY WALKER
VOTE FOR PATSY
VOTE FOR PATSY
MY GANG DID THAT! TOOK ALL NIGHT!
I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING MEAN I EVER SAID, MICKEY!
LOOK AT THAT!
VOTE FOR PATSY
VOTE FOR PATSY
V O T E
P A T S Y
EVEN THE ICEMAN FINDS PATSY WARM AND HUMAN! VOTE FOR PATSY!
SHULTZ — PATSY ARE YOUR TWO BEST BETS!
AND SO - - PATSY AND NANCY AND MICKEY ARRIVE AT SCHOOL!
P A T S Y
P A T S Y
V O T E
V O T E
V O T E
V O T E
HIGH SCHOOL
MR. O'SULLIVAN, THE JANITOR, DID THAT!


THE "VOTERS" GO TO THE POLLS—
I JUST CAN'T VOTE FOR MYSELF!
IF YOU GET BEATEN BY ONE VOTE, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT!
WALKER
JUDGE
WOLFE
VOTE HERE ELECTION JUDGE

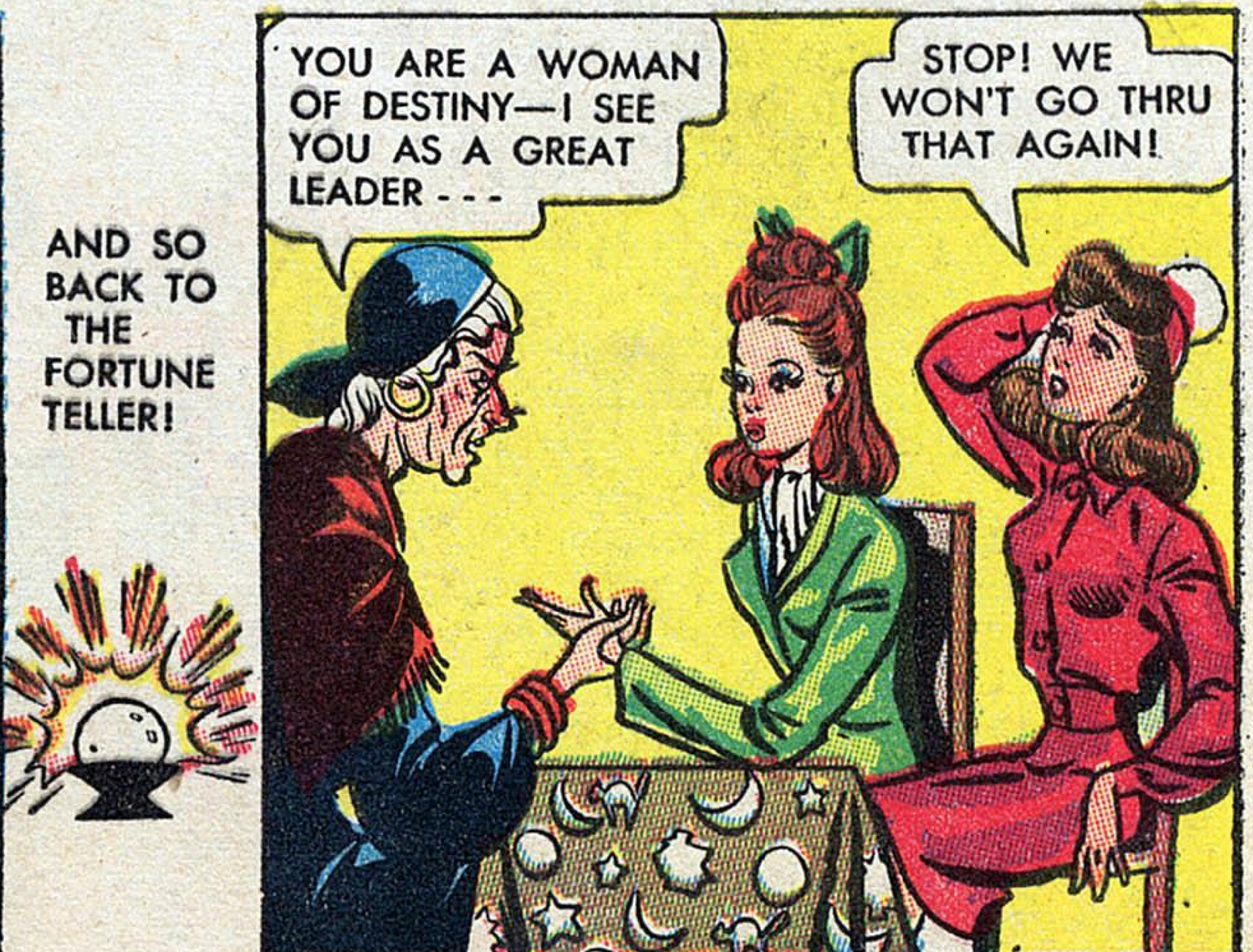

I COULD VOTE FOR THAT LITTLE RED HEAD ALL MY LIFE!
VOTE HERE
I'M SO NERVOUS! I WISH IT WAS OVER!
BAXTER BINGLERS BASEBALL TEAM

THEN - - THE VOTES ARE COUNTED!


THE FINAL COUNT! HEDY WOLFE, 61! PATSY WALKER, 378!
RAY!
ATTA GIRL, PATSY
HOORAY, FOR PATSY!
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE


THANKS A MILLION! A FORTUNE TELLER TOLD ME I WAS A WOMAN OF DESTINY - - -

AND SO BACK TO THE FORTUNE TELLER!


YOU ARE A WOMAN OF DESTINY—I SEE YOU AS A GREAT LEADER - - -
STOP! WE WON'T GO THRU THAT AGAIN!

PVT. LON McALLISTER REPORTING

from Page 7

make it good.

"To start with, I spent almost every other evening signing fan mail photos at the studio. I have signed thousands, so there should be a lot of them to send out, if anyone wants one, long after I am gone.

"As for fan letters, I love answering them personally, but the Army doesn't give me any time. The studio is taking care of all my correspondence until I get back. Then, believe me, I'll answer them personally.

"There is no one girl in my life at the moment." Lon is completely honest. At the very start of his career he insisted on "no phony stories. Only the truth, please." "I have been seeing a lot of Jeanne, of course. I expect her to write to me. She is one of the loveliest girls I have ever known, but you don't discuss love, if it is the real thing. And if it is publicity, you sort of take it tongue-in-cheek for the most part.

"I knew Marjorie Riordan when we made "Stage Door Canteen." And we had several dates. I had hoped to meet Shirley Temple and to renew a slight acquaintance with Gloria de Haven, who'd been a soph when I was a senior in high school. I had hoped and I am still hoping.

"I spent most of my free time going to free places, like Venice pier and to parties. The Gene Kellys give wonderful parties, and so do the Alan Ladds. And there was all of the gang. And of course Mac and I. Mac's my Great Dane. Boy, was Mac glad to see me. I always said there were three things I wanted when I earned money. A Great Dane, a car and a beach house. I got Mac, and I had made the last payment on my car when I went into the Army. With the money from "Stage Door Canteen" I bought a little house for mother and granny at Malibu Beach."

Yes, Lon has a good movie contract to return to. Hollywood is anxiously awaiting the day to get him back into pictures. His career was brief but brilliant. As a youngster Lon's folks had their share of tough breaks after the crash of '29. Lon's parents divorced when he was five, but remained great friends. The crash of '29 reduced the family finances considerably and to the point where Lon's mother and grandmother took in sewing at home.

"If I could just earn some money for Mom and Granny," Lon would think. "Movies" is the popular way in Los Angeles. Lon chose a professional school. His first movie job was appearing as a member of a boy's chorus in "Romeo and Juliet." Then came extra parts and bits.

During his sophomore year at Chapman College he decided to give movies a further try. He heard that a young soldier type who had never kissed a girl was being cast for "Stage Door Canteen."

"I was the type all right, for I had never kissed a girl," Lon grinned. "Then, I mean," he added. So Lon won the role, and kissed Marjorie Riordan in the picture.

After the New York premiere Lon signed a long contract with producer Sol Lessor, and promptly went into the Army. A deferment was requested by 20th Century-Fox to permit Lon to make "Home in Indiana" on the grounds that the picture would be released first for overseas entertainment. Once the film was in the cans Lon was off to Camp Crowder, Missouri, for basic training.

HISTORY CLASS

Her face reminds me of the old telephone system, it's full of party lines!

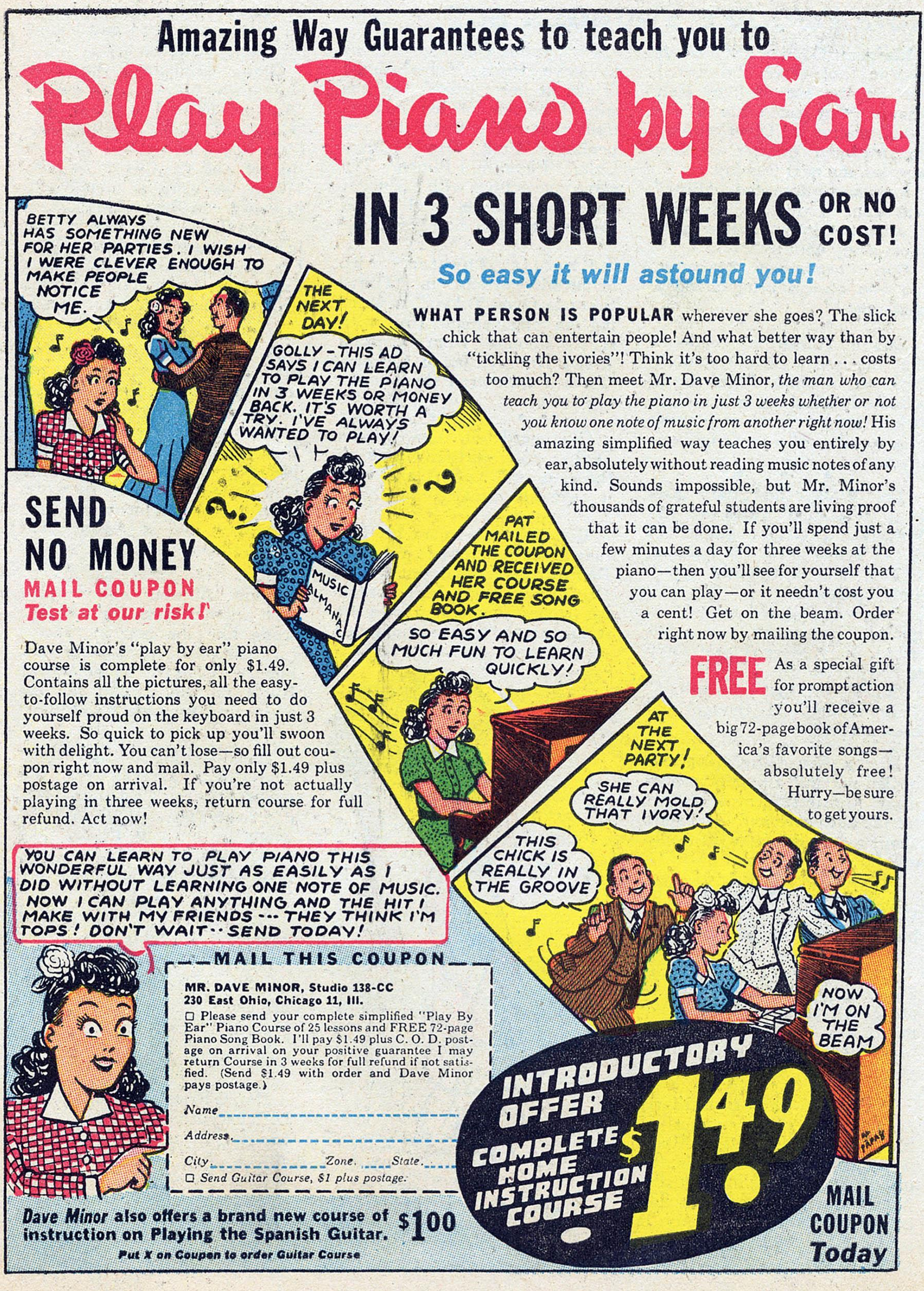
"I hope to get married some day when I find the right girl and fall in love," Lon admitted, referring back to those all-important questions. "I have no special pattern for the type of girl. She may be blonde, brunette, or a red head. I don't care if her hair is dyed or if she wears a high pompadour, or a long soft bob. The girls I have been going with at home all wore long soft hair. And I like it. I like red fingernails on some girls. That depends. I definitely don't like girls in slacks. I like them to wear pretty, feminine dresses, and I like to smell perfume.

"Sincerity in a girl is the most important requisite, I think. And I would like a girl to be just Mrs. McCallister, and be interested in a home that I might be able to provide. I would rather not have a wife working, too. At least, that is the way I feel about it now. Most of the fellows in the service think so much of home – a home to go home to—that we feel about it pretty strongly.

"If she cooks, that will be plenty all right. If not, well," Lon's blue eyes twinkled, "I can. At least, I can make a good fried egg sandwich."

"After the show every place is closed up, and there is nothing to do but to go home and make myself something to eat. Last night I went out on a double date. There was no place much to go, but to go down to Olvera Street. Only the candle shop was open, so we bought the girls some perfume candles, and took them home. And I went home and found some eggs in the ice-box and went to work. And," Lon grinned, "it wasn't too bad. It was good in fact."

Lon and Barry Nelson are bunk-mates on the tour. "You make some pretty good friends and close ones when you are on tour with a company like 'Winged Victory.'" They've been together almost a year now, but they figure more interesting times are just ahead. "When we go overseas," said Lon.



Amazing Way Guarantees to teach you to Play Piano by Ear

IN 3 SHORT WEEKS OR NO COST!

So easy it will astound you!

BETTY ALWAYS HAS SOMETHING NEW FOR HER PARTIES. I WISH I WERE CLEVER ENOUGH TO MAKE PEOPLE NOTICE ME.
THE NEXT DAY!
GOLLY—THIS AD SAYS I CAN LEARN TO PLAY THE PIANO IN 3 WEEKS OR MONEY BACK. IT'S WORTH A TRY. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY!
MUSIC ALMANAC
PAT MAILED THE COUPON AND RECEIVED HER COURSE AND FREE SONG BOOK.
SO EASY AND SO MUCH FUN TO LEARN QUICKLY!
AT THE NEXT PARTY!
SHE CAN REALLY MOLD THAT IVORY!
THIS CHICK IS REALLY IN THE GROOVE
NOW I'M ON THE BEAM
YOU CAN LEARN TO PLAY PIANO THIS WONDERFUL WAY JUST AS EASILY AS I DID WITHOUT LEARNING ONE NOTE OF MUSIC. NOW I CAN PLAY ANYTHING AND THE HIT I MAKE WITH MY FRIENDS --- THEY THINK I'M TOPS! DON'T WAIT -- SEND TODAY!

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MAIL COUPON Today

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 15

Margaret O'Brien has a crush on Van, too! When she visited him on the set of "Dr. Red Adams" Van asked her if she would like to visit Olvera Street, the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles, the next Sunday.

Margaret accepted. "Fine," said Van. "I think it'll be nice if we ask Gloria de Haven to come along with us."

"Oh," exclaimed Margaret, "do you always bring along a chaperone?"

* * *

Louise Allbritton confesses that she was a regular tomboy back in Wichita Falls grade schools. She had her nose broken twice, and once, while playing as a member of a boy's football team.

* * *

Bob Walker and Judy Garland consumed sodas at the Players and talked about school days. "I was never the reading, writing and arithmetic type," Judy confessed.

Bob, who adored school, inquired, "But when you graduated, Judy, weren't you sorry to leave school?"

"I never felt that I graduated," Judy replied. "I thought I'd been sprung!"

* * *

Pretty Ann Gillis' face has healed without a scar or resorting to plastic surgery after that terrific auto accident. And she's about again, dating with Leonard Sues.

* * *

Frankie is no longer "The Voice," he's "The Skin," because his voice gets under your skin.

* * *

Latest kick of the Bobbie Socks is getting the stars to autograph their hankies. They make 'em permanent by embroidering them on. How's yours?

* * *

Lucky 16-year-old Marie Menham is the daughter of Merle Oberon's secretary. Merle is launching Marie on a modeling career. She has already sent Marie to a professional modeling school. And when Marie is ready, Merle will give her a movie test.

Pert, young Gale Storm loves to serve frosty, non-alcoholic drinks at her parties. She has special names for her concoctions that make them *trés* appealing: "Pink Fizz," "Cuba-Cola," "Plantation Punch." Try some concoctions with fizz water and fruit juices and sweet syrups. It is fun, and good, too!

* * *

Phyllis Thaxter, who achieved stardom in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," is wearing an engagement ring with six diamonds from Captain James Aubrey, Jr., of Chicago. 'Twas a whirlwind three-weeks romance.

* * *

Overheard at the Brown Derby: "She certainly puts on the dog, and doesn't she wish it were silver fox!"

* * *

Van Johnson wears his first tuxedo in the movies for "Dr. Red Adams," the latest of the Dr. Gillespie films. He'll not forget the occasion, either, for while wearing it, he'll be reprimanded by Lionel Barrymore, tripped by Gloria de Haven and kissed by Marilyn Maxwell.

20-20
GLAD-LAD
HOT CAKE
HI BOB
P.C.
SNAKE-BIT
ZERO
DILL
DREAM-PUSS
JACK
SLICK-CHICK
HOT CAKE
KHAKI-WACKY
DREAM-PUSS
JACK
MAC
SLICK-NICK
Brad

Gloria Grahame, the cute blonde who plays second lead in "Autumn Fever," is nicknamed "Chicken." Some visiting soldiers heard her called that on the set, and they wrote to her: "What we want is a 'chicken' in every car, for furloughs."

Lana Turner has moved into her new house in Bel Air. With her small daughter taking her first steps, Lana had to move away from her hill-top perch.

* * *

A letter to Universal's fan mail department from an admirer of Turhan Bey's in Wisconsin informs him that she is a member of Miss America's Younger Set. And adds, "I am just one of a number of girls who have dropped Sinatra like a hot potato and picked up Turhan Bey like a steak three inches thick."

* * *

June Allyson can always turn on the weeps for a crying scene like she had in "Magic for Millions." Just plays Debussy's "Clair de Lune." Jose Iturbi did her proud for the scene, and June wept and wept!

* * *

Dick Harens is the "type" who should get the girl. But again, like in "Christmas Holiday" with Deanna Durbin, Dean winds up without Ella Raines in "The Suspect." Won't somebody please do something!

* * *

At Hollywood Canteen, a young G. I. stepped over and asked Betty Grable for 48 hamburgers. Betty Grable, behind the snack bar, almost fainted. "They're not ALL for me," he explained. "I've got two buddies waiting outside."

* * *

Pat O'Brien's son, Sean, is a born executive. Pat offered Sean $5 to mend some wobbly chairs. And later Pat found three of Sean's pals hammering away and gluing. Said Sean, smugly, "I sublet the contract, Dad, for $7. It's worth two bucks being boss on the job."

Watch the fellows crowd round for a peek of you, in your slanty new peekers...

SEE HERE!...

By ROSALIE F. WILSON

Let's forget the foolishness of the flip quip that "boys never make passes at girls who wear glasses"... Utter nonsense! You can look adorable in the newfangled specs designed to improve your looks and sight...

IF YOU are one of the twenty-twenty girls who can spot a speck of soot on a black polka dot veil at thirty paces, how nice for you, and you might just as well flip over the page at this point.

But if your last few readings of the occulist's chart consisted solely of the big E at the top of the card, or if you are one of the vast sisterhood whose glasses repose peacefully (a) in the bottom of your purse, (b) in an old sweater pocket, or (c) behind the clock on the mantle, shame on you and you're being very silly about the whole thing.

Glasses have come a long, long way from the steel-rimmed specs of grandma's day, with all their spinster schoolma'am connotations. Today's glasses are designed strictly for glamour. The harlequin frames, impishly tilted up at the corners, were inspired by, and aimed directly at youth. Even the plainest of faces takes on a pixie look behind a pair of bright red or green butterfly frames.

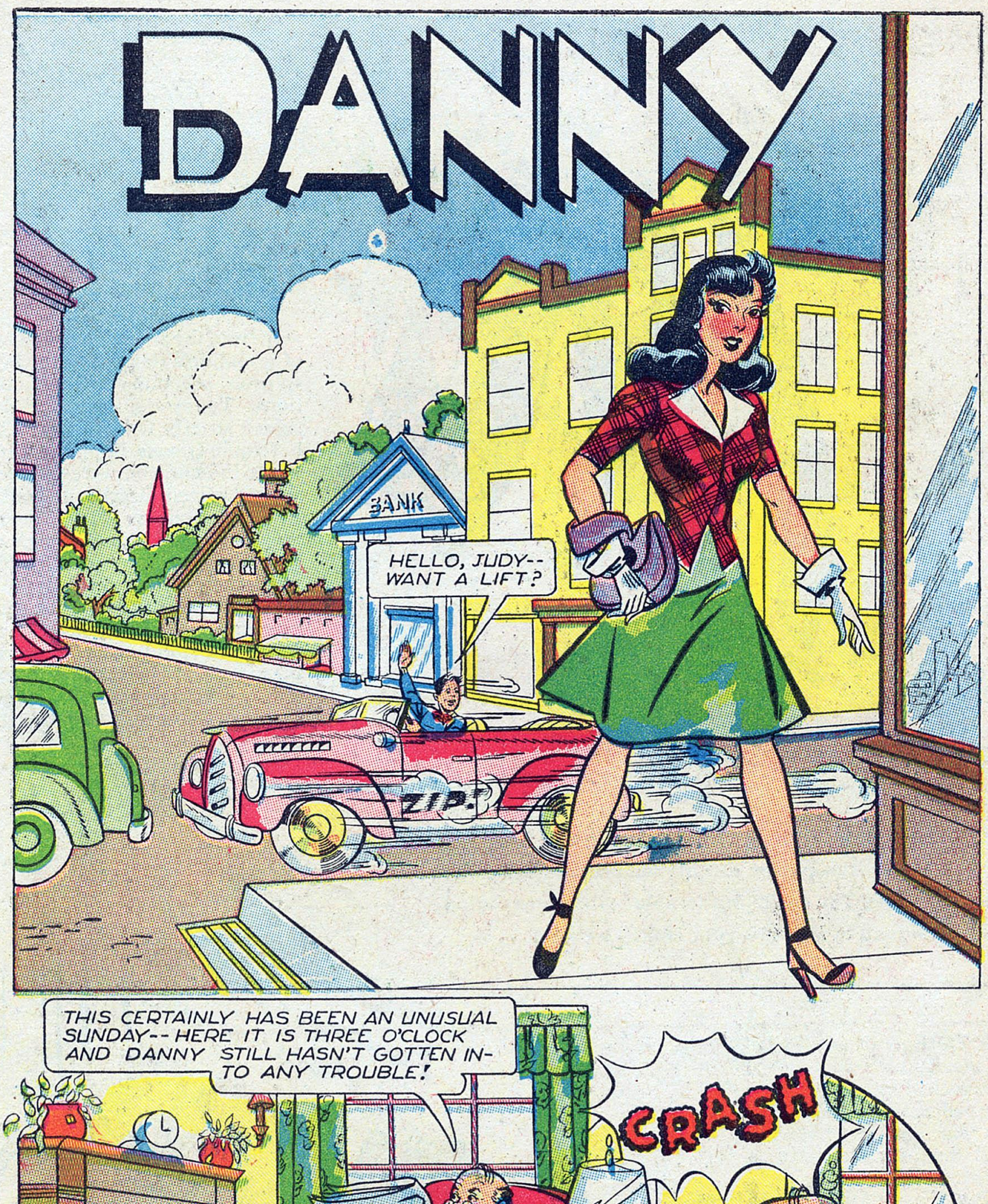
If your chief plaint is that your face is not different enough to make you stand out in a crowd, the new, amusing harlequins that look as though you're wearing them purely for fun, will turn the trick.

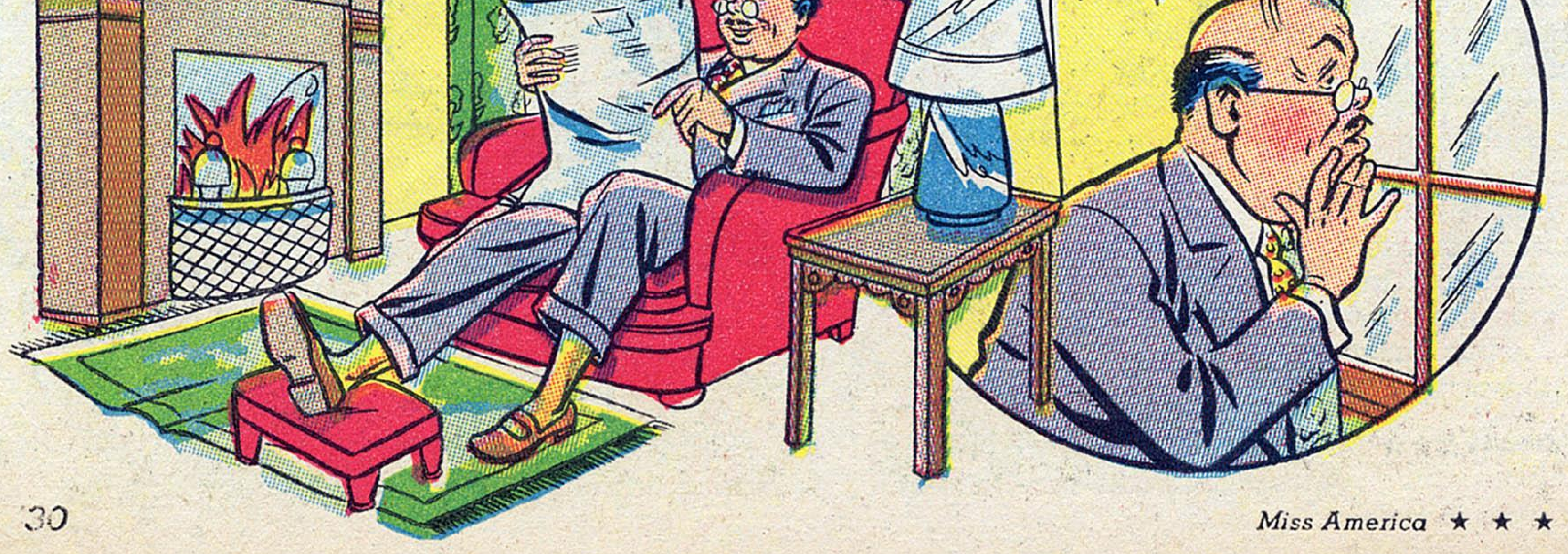
But, you wail, I like my face

(*Continued on page 59*)

Wrinkles in your forehead look far worse than glasses ever will...

DANNY


BANK
HELLO, JUDY-- WANT A LIFT?
ZIP!


THIS CERTAINLY HAS BEEN AN UNUSUAL SUNDAY-- HERE IT IS THREE O'CLOCK AND DANNY STILL HASN'T GOTTEN INTO ANY TROUBLE!
CRASH

DANNY! DANNY! WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED?
HELLO, DAD--YOU KNOW THE GARAGE DOOR WHICH HAS TO BE OPENED BEFORE WE CAN DRIVE A CAR OUT?
YES, OF COURSE I KNOW IT! WHAT ABOUT IT?
WELL, I GUESS I MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO OPEN IT!
MY DOOR! MY BRAND NEW FRESHLY PAINTED GARAGE DOOR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO WATCH WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING WHEN YOU BACK OUT?!?
AW, DON'T GET MAD, DAD--I'M SORRY! LOOK OUT! I'M BACKING UP THE CAR!
YEOW!
THUD!
CAREFUL, DAD--- YOU'RE GONNA--- WHOOPS---
C-CAN I HELP YOU, DAD?

LET ME HELP YOU GET UP--
LET GO--THESE THORNS ARE STUCK TO ME--LET GO! OWWW!
--O.K.--I'LL LET GO---
ULP!
BONG!
I GUESS MAYBE YOU DON'T NEED MY HELP AFTER ALL, DAD!
SOMETIMES I THINK THAT DANNY IS THE KIND OF KID THAT ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE--AND I'M NOT HIS MOTHER!
SO LONG, DAD!
OH, NO--NO--NOT AGAIN--NOT AGAIN!
OH!! DAAAAD!
CRASH!
DAD--IT SEEMS THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER CAR STANDING HERE ALL THE TIME!
OH-H--REALLY? ARE YOU SURE THAT PARKED CAR DIDN'T MOVE BACK INTO YOUR WAY SO THAT YOU COULD HIT IT?

HOLY SUFFERING CINDERS! THIS CAR BELONGS TO OUR NEIGHBOR, MR. JENKINS! IT'S HIS BRAND NEW ONE! IF HE SEES WHAT YOU DID TO IT, HE'LL SUE ME FOR ALL WE'RE WORTH!
GOOD! THEN WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY-- WE'RE NOT WORTH MUCH!
GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR! I'LL BE BACK FOR DINNER!
HERE COMES, JENKINS! NOW I'LL TRY TO STALL HIM OFF SO HE WON'T SEE THE CAR WHILE YOU RUN TO TOWN AND GET A MECHANIC TO FIX IT--FAST!
O.K., DAD!
AND THEN--
HELLO, THERE! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! YOU'RE LOOKING FINE!
HELLO, FRANK!
I'M GOING TO DRIVE TO TOWN TO BUY SOME POTATOES! WANT TO JOIN ME?
CERTAINLY, JENKINS. OLD PAL! BUT LET'S N-NOT DRIVE ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY LIKE THIS -- LET'S WALK!
ZIP!
B-BUT THE TOWN IS THAT WAY!
YES, BUT I KNOW A SHORT CUT!
LATER--
I'VE GOT TO GET A MECHANIC TO FIX MR. JENKINS' FENDER REAL FAST BEFORE MR. JENKINS SEES IT! NOTHING MUST STOP ME! I'LL SHOW DAD THAT I CAN HELP HIM!

UH, OH--I MUST BE OUT OF GAS--LUCKY THERE'S A GARAGE HERE!
GARAGE
SPUTTER
SPUT!
MR.---COULD YOU LET ME HAVE SOME GASOLINE? I'M IN A BIG HURRY!
JUST A SECOND, SIR!
IS YOUR CAR OUTSIDE?
HOLY SMOKE! A DREAM!--EH--I MEAN, YES-YES--IT IS!
HOW MANY GALLONS WOULD YOU LIKE?
I'D LIKE A MILLION--BUT I ONLY HAVE ENOUGH TICKETS FOR THREE--SO GIVE ME THREE!
THRU SO SOON? GEE--EH, DO YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?
I SHOULD SAY NOT! DO I LOOK AS THOUGH I LIVE IN A GARAGE? AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN A HURRY!
I DIDN'T MEAN THAT YOU LIVE IN THIS GARAGE--I MEANT--THAT IS, I AM IN A HURRY BUT--WELL, GEE--WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
IT'S NOT PART OF MY JOB TO GIVE MY NAME ALONG WITH GASOLINE--BUT IT'S JENNIFER!

DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S MY GAL--- **JUDY JENKINS**---
OH, HO --- SO YOU'VE GOT A GIRL!
SO THIS IS HOW YOU KEEP OUR DATE! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU IN TOWN FOR AN HOUR!
HOLY SMOKE! WITH ALL THAT HAPPENED, I FORGOT OUR DATE!
YOU'RE JUST A TWO-TIMER! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS! YOU CAN'T CALL DANNY A TWO-TIMER!
OH, NO?--I'LL CALL ANYONE A TWO-TIMER THAT I WANT TO!
JUDY, PLEASE--JENNIFER, DON'T! JUDY, JENNIFER-**OHHHHH**--
MEANWHILE, MR. JENKINS IS HAVING HIS DIFFICULTIES TOO!
FRANK, YOU TOLD ME YOU KNEW A SHORT-CUT! WE'VE BEEN WALKING FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR NOW--AND STILL CAN'T REACH TOWN!
THIS IS A SHORT-CUT, JENKINS! JUST TAKES A LITTLE LONGER---THAT'S ALL!
I CAN'T KEEP JENKINS FROM GETTING TO TOWN AND BACK MUCH LONGER! I SURE HOPE DANNY IS HAVING HIS CAR FIXED NOW!
BACK AT THE GARAGE---AN HOUR LATER---
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN--YOU--WOLF IN A JITTERBUG'S CLOTHING!
AND YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER COMING BACK TO BUY ANYMORE GASOLINE, EITHER!
AW, GEE, GIRLS--LET ME EXPLAIN--WONT-YA--IT'S ALLA MISTAKE--AWWW--

WOW! I FORGOT MR. JENKINS' CAR! IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO GO ALL THE WAY INTO JAMESTOWN FOR A MECHANIC NOW! WHAT'LL I DO?
SNAP!
OH, BOY! THERE'S MONTY! HE'S THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS! HEY, MONTY--WAIT UP!
HIYA, DANNY!
MEAT MARKET
AND THAT'S THE STORY--I KNOW YOU LIKE TO FIX THINGS---DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FIX THE FENDER FOR ME?
SURE, YOU KNOW ME--I CAN FIX ANYTHING! LEAD ME TO IT!
HERE WE ARE! WE'RE LUCKY---IT SEEMS DAD AND MR. JENKINS DIDN'T GET BACK YET!
I'LL HAVE THE FENDER FIXED IN NO TIME!
HMMM, IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD, DOESN'T IT? LOOK, DANNY----YOU GRAB ONE END--WE'LL TRY TO TWIST IT STRAIGHT!
O.K.!
UGH!--IT FEELS AS THOUGH IT'S LOOSENING UP!
TH-THAT'S A G-GOOD SIGN---OOF! THAT MEANS WE'LL BE ABLE TO BEND IT EASY!

HOLY SMOKE! IT FELL OFF!
CLASH!
R-R-RIP!
1214
WOW! NOW THE CAR'S GOT NO FENDER AT ALL! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
HMMM--- THIS HAS UPSET MY PLANS A BIT! WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF ANOTHER APPROACH!
HOLY SMOKE! LOOK! HERE COMES JUDY! WE MUSTN'T LET HER SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO HER FATHER'S CAR!
YOU THINK THAT'S BAD! HERE COMES YOUR FATHER AND MR. JENKINS HIMSELF!
COME ON-- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- WE'LL WALK PAST MY DAD AND MR. JENKINS NONCHALANTLY--AND THEN WE'LL RUN FOR ALL WE'RE WORTH!
WAIT A MINUTE, DANNY! I THINK YOU FORGOT SOMETHING!
WHAT DID I F-FORGET?
YOU FORGOT TO LEAVE THAT BACK BY THE CAR!
SO, THIS IS WHY YOU TRIED TO DELAY MY RETURNING HERE, FRANK-- YOUR CHARMING SON BROKE MY FENDER-- HMMM!
ULP! NOW, JENKINS! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! WE NEEDN'T LOSE OUR TEMPERS!
I WASN'T ABLE TO GET A MECHANIC, DAD! I LOOKED ALL OVER! THERE WEREN'T ANY!
1214

JUDY, I---
YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER SPEAKING TO ME ANYMORE, MASTER **DANNY**! I STILL REMEMBER YOU TALKING TO THAT GIRL THIS AFTERNOON!
OH-OH- SPEAKING TO A GIRL FOR A LONG TIME THIS AFTERNOON, EH? I THOUGHT YOU SPENT ALL THAT TIME LOOKING FOR A MECHANIC!
NOW, DAD, DON'T GET ANGRY! I CAN EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING! WE NEEDN'T LOSE OUR TEMPERS!
IT'LL COST YOU A PRETTY PENNY TO BUY ME A NEW FENDER, FRANK!
IT'LL BE WORTH PAYING FOR IT, JENKINS, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TAKE EVERY CENT OF IT OUT OF **DANNY'S ALLOWANCE!**
DAD, IF YOU DO THAT, I WON'T GET ANY ALLOWANCE FOR FIVE YEARS!
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER **LEAVE NOW!**
LATER, THAT NIGHT---
WHAT A DAY! IF ANYONE ELSE MENTIONS CARS TO ME AGAIN, I'LL SHOOT HIM!
DAD, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR TO SEE YOU!
HE SAYS HE'S AN AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN!
OH--DEAR ME!
PLOP!

SWELL AFFAIR

From page 5

And by now, too, she knew that nineteen-year-old Bud Larkin had taken a shine to her.

When Kit and Lorraine had left, and Cathy was sitting with Bud just after closing-time, having strawberry sodas, she told him about the invitation. Bud didn't think it was such a break.

"What's with you, Cathy?" he snapped at her bright grey eyes. "You can't run with that crowd. They're dripping with cash. And where d'you think you'll shine in at that sorority dance? You got clothes like them?"

"That's just why I'm going to get a new dress at Mme. Clare's."

"Mme. Clare's!" Bud jerked back in his chair and his elbow nearly knocked his soda off the little table. "Why, Mme. Clare hasn't got a thing under fifty dollars! My mother—" He stopped abruptly.

"Oh, Mme. Clare always gives me a break; some dress with a tiny rip in it, or one that wasn't taken after being altered. I can fix them up, you know."

Bud's blue eyes behind his thick glasses looked disgusted.

"O. K. Go there. I'll have to do double duty Saturday night with you off. I wouldn't care if I thought it was going to do you any good, but—"

"I'll do me good, Bud Larkin, don't you worry. What chance do I ever get to go to a swell affair?"

Bud got her pay for the week that Saturday morning, though her salary wasn't really due till Monday. She went right off to Mme. Clare's. Mme. Clare was French; she knew Cathy's father was a veteran who'd been wounded in France, in 1918, and that the Brewers didn't have much beside his pension to live on.

She came forward and beamed at Cathy, her little, dark, ugly face lighting up the way French faces do. "What ees it today? A dress for a party?"

"How did you guess?" laughed Cathy.

"*Tiens!* A pretty young *mademoiselle,* she goes to parties! And for you, *ma chère,* I haf somezing zat ees, ah, pairfect!" She disappeared behind the screen and came back carrying in her arms a yellow satin dress.

"Yellow? But I'm blonde, Mme. Clare. I thought, green—"

"*Ah, mais non!* A blonde in yellow, zat ees like sonshine! Only yestairday, a rich young blonde lady buy soch a dress from me. *Tiens,* we try it on!"

It looked lovely on. It was a bit daring, with bare back and halter neck, but it was like a halo of sunlight around Cathy, with her reddish-gold hair. She stood smoothing its sleek line, her lightly freckled face flushed with pleasure, her grey eyes shining. Wouldn't Kit notice her in *this!*

"Oh, it's adorable! It makes me look at least nineteen! How much is it, Mme. Clare?"

Mme. Clare beamed. "For you, *ma petite,* but only for you —eet ees merely $29.50!"

Cathy's face fell. "Oh," she pleaded, "but all I've saved is just twenty dollars."

Mme. Clare set her lips and shook her pompadoured head. "Eet ees a loss to me, even for zat price. Ze original, what I sell yestairday, zat was ninety dollar." Sadly Cathy began to unfasten the dress, her fingers moving very slowly. Then Mme. Clare suddenly laughed joyously and threw out her hands.

"*Ah, quoi!* Paris ees *libre* and for ten dollar shall I make onhappy a daughter of ze American *armée?* Take it zees once, *ma chère,* for love of ze Yankee *soldats!*" And she patted the happy Cathy on the cheek. A pin here, a pin there, every moment the dress became more Cathy's own. She paid the money, and went out of the store with her party dress in a box.

Bud Larkin couldn't take her to the dance, she knew; he had to work, and doubly hard, at the fountain that night. He wasn't the kind of boy to shirk; he had worked after school since he was fourteen, he had told her. He was nineteen now, but hadn't been inducted because of his eyes.

Although she had to go with the boy next door, who was a sleepy youngster and only consented to escort her when his mother told him to, Cathy's heart was beating high with

(*Continued on page* 44)

"Oh, that's nothing, Bob. I did all that and more the *first time* I was on a horse!"

HAIR-DO'S FOR YOU

Hair care for teen types . . .

DID it ever occur to you that anything that grows can grow wild and natural or can be cultivated and cared for? So it is with your hair. A girl may have lovely hair—a pretty color, a good quality, even a natural wave—yet lack loveliness. And only because her hair needs shaping—needs to be cut to the proper length, in proportion to the shape of her face and the length of her neckline. A hair cut does not necessarily mean shortening the hair; it merely means shaping it. It's as simple as that!

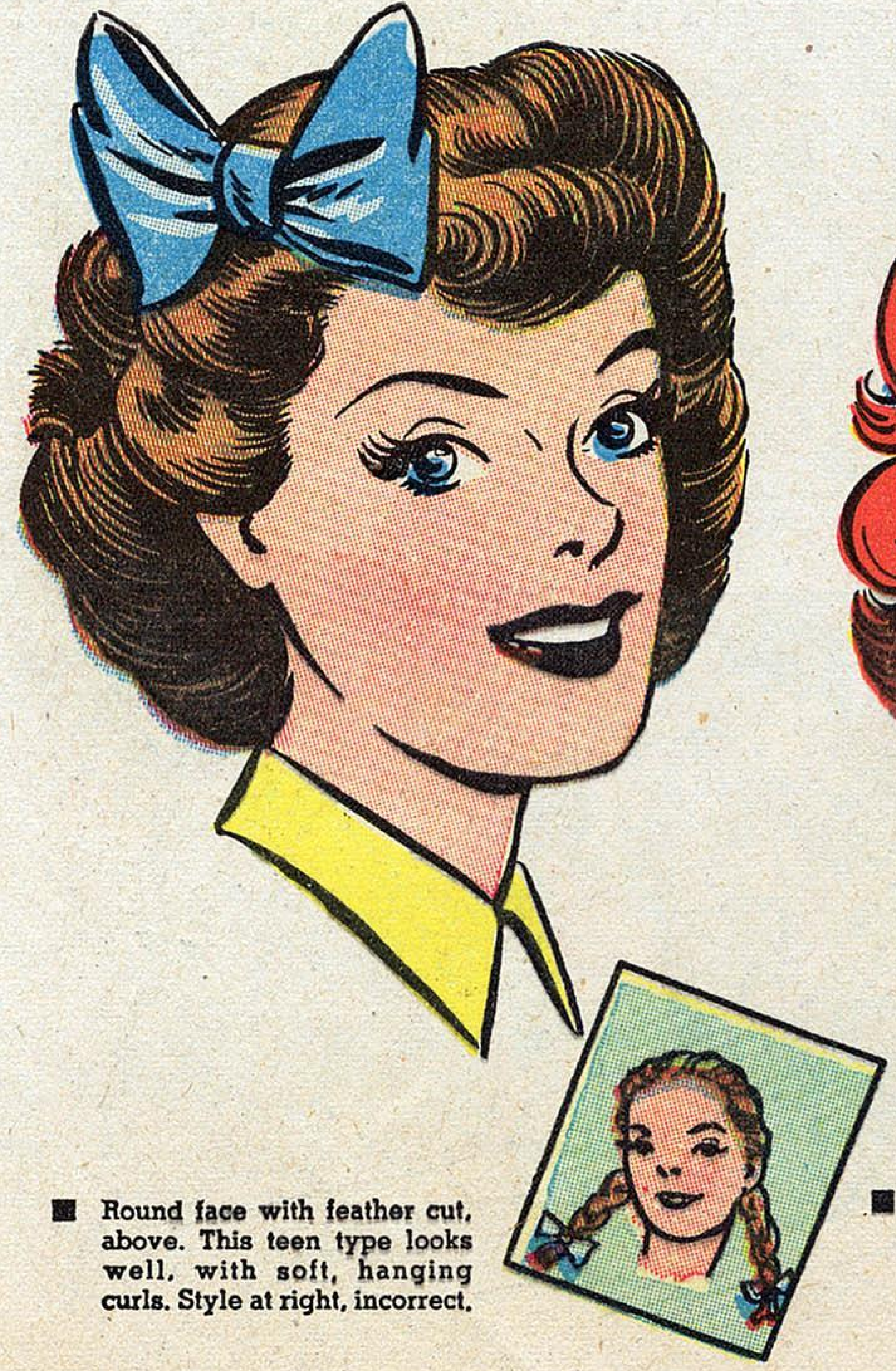
Simplicity is the secret of charm. And if you'll remember that in everything you do—you'll have one of the best secrets worth having.

How to apply this simple loveliness to your hair ought really to be told by an expert in the art of hair styling and hair care. So, your friend, Nancy, trekked up Fifth Avenue the other day to the studios of Louis Feder and Leta Harrison, and what did we talk about but hair styles for teens—and nothing else! Incidentally, Miss Harrison has taught home care of the hair at the Y.W.C.A.; she created the "Miss World's Fair" hairstyle; has spoken over the radio, and has written many technical articles on the subject of hair styling. We were fortunate in catching her at her studio between trips, for she's always traveling across the country lecturing and demonstrating. So here goes with Miss Harrison's wise words of advice.

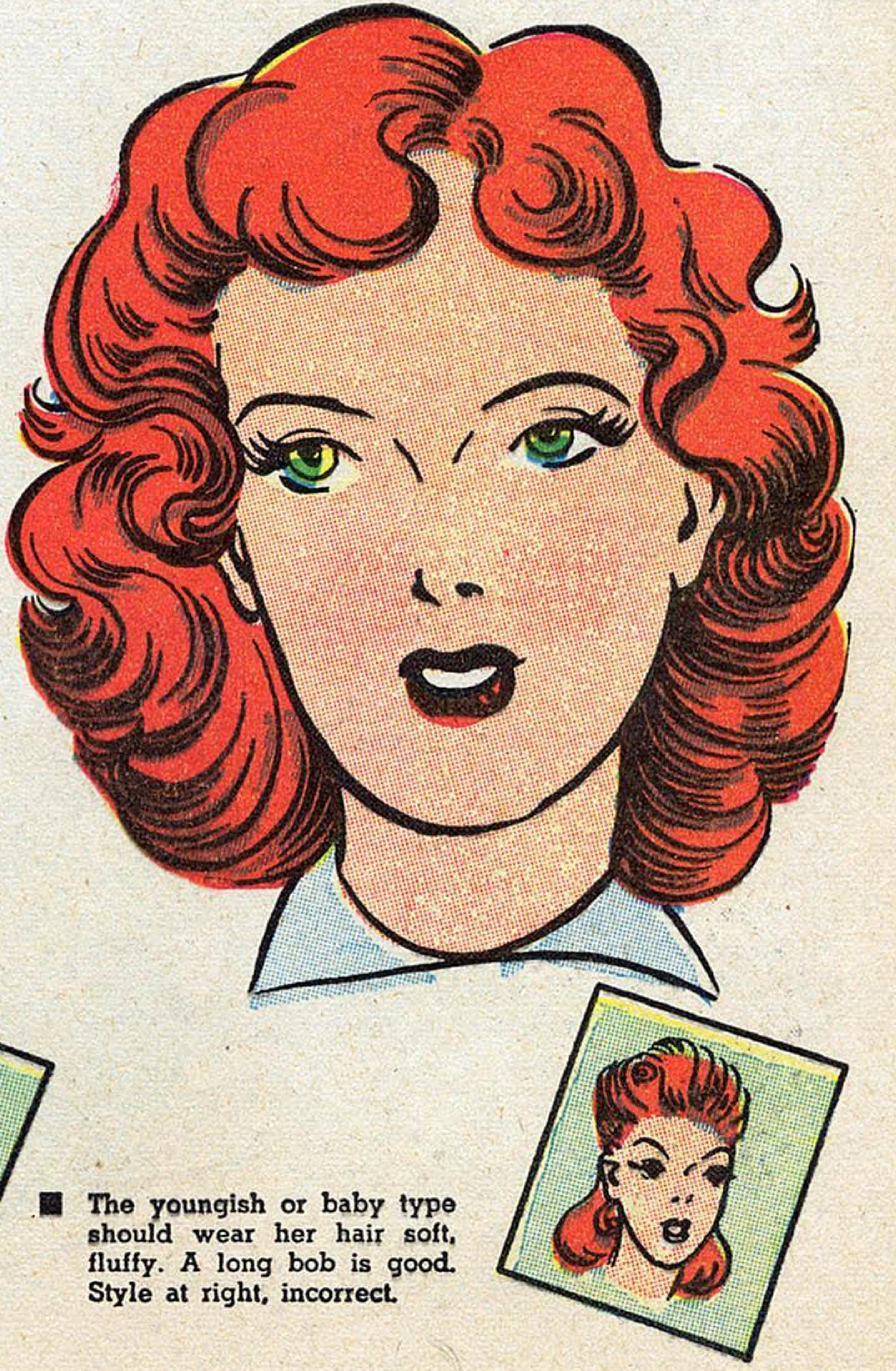
The teen-ager should decide between the long bob and the short feather cut. If you are a teen who makes her own decisions, fine. Of course, for a hair trim, you require the aid of a reliable hairdresser. If you are a teen who consults her Ma on such matters and you do things together, fine again. Then, too, you require the aid and advice of a good haircutter. And, whether it's the long or the short, before deciding—a young person should consider her age and person-

(Continued on page 54)

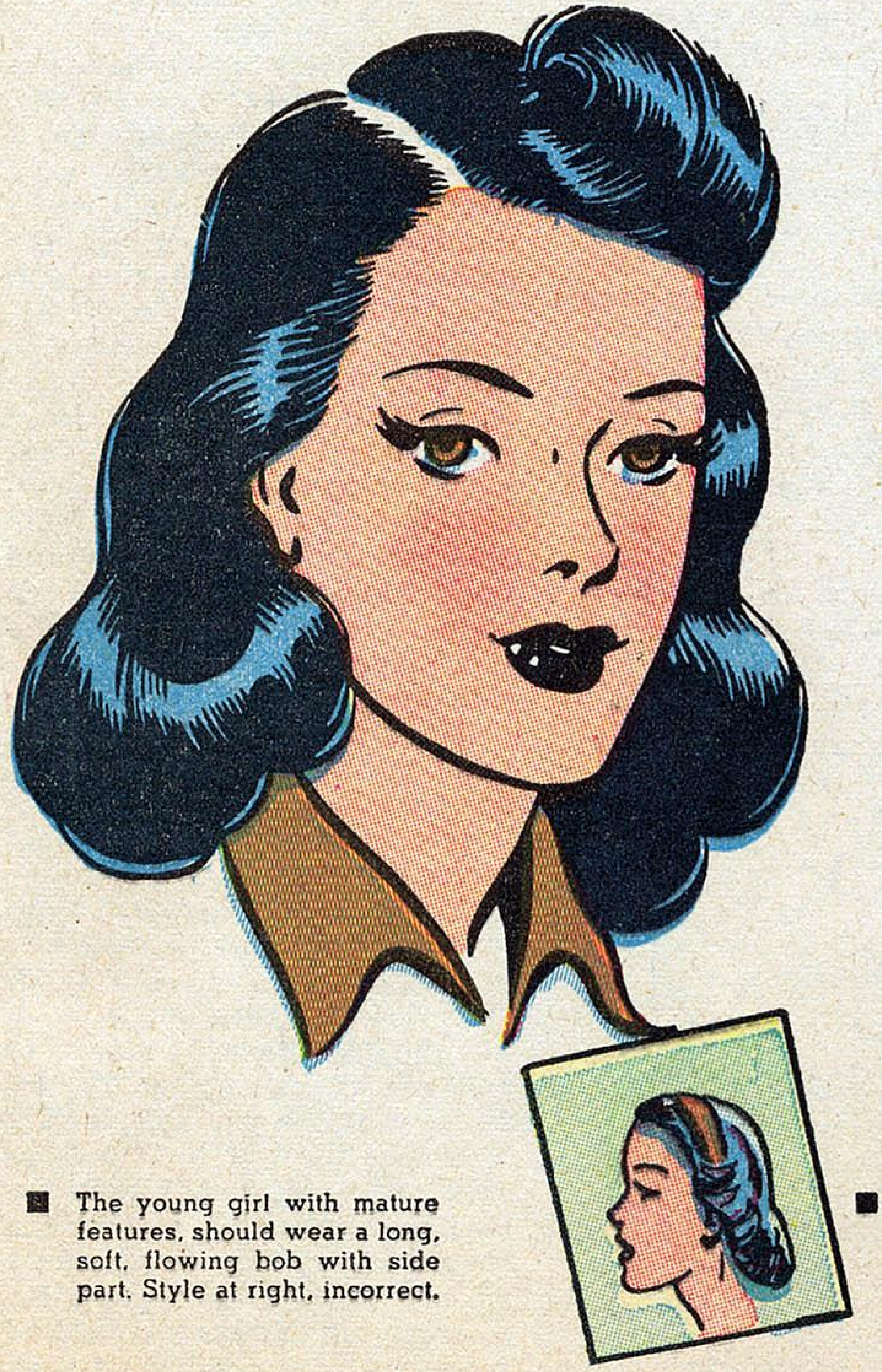
By Nancy Lake



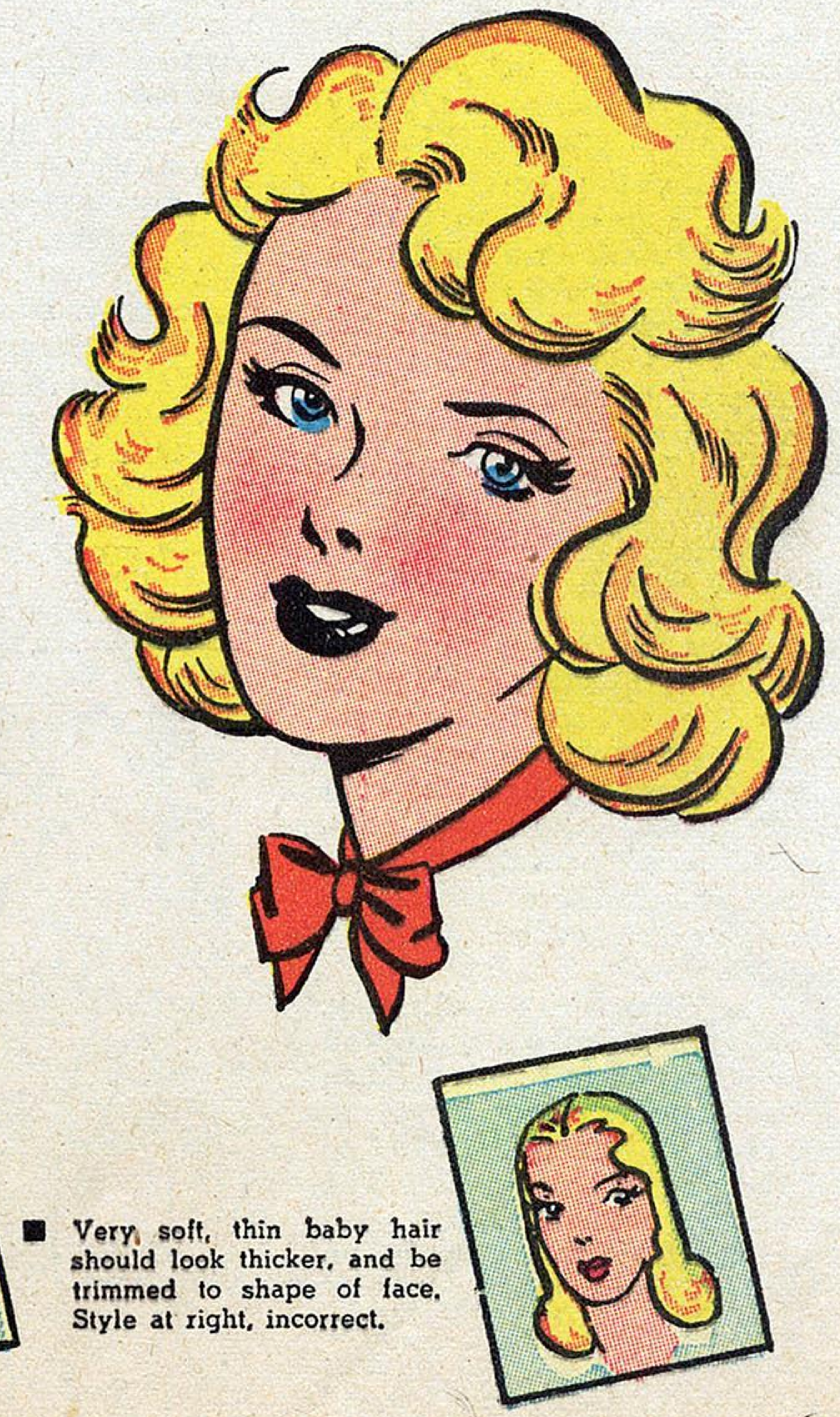
- Round face with feather cut, above. This teen type looks well, with soft, hanging curls. Style at right, incorrect.



- The youngish or baby type should wear her hair soft, fluffy. A long bob is good. Style at right, incorrect.



- The young girl with mature features, should wear a long, soft, flowing bob with side part. Style at right, incorrect.



- Very soft, thin baby hair should look thicker, and be trimmed to shape of face. Style at right, incorrect.

DATE DATA

From Page 17

absolute "cutest." For evening, I love soft, ruffly things.

I *don't* think girls our age should wear slinky things. For instance, there's a girl in our school who is buying a black strapless dress. I've been trying to talk her out of it. I *know* I can't wear anything like that, and I don't think she can either. We're too small, too immature. We don't have anything to put into that kind of a dress. Actually, in dresses of that kind, we look like little girls dressing up in our mothers' clothes.

Spike heels fall in that department, too. And eyeshadow. And extreme exaggerated hair-dos. And smoking. Whenever I see a girl of our age smoking, I want to chuckle. A very young girl who smokes looks as if she doesn't belong to the cigarette. I always feel like asking, "Why don't you act your age?"

Actually, the best test for dressing, I guess, is to take a look at yourself in a full-length mirror when you're ready to go out. An honest look. Then ask yourself if your best girl friend were wearing the same outfit, would you find anything in it to criticize? That's a good measuring stick!

The answer to the "make-up" problem is *"Don't overdo it!"* I have an easy routine in caring for my skin. I use a mild soap and lukewarm water every night before I go to bed. In the morning I don't use soap again, but simply splash my face with cold water. I never use cream, powder base, or pancake. I don't think girls our age need it. A thin film of powder is all that's needed.

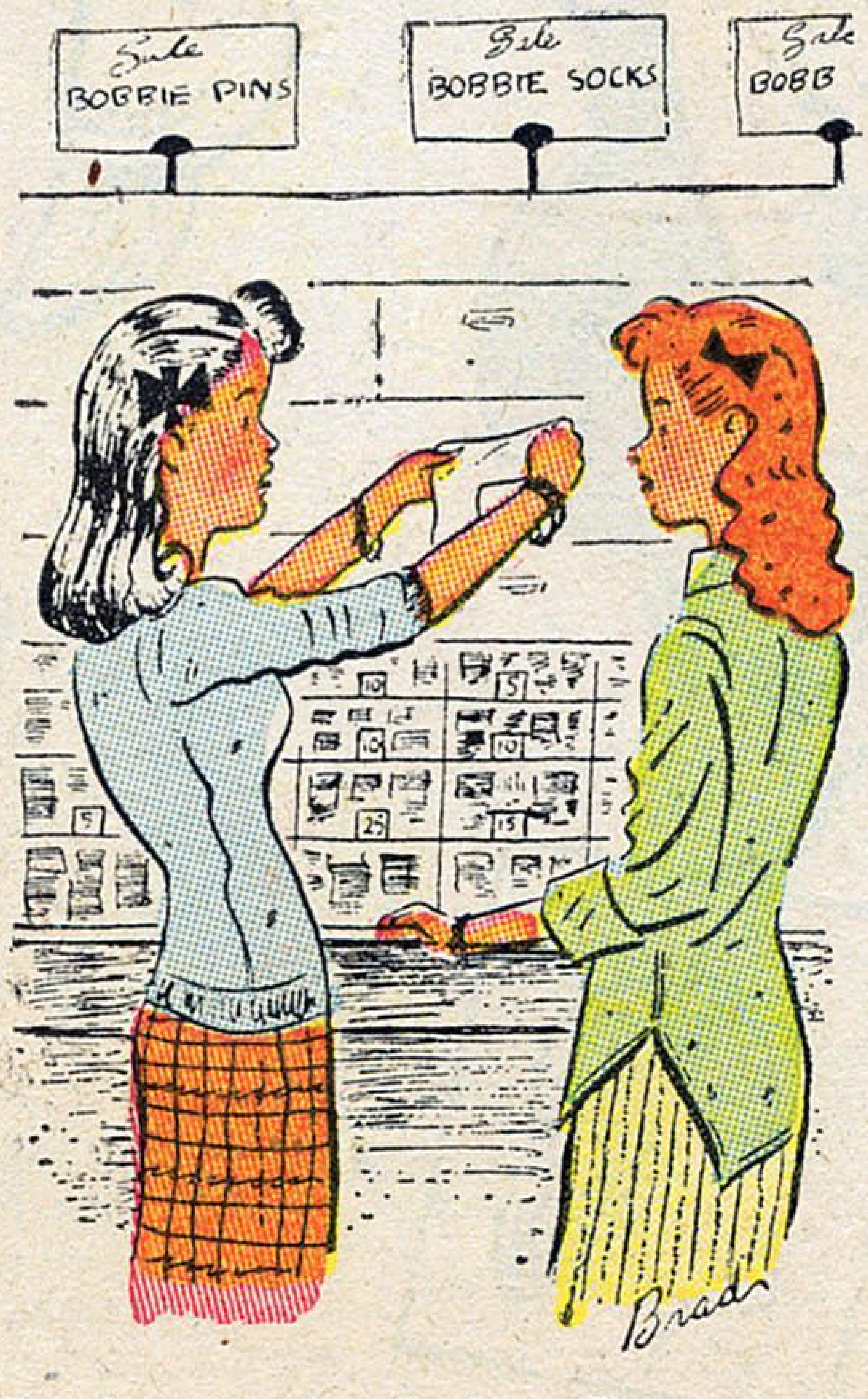
Take pains with your lipstick. I put mine on with a brush and take plenty of time with it. Then I "fix" it with powder, and my mouth is still smoothly made up at the end of the evening. The powder treatment keeps you from leaving lipstick marks on the glasses and cups, too.

I think hair style is very important. Mother washes my hair for me, and I do my own. I spend a lot of time trying new hair-dos. But as I said, I never wear exaggerated styles.

Some of the younger girls have asked how old I think a girl should be before she starts "dating." I was sixteen when I went out alone with a boy for the first time. Of course, all my life I've gone to group parties and had parties at home. But for double or single dating, I think sixteen is just about right to start.

Mother likes me to bring the boys home, but of course, I like to go out and dance to some good orchestra. However, she always gets a good look at them and a good talk with them when they pick me up. I'm allowed to stay out as late as 1:00. But if I'm going to be out after 12:00, I call mother and let her know where I am, and that I'll be in a little later.

If you're a shy girl, it's a good idea to watch the most popular girl in your group. Borrow a few of her tricks. Make them original, of course, with your own personality. If some girl shows you up all the time, analyze why that girl is popular and copy her. Go with a girl who is gay, too. One of my best friends at school was very shy. I started getting her to go out on double dates. I would act very silly, almost too silly, perhaps, to encourage her to relax and have fun. She finally caught on and now she's one of the most popular girls in school.



Bobbie Socks, Bobby Pins,
Who is this guy *Bobby* anyway?

Don't be afraid to laugh and smile and let your date know you're having fun. The debbie slouch and the blasé affected boredom is corny nowadays. I went into a hospital not long ago, and I was giggling like crazy over something one of the fellows said. A soldier was lying there, and he started to grin, and he said, "That's what we want the girls your age to do! That's the way we want to think about American girls—about their ability to laugh and enjoy life. That's the way we want to think they'll be when we come back!"

If you have a hard time "making conversation," here's a tip. At school we have required reading of *Time* magazine every week, and Fridays we have a discussion of our reading. It's amazing how much livelier and more interesting date conversation becomes over the week-end, bringing in some of the things we've read and discussed. Boys like girls to be able to talk about what's going on. Especially service boys. They want to talk about Russia and battles and politics and all that. If you keep up with some general information magazine, and then on the side keep sharp on the movie gossip, and the news of records and bands, you'll have *plenty* to chatter about!

Whatever you do, don't get uniform-happy. I know so many girls who knock themselves out over anybody, just because he's wearing a uniform. And that's silly. Try to figure out if you'd like the guy as well in a sweater and slacks as in an officer's uniform before you go "all out."

Maybe the war has made us grow up a lot faster than we should. Personally, I think we should try to stay as young as we can as long as we can! It's *so* much fun to be teen-aged and just starting out to have a wonderful time out of life!

POGO STICK PATSY

From Page 3

not the blue." And you do! It's Cathie who's the angel who gets you through the week with an extra fifty cents. Cathie's every third word in your letters to the South Pacific. Until, of course, Penelope Pawling moves into the first house on the block. Penelope's different. She's chic, travelled, sophisticated, and plenty attractive to the opposite sex. She has two fur coats and can order dinner in French. Penelope cracks the whip, and all you need is curly hair, and you'd be a French poodle. You wag your tail when she sends you a discarded beau. You sit up and beg for invitations to her houseparties. And where is Cathie all this time? Don't ask you. You wouldn't know. You can just about remember her phone number, and you've managed that so that she can get your enraptured account of Penny's nifty new evening dress. Nope, poor Cathie's about as important to you as the shade of last year's nail polish!

Then, there's Johnnie. He carried your books when you wore crisp, red, ribbons in your braids. He did stunts for your applause on the beach when you were twelve. And when you began wearing lipstick, he dedicated his sonnets to you. Good, old, Johnnie. Sweet, faithful, dependable. But convertible-less! Which Cecil is not! Cecil's a glamour-pants. Not only does he phone you hourly, but he sends orchids and wires as well. He seats you comfortably in third row center on opening night. He brings perfume to Mom, and cigars to Pop. In other words, the guy's a *smooth* operator. So when Johnnie wants to go roller skating one Sunday morn, your nose goes skyward, and you tell him to try the small fry.

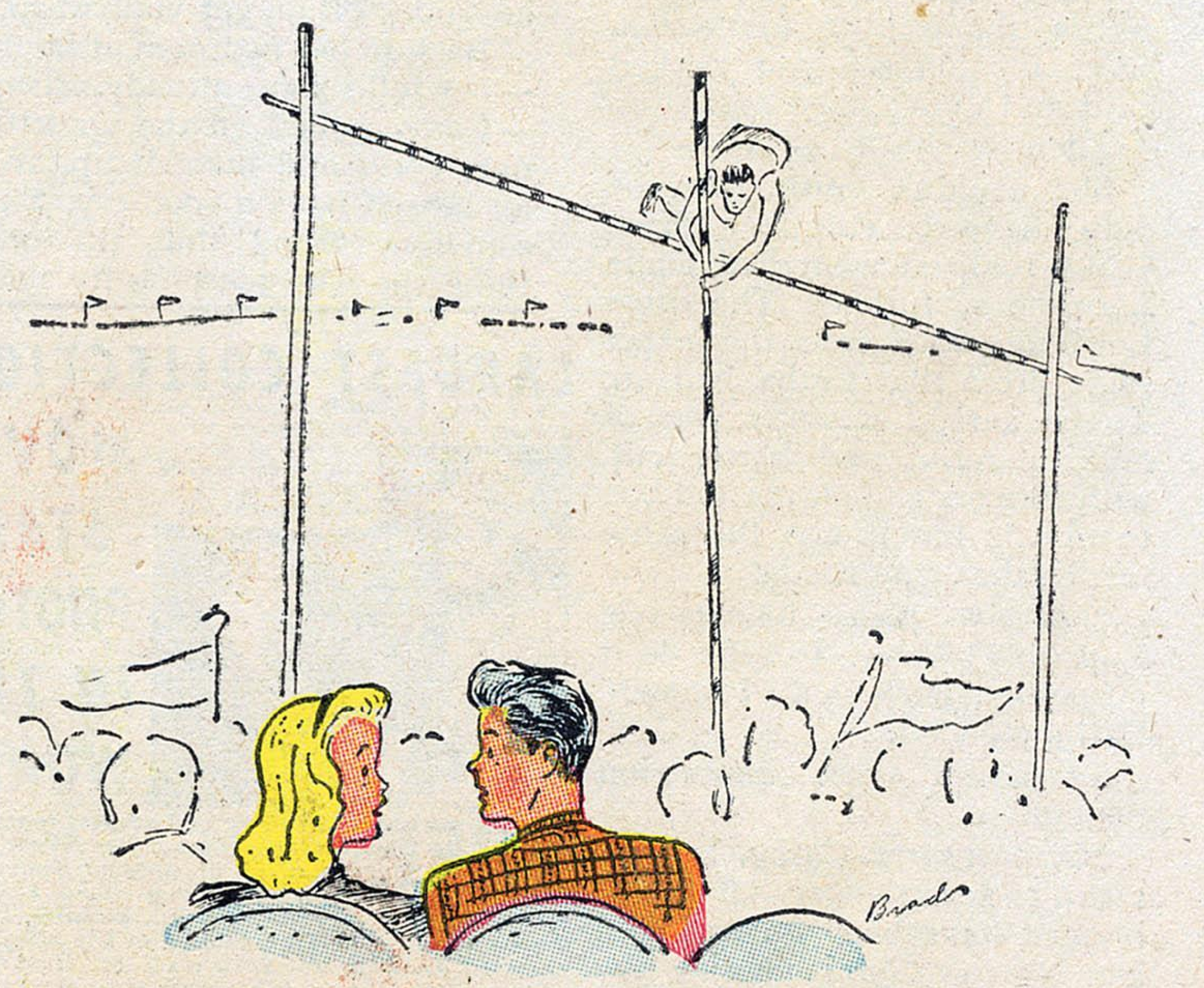
There you go. Back on your pogo-stick!

For years, you sleep, breathe, and eat the "Chester Street" crowd. They're your buddies. Every one of them. One year away at school and you barely "Hi" them on the street. You've outgrown them. They aren't interested in the "finer" things of life. They're dull kids. You're made for bigger things.

Look, cutie, ever hear of an eight ball? If you keep missing cues this way, you may be finding out just what it is one of these days. In fact, you may be right, smack, behind it.

Just supposing that Penelope sweeps out of town. Just as completely and breathlessly as she came. Or supposing that she just drops you. Poof! The way you did Cathie. Then what? Cathie may be a sweet gal, but she's not *that* dumb. It's too late now, for a smile and a coy apology. You've lost a real friend. And when Cecil begins parking his car outside of that blonde's house, you're going to find yourself with a book, not good, old Johnnie. It's hard for his six-foot lankiness to shrink to doormat size. And what if you find the new crowd none too solid? Think you can hop right back to the arms of the old gang? Not so fast, cookie. Ever see a blacklist? Well, you're going to be on one. The "Chester Street" one. And they write in awfully dark ink.

Oh, it's perfectly possible to outgrow people. In that case, there's a way of disentangling yourself without mutilating feelings, and making yourself objectionable. But most of the time, you merely *think* you've outgrown the guy or the gang. Think it over. They're kind of hep kids. They know you, and you know them. Not superficially. But really! Way, down deep! There's a lot to be said for the kind of memories that you have between you. The kind of binding affection that becomes more and more important as you grow older. Brand new friends may have charm and intrigue. But you know how lovingly you look at your old, beat-up saddles, even though you've a terrific pair of spikes in the closet. Or how good that first gulp of cool water tastes, after you've made a pig of yourself over a chocolate fudge sundae. Before you spread your wings and give the past a quick go-by, think on it, sweet-stuff. Cut the pogo-stick routine!



But, Bill, why does he bother jumping over the bar, when he could easily walk under it?

SWELL AFFAIR

From page 39

hope as she put on the dress that evening.

The clubhouse was a handsome building with Greek pillars in front. Cathy arrived rather early, handed in her invitation, and sat with her escort in the dance room, which was still half empty. But the band was already playing, and a boy asked her to dance. Her escort was gobbling dainty sandwiches, two at a time.

More and more couples came in. Cathy heard laughter and talk, saw glittering evening dresses and smart uniforms, some with a stripe or two, a few even with campaign ribbons and medals. The crowd was mostly older than she.

Suddenly, she saw Kit Forlew, with Lorraine Hunter's hand on his arm. Kit was looking at her all right—but with a peculiar expression. And Lorraine was staring at her in a look of amazement mixed with anger! Letting go of Kit, Lorraine came straight over to Cathy. Her cheeks were red and her eyes were flashing.

"Oh, how *could* you! Cathy Brewer, I—of all the—And I 'specially went to the trouble of getting the girls to invite you here! I could see you worked hard and didn't have much fun—Then for you to go and—"

She couldn't finish, but she didn't have to. Pale as a ghost, Cathy realized what had made Lorraine so furious. The dress Lorraine wore was the exact same dress that Cathy had on. To be sure, Lorraine's was of finer material and better cut, with slippers and gloves and bag to match, but it was the same model, the same shade.

"Lorraine, please believe me, I—I didn't know. I didn't do it purposely. How could I know?" Cathy pleaded.

Lorraine's tense expression melted.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cathy. I didn't mean to get so angry. Of course it must have been an accident. But, you see, you wearing the same dress here—it's going to make me look ridiculous. You see that, don't you?" Cathy nodded wretchedly. "And Cathy, you know—this is Kit's last night here; he's shipping—overseas—tomorrow. And you know, I—he—it's a secret still, but we're—engaged. Please don't let anything spoil our last evening, will you?"

Cathy's red-blond head sank low. So—this was the end of the dream. Lorraine and Kit were engaged. And Lorraine, who had invited her there, had to beg her not to spoil their evening. Cathy's voice sounded far away.

"Do forgive me, Lorraine. I—I don't mind going away."

"Oh, Cathy, I knew you were sweet! But listen, you don't have to do that. Why don't you just go home and change for—Wait, I'll tell you what. Go to my house; I'll phone my maid to give you a dress of my sister's, her rose dress. She isn't wearing it any more and it'll just fit you. And I'll have Kit drive you there and back; it won't take any time!"

Cathy went up to her escort who was still eating sandwiches.

"Come on, we're going home," she told him.

"Gee, that's good. I'm tired," he said. "I'll go get your wrap."

Back in her bedroom at home—her folks were already asleep—Cathy pulled off the unfortunate dress and hung it up, and let herself have a good cry. She somehow found that the one thing she was yearning for now was to tell Bud Larkin, confess to him what a fool she'd been. And—goodness, the poor fellow was working his head off right now on account of her being away. Instead of going to bed, Cathy washed her face with cold water, put on her old blue skirt and blouse, and quietly hurried out of the house.

Bud was so busy at the fountain he didn't even notice, at first, how she slipped into her usual place behind the counter. But when she caught his eye, he gave such a start of delight that for the first time since she left the clubhouse she felt happy.

"Gee, kid!" he whispered to her. "Hope nothing skidded."

"Tell you later," said Cathy.

When the store had closed, he took her arm and began to walk her home. She told him everything. Bud didn't answer for a while, and then he didn't say "You should have known it." His eyes looked very kind behind the thick glasses.

"Cathy," he said gently, "you did everything just right."

"Did I?" It was so good to hear him say so.

"And I'll tell you this much. You'll forget about Kit Forlew, just as if he was—oh, a movie star or a picture on an ad. You'll see. And then, maybe, if you think you'd ever want to string along with a plain, tow-headed guy like me—"

"Oh, Bud." There was something about him that warmed her heart where she had been feeling so chilly and left-out. "I guess—maybe—I will want to." She held his arm a bit tighter. He smiled at her as they passed a lampost and for a minute she thought he looked handsome.

"Well, kid, if you do, one of these days you're going to have everything, just as good as Lorraine Hunter. Ever hear of the Larkin chain of drugstores? My dad made his dough the hard way, and he doesn't want me to ruin the business when I take over. So I'm learning from the ground up. I wouldn't have told you, but the way you acted this evening—I can see you're—well, you're *my* kind. All right with you, Cathy?"

LARGEST COLLECTION MOVIE STAR PHOTOS IN THE WORLD

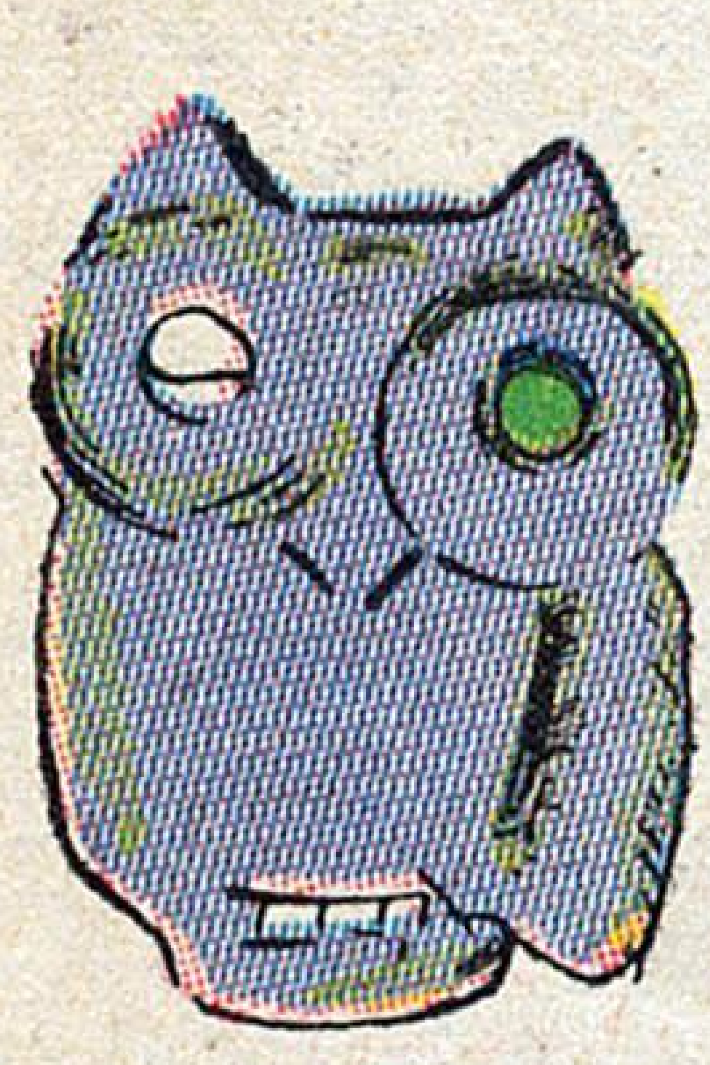
Roy Rogers, Republic's "King of the Cowboys", congratulates Irving Klaw, "King of Movie Stills", on his great collection of Hollywood Star Photos.

FREE Rush name and address today for illustrated *Movie Star News*. Lists thousands of unusual photos of Hollywood Stars, Band Leaders, Vocalists, Stars in Color, Bathing Beauties, Latest Movie Scenes, Old Time Stars, Pin Up poses, etc. Original glossy prints—8x10 ready for framing or album. Send 10c to help cover cost of mailing. Dime refunded on first order.

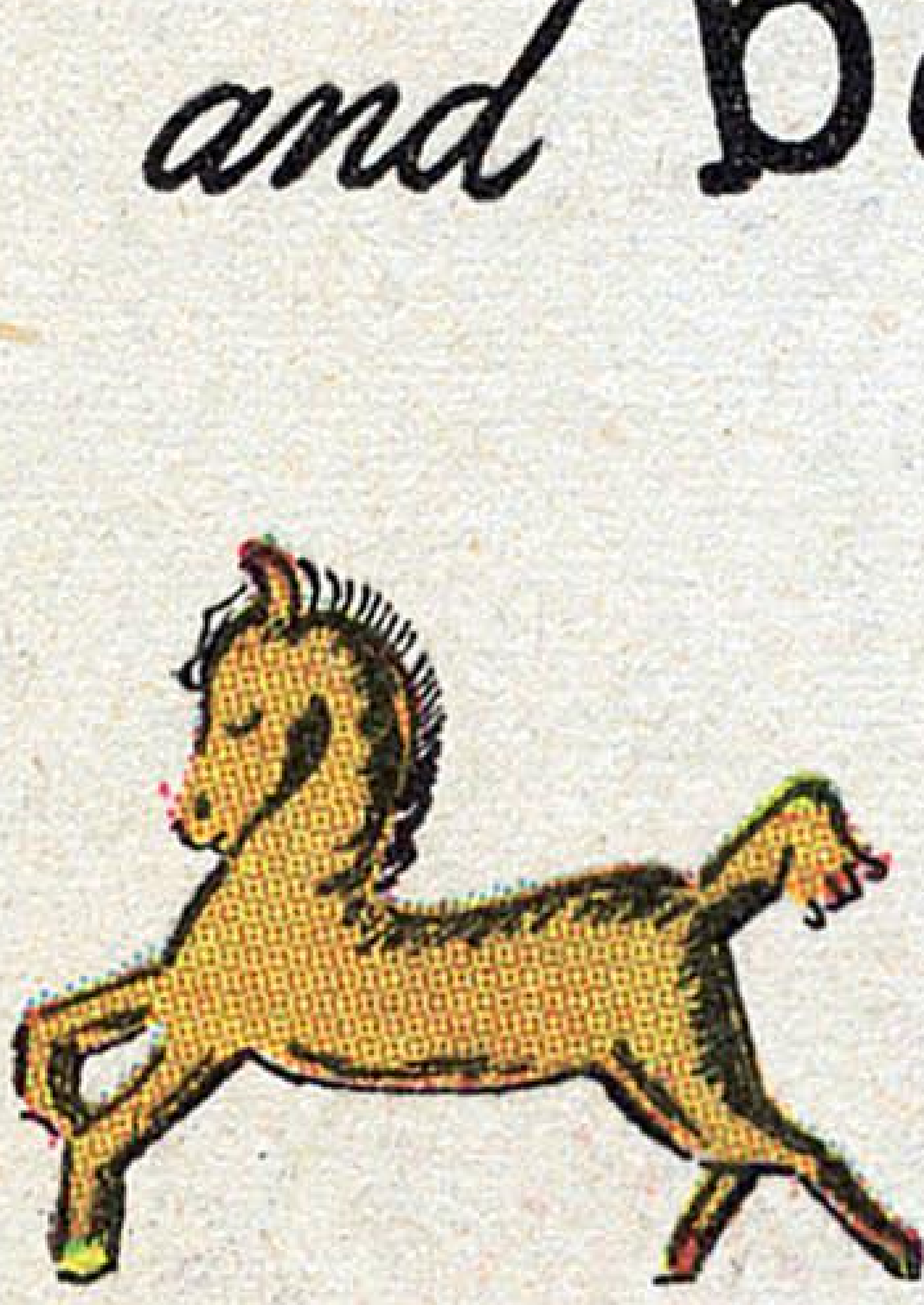
IRVING KLAW
212 East 14th St., New York 3, N. Y., Dept.100

PIN-UP and buckle down

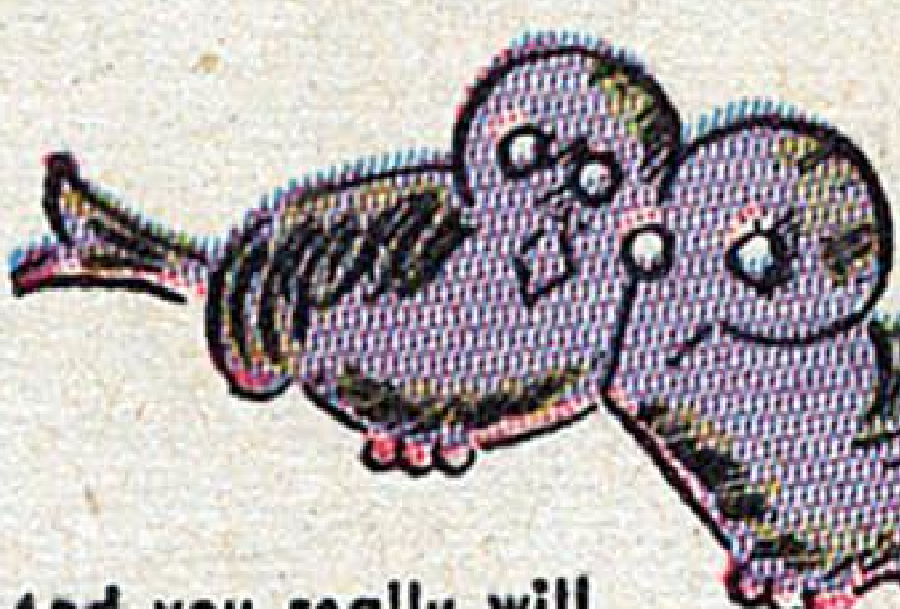
Here's the team, that's on the beam . . . They're pretty and popular, slick and suit-able . . . They're goony and swoony . . . And they won't take much of your "pin" money, either . . . It's smart and "cents-able" to be a "pin-up" gal . . .



He's a wise old bird, with large turquoise eye, in Mexican silver, for $2.50.

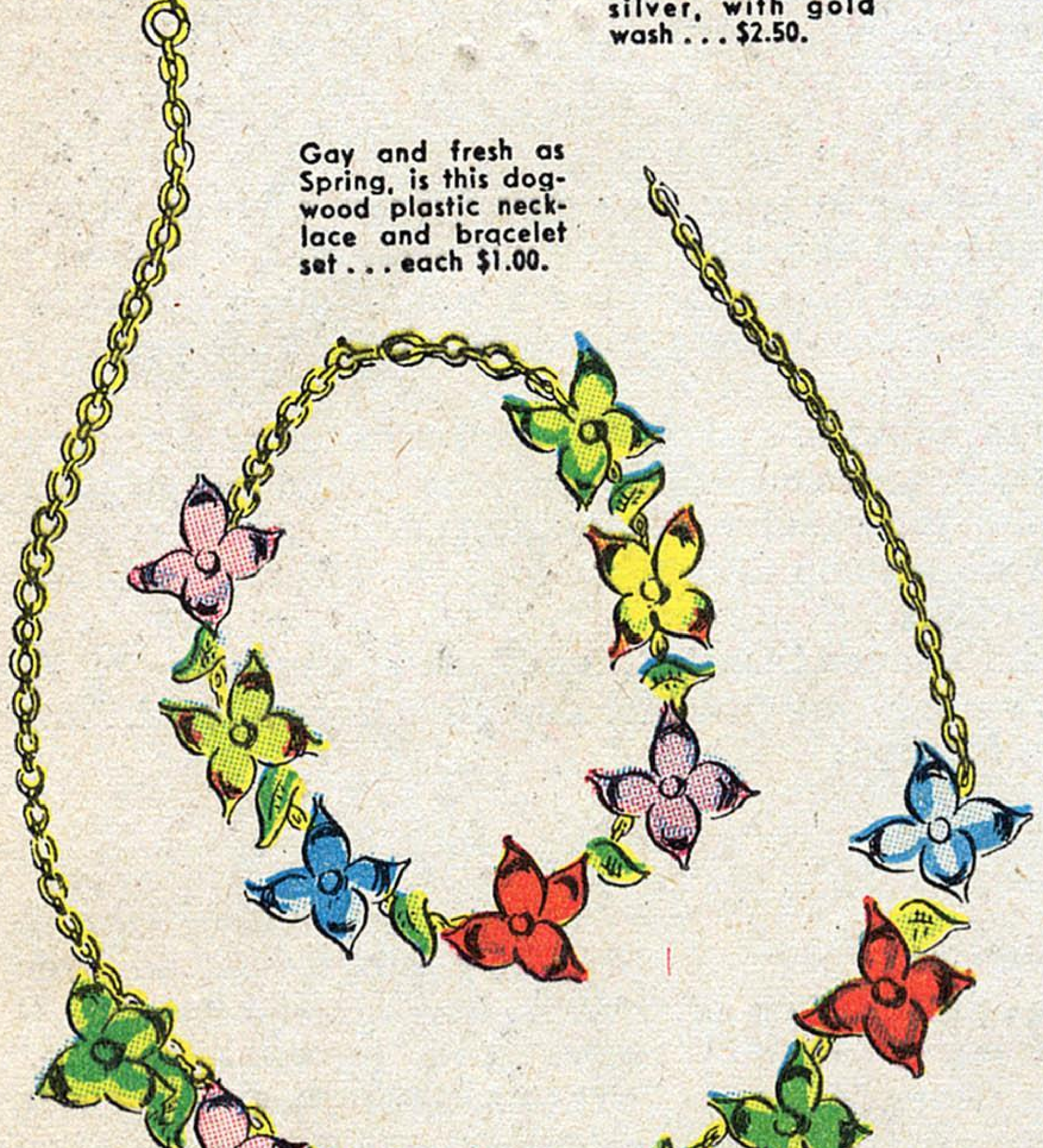


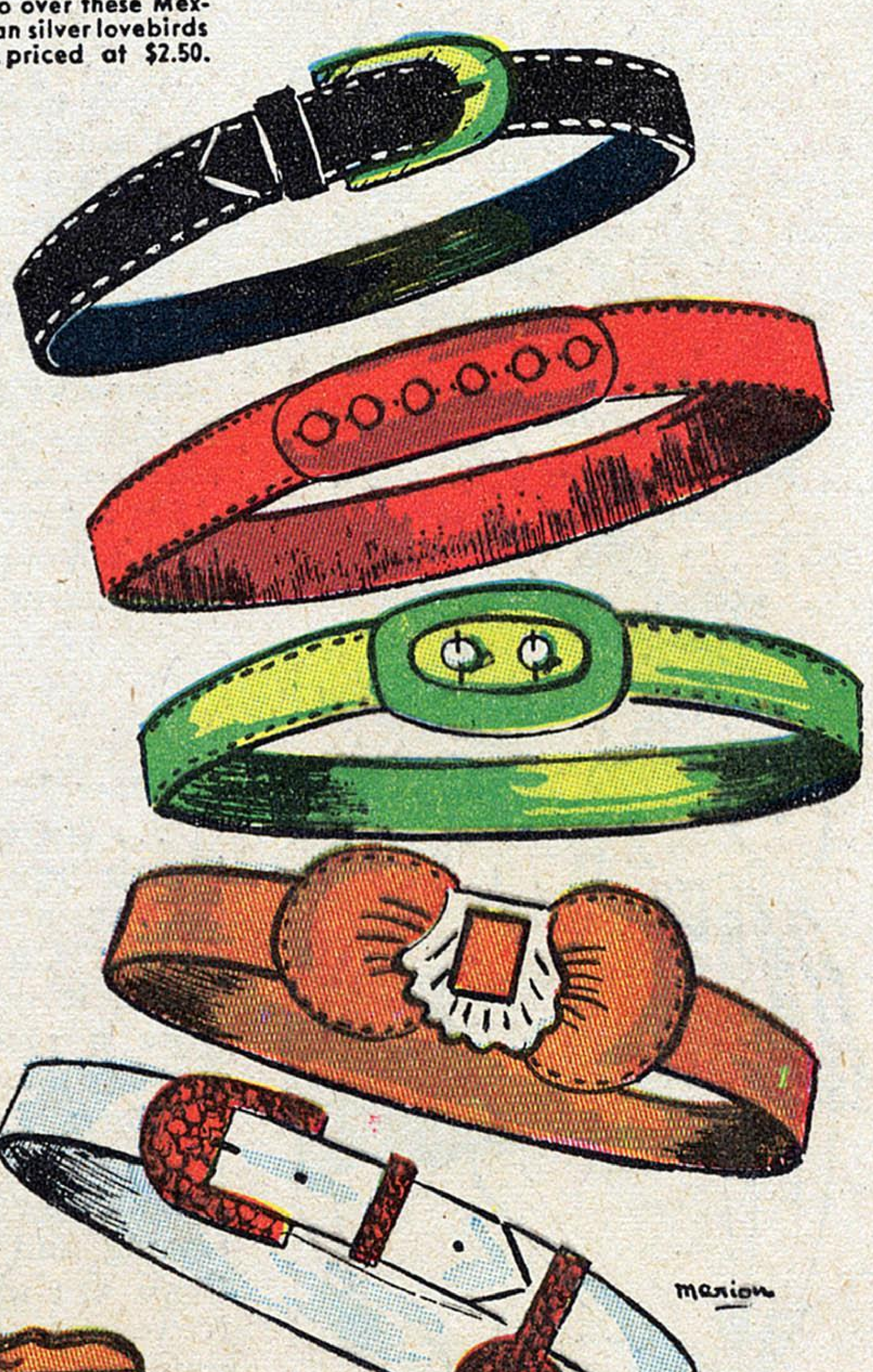
No horsin', you'll love these steeds, keeds . . . Mexican silver, with gold wash . . . $2.50.



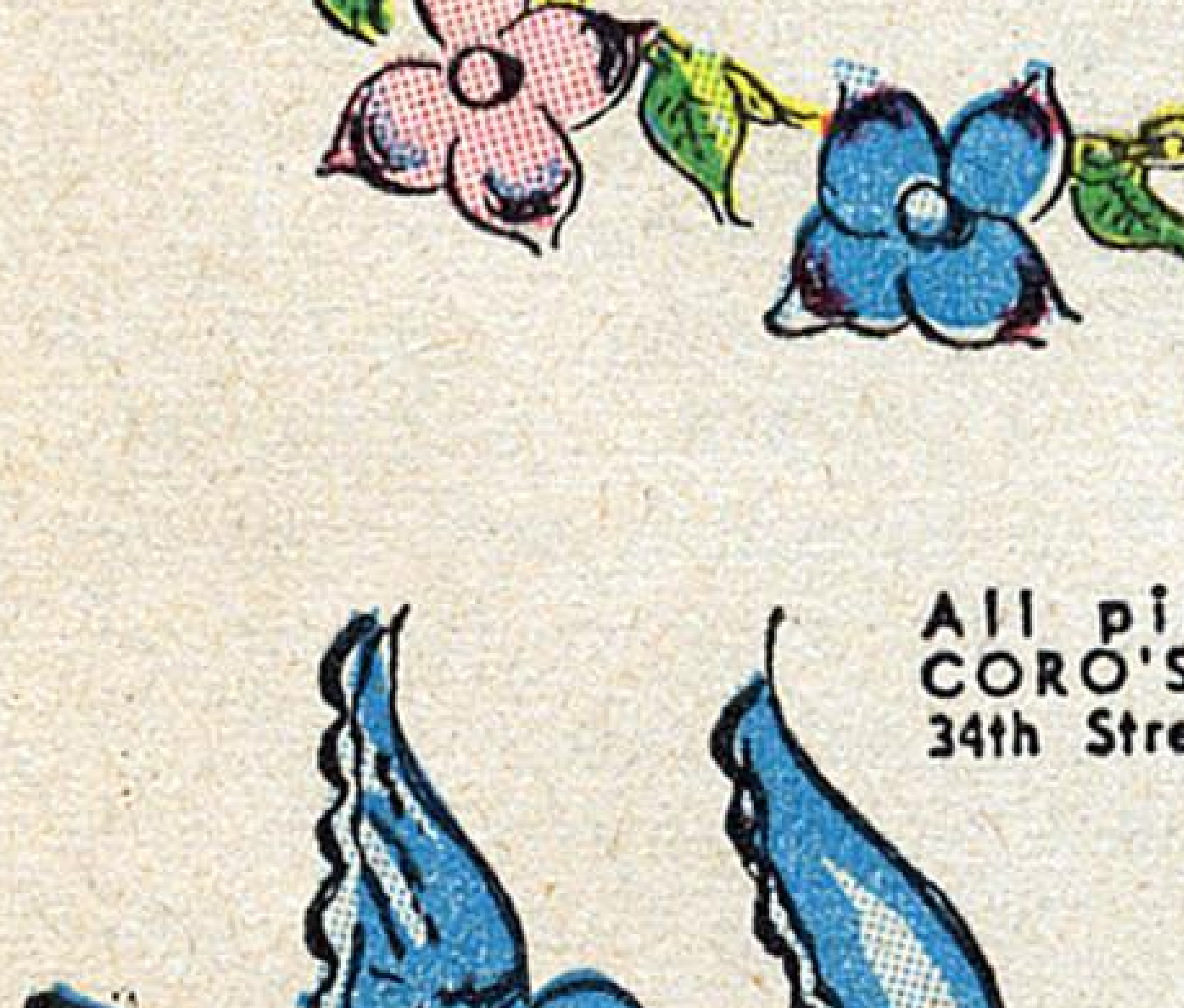
And you really will coo over these Mexican silver lovebirds . . . priced at $2.50.

Gay and fresh as Spring, is this dogwood plastic necklace and bracelet set . . . each $1.00.

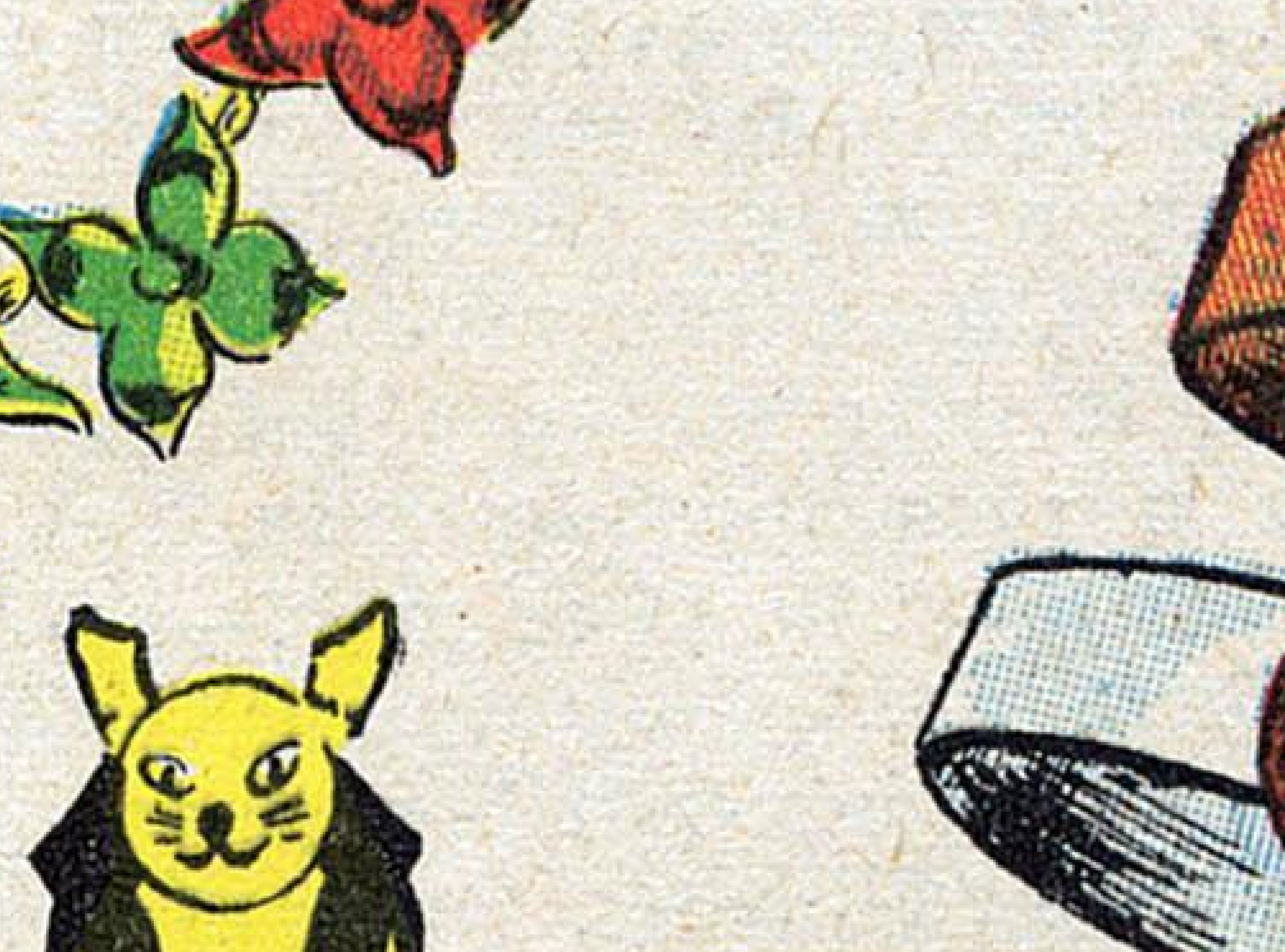




All pins from CORO'S, 47 West 34th Street, N. Y.



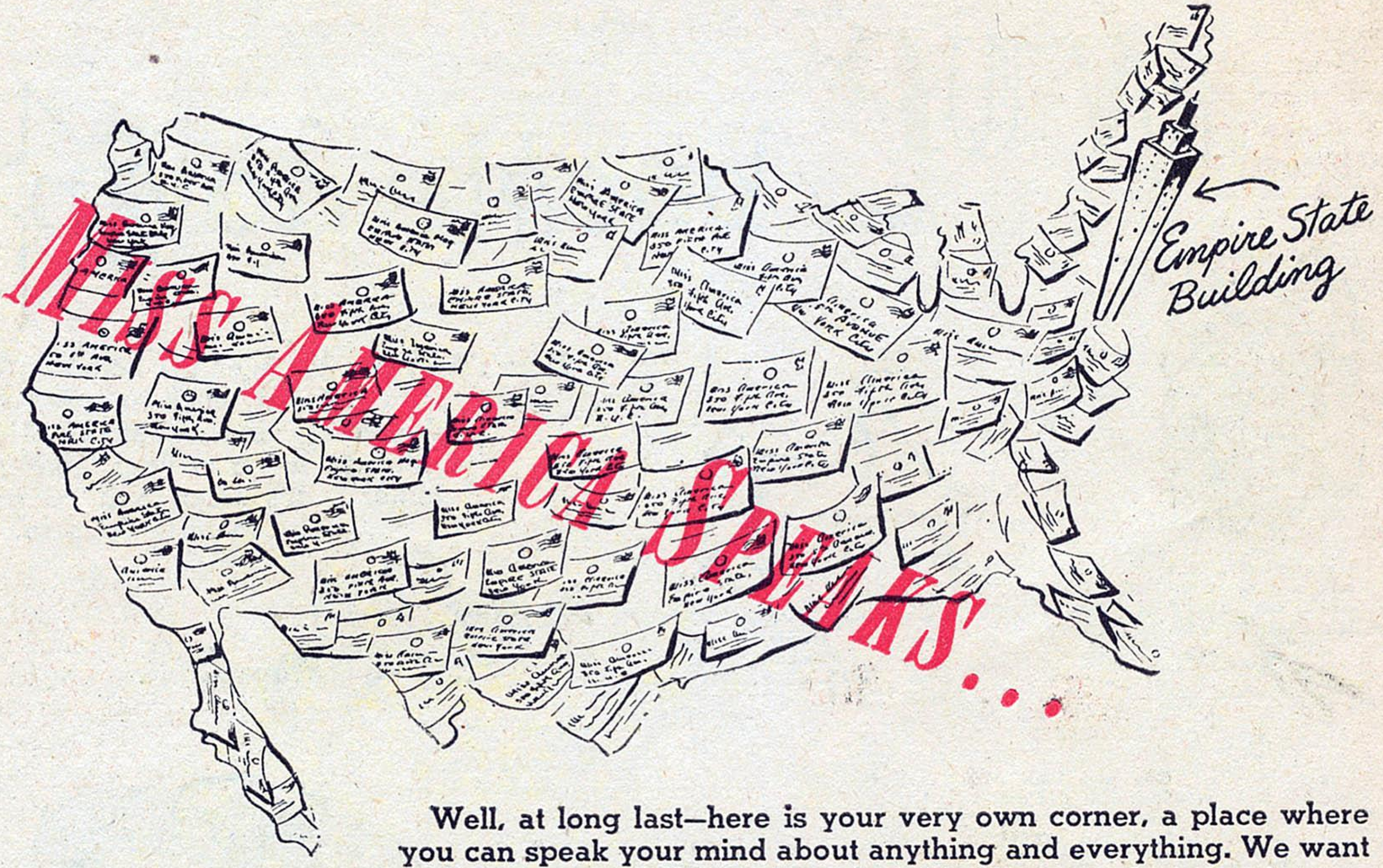
These twin plastic bluebirds'll look just right on any sweater or suit . . . $1.00.



Get hep with one of these curly-tailed cats, and fiddle to match . . . plastic set, $1.00.

These are the big, "little" things, which mean so much to good-grooming . . . You can get these Criterion Belts, in all colors, and styles . . . Prices range from $1.50-$3.00, at better stores throughout the country . . .

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS...

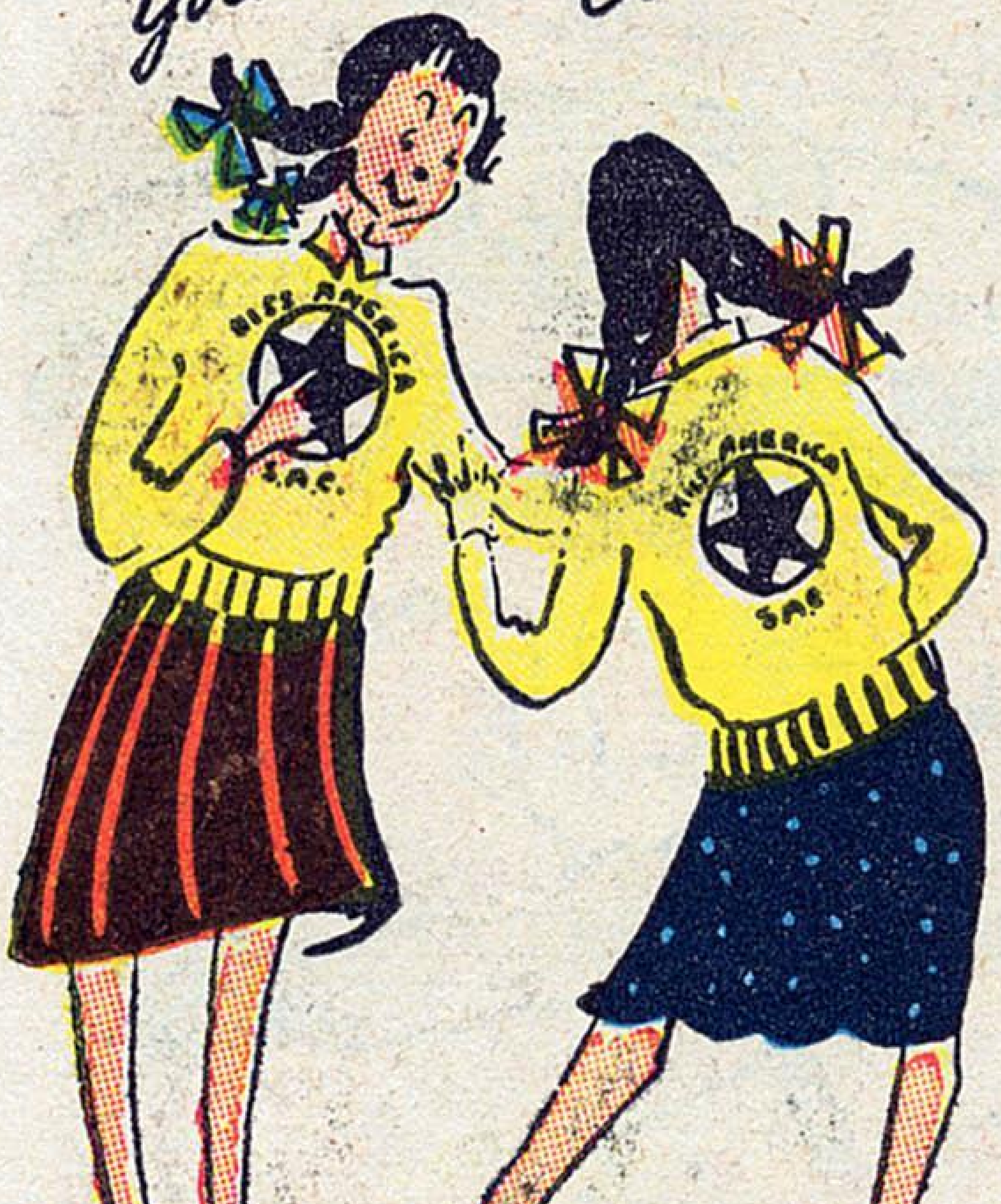


Well, at long last—here is your very own corner, a place where you can speak your mind about anything and everything. We want you to meet your friends here, in print. We want the acquaintance to develop into a firm and lasting friendship. We know you can help each other.

Next month we're going to switch this corner to the roto section so that we can print, together with your letters, pictures of girls from every section of the country. Photographs don't take very well on this paper, but we wanted to start the letter-ball rolling and lose no time in introductions.

Let's start off with a letter from Marilyn Block of Rochester, N. Y. By the way, girls, we pay you $1.00 for every letter published. And now, a word from Marilyn:

How about one of these snappy jackets for the members of your Miss America Club?



"Dear Jean Goodman:

"... There are a number of us here in Rochester interested in starting a nation-wide MISS AMERICA Club. We have talked it over and decided to write a plea for members. A member must be 14 or over.

"There are many things in which we are interested—such as, Journalism, Nursing, Dress Designing and Movie Stars. And there are oh, so many things teen-agers can do for their communities ..."

Marilyn goes on to suggest that those wishing to join should drop a card, here and also suggests that it would be nice to get jackets with club colors. So how about it, girls?

We've got quite a few more letters on the subject of starting a MISS AMERICA Club. Here's one from Adele Sanders of Nelson Avenue in The Bronx:

"Dear Jean Goodman:

"My girl friends and I have formed a MISS AMERICA Club. The membership consists of eight girls and we would appreciate any assistance, guidance and ideas you may offer us.

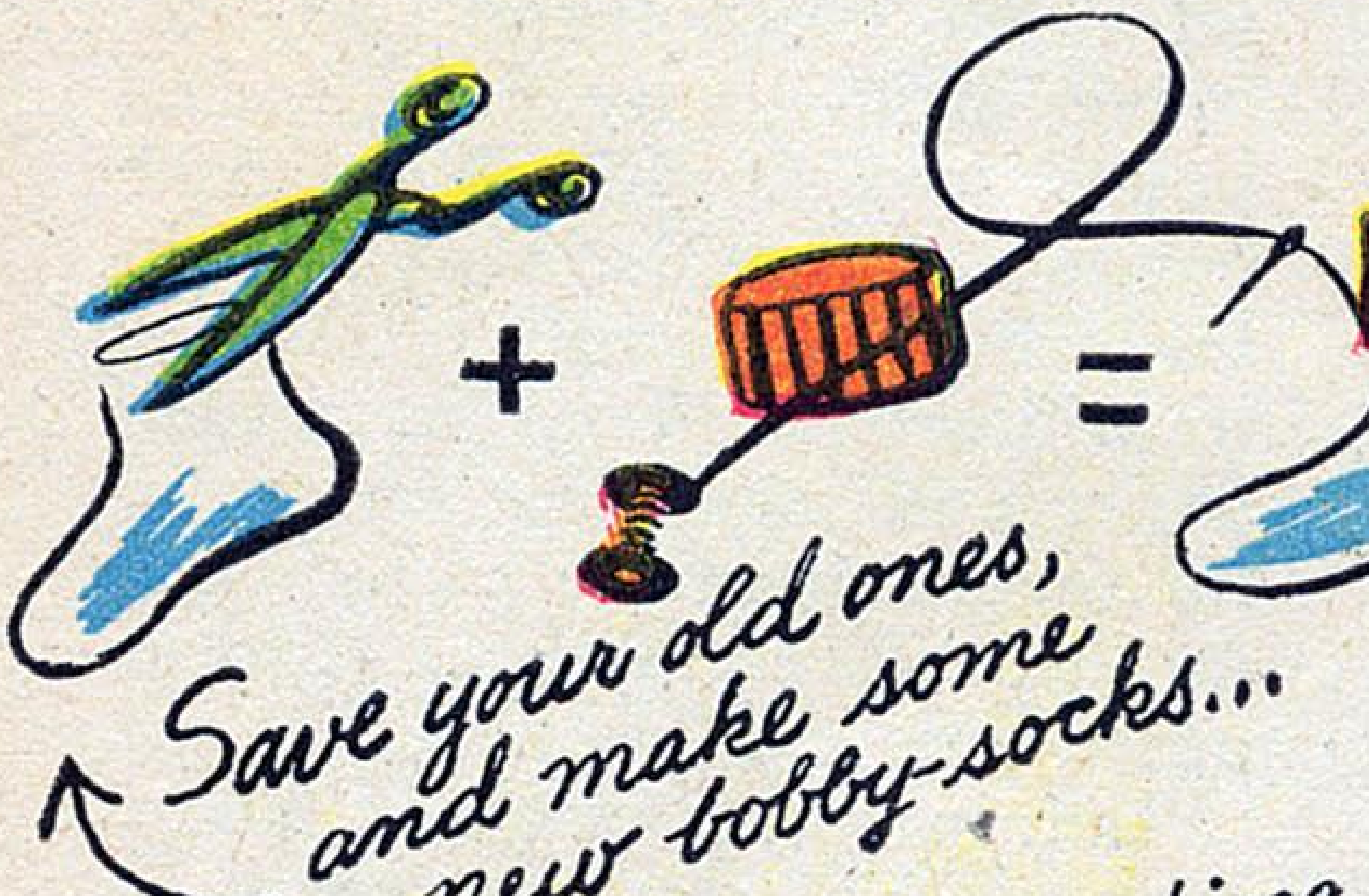
"Our club is one of your most ardent admirers. May we take this opportunity to express our gratitude for this fine teen-age magazine."

Edith Seidlitz of Brooklyn, N. Y., comes through with a crackerjack idea:

"Dear Jean Goodman:

"I read MISS AMERICA every month and think it is the best teen-age magazine there ever was. Here is a little trick I dreamed up especially for "sharpies" and I'd like other girls to know about it.

"If the cuffs of your socks are frayed, don't discard the socks. Take a scissors and snip off the cuffs from a pair that have become too small. Then stitch them on over the frayed cuffs. The result is a pair of combination socks to wear with your sweater set. Make color combinations for all your outfits."


+
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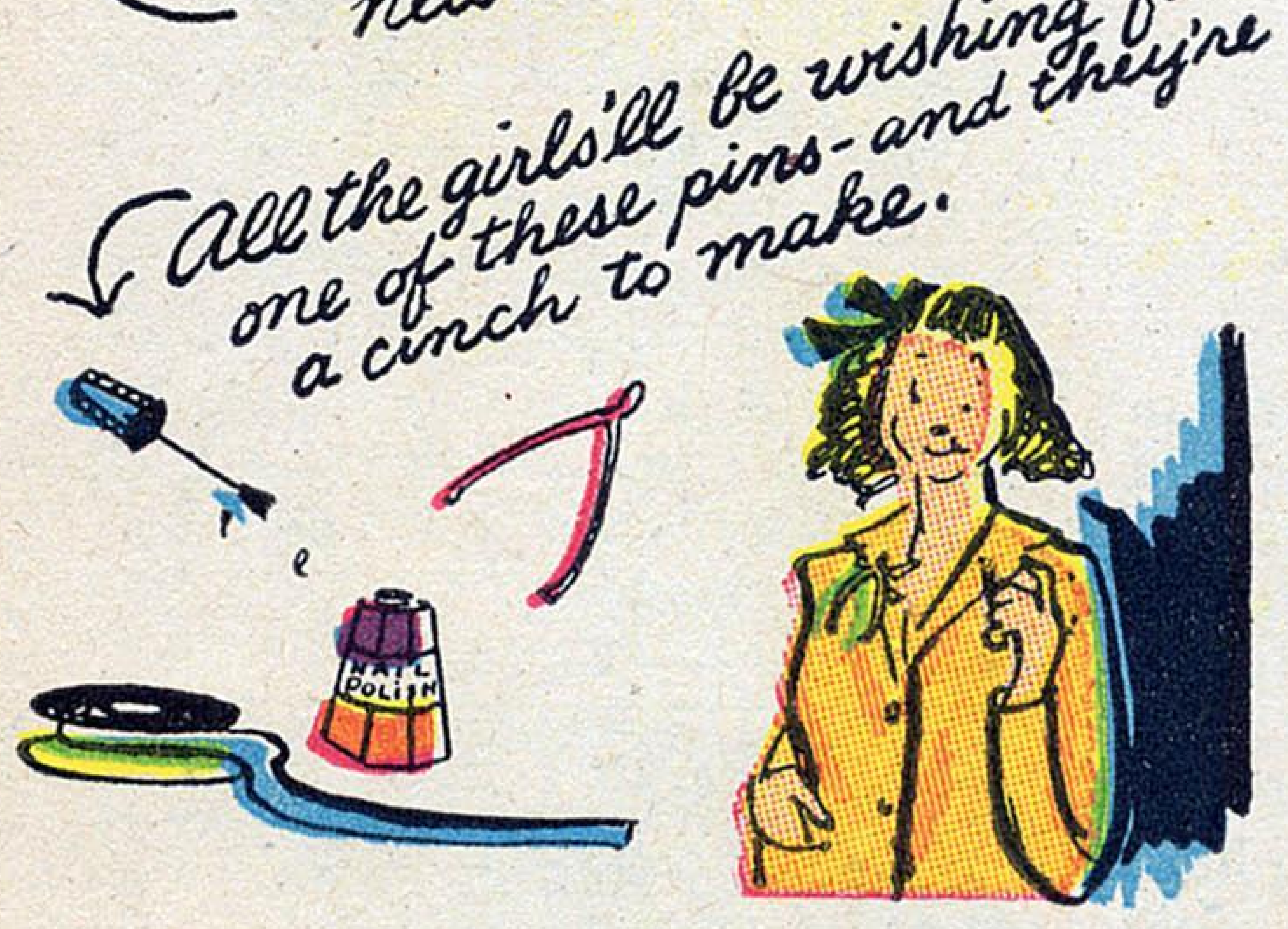
Save your old ones, and make some new bobby-socks...


All the girls'll be wishing for one of these pins - and they're a cinch to make.
NAIL POLISH

Thanks, Edith, for this really clever idea. And now a word from Jill Freeman of Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.:

"Dear Jean Goodman:

"If all your readers are as fond of MISS AMERICA as I am, I'm sure that it will become the leading girl's magazine. The following are helpful hints I'd like to pass on to your readers:

Use "Clorox" in place of ink eradicator. It works just as well.

"A wishbone from a chicken, painted with red nail polish and decorated with a red ribbon makes a snazzy pin for a suit or dress.

"To stop ribbons from unraveling at the ends, simply cover them with colorless nail polish."

Why, Jill, we think that wishbone creation is a honey and are going to try it, too. We think it would be a good idea to top off the red polish with colorless nail polish to give the wishbone a nice shine. Also, it wouldn't be bad to use a variety of colored paints.

We'd like you to meet Sharon Allyson Scott of Kimball, W. Va., as we feel Sharon is so typically MISS AMERICA and expresses her views with charm.

"Dear Jean Goodman:

"I just bought the second issue of MISS AMERICA from the local drugstore and, of course, the first thing I encountered was your editorial. From this I gathered that already you are aware of the hit MISS AMERICA made last month. No doubt, you are also aware of the great need it will satisfy. I don't know if you are a crusader for the adolescent and take our problems to heart, or if you just have the knack, as some writers do, of writing things that appeal to the particular readers you are writing for, but, assuming you are both, I want to thank you for MISS AMERICA.

"You see, I feel that my hometown is typical and that here is a good cross-section of teenagers of today and I'm going to try to speak for them. We're taking MISS AMERICA pretty seriously for she seems to best fit our needs to date . . . Most teensters lack confidence in themselves and their ability to express their ideas. Actually, their brains are teeming with constructive plans, ambitions.

"Naturally, we love fashions. Especially when we see them modeled by our favorite young stars. We also like inexpensive models, under the $20. mark, telling where to procure these fashions, in order, we hope, to look just like our favorites. We also like dresses we can make. People seem to feel adolescents have no interest in the little domestic things like making their own clothes because they are restless, loud, impatient. But with encouragement, they take great delight in making their own clothes. This interest has to be fostered, however . . ."

Sharon has such wonderful ideas for MISS AMERICA, and our big regret is that lack of space forces us to omit many of her clever suggestions. She concludes with, "Thank you again for a wonderful magazine."

And thank you, Sharon, for your letter.

See you next month in this corner. And don't forget those snaps.

Bestest,

Jean Goodman

FASHION SHOW
Teen-agers are hep to these fashions all under $20.00

WHAT'S COOKIN', COOKIE?

From page 14

Remove from fire, add soda, continue cooking, stir constantly until the temperature 275° F is reached (candy is brittle when dropped into cold water). Immediately remove from fire, add lemon juice, and pour into a greased pan. When cool enough to handle, form into a ball and pull 'til candy is firm and a light, bright yellow color. Pull into a long rope. Cut into small pieces with scissors.

(This is a hard, brittle taffy. If you prefer softer candy, add the soda at 265° F (hard but not quite brittle in cold water).

General Directions for Pulling Taffies:

Taffy is ready to be pulled when the edges begin to stiffen and the mass can be handled. Don't allow it to become cool 'cause it'll be too difficult to pull. Don't grease your hands for pulling taffy. When pulling taffy use your thumb and fingers, rather than your whole hand. Pull taffy 'til it's cold, so that the pieces will hold their form after they're cut.

To make attractive shapes, stretch the taffy out into a rope, cut off one piece, turn the rope half over, and cut another piece about an inch long. Turn the rope after each cutting. Keep pieces separated after cutting. It's a good idea to wrap the taffy in waxed paper, as it keeps better that way.

A simple but yummy recipe is Molasses Walnut Squares. No technique is required! Molasses "boils up" quite a bit, so please use a large pan so that your candy doesn't boil over.

MOLASSES WALNUT SQUARES

2 tablespoons butter
or margarine
1 cup molasses
⅓ cup sugar
½ cup walnut meats
Few grains salt

Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan. Add molasses and sugar. Stir until mixture begins to boil, and again as it starts to become thick. Boil to 250° F on your candy thermometer, or perform the cold water test; a drop in cold water forms a hard ball. Remove from stove. Add nuts and salt. Pour into a well-buttered pan, cool slightly and mark in small squares.

I'll bet you never thought of making candy from prepared chocolate pudding, or have you, huh? Chocolate Nut Roll is a nourishing candy, delicious and delightful. It's so good you won't be able to wait till it hardens to eat it, as it must repose in your refrij. for a spell to harden.

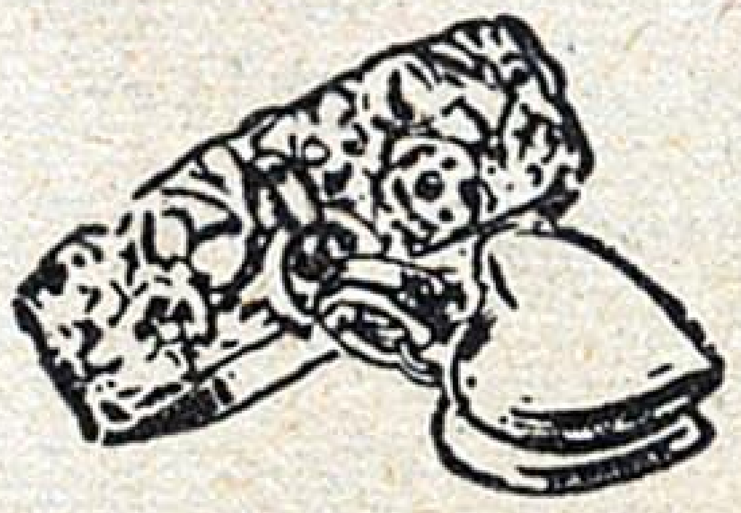
CHOCOLATE NUT ROLL

1 (4 oz.) pkge.
chocolate pudding
¾ cup condensed milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup nuts, chopped

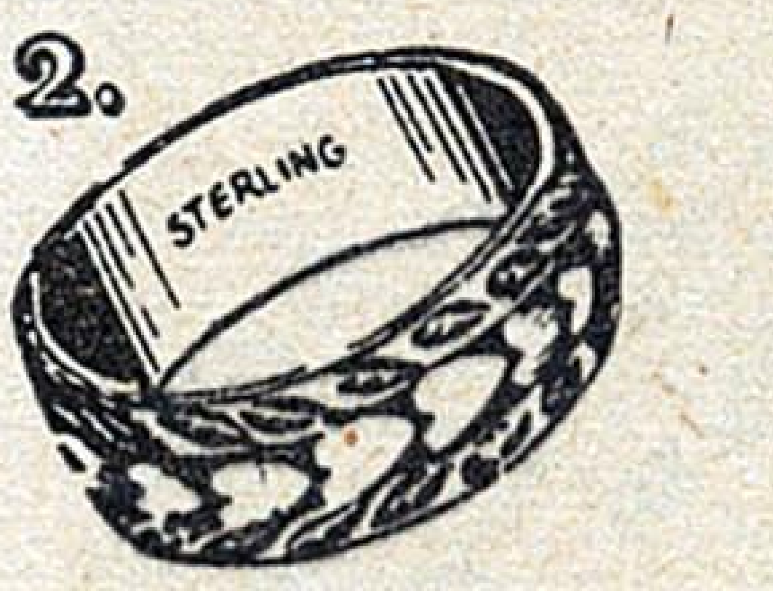
Mix chocolate pudding with condensed milk and salt; stir until pudding is dissolved. Cook for 20 minutes in a double boiler, or until thick, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire; add vanilla and nuts. Mix well, let stand 'til cool and stiff. Remove from pan onto waxed paper, and knead lightly with hands (greased slightly with butter). Form into roll 1⅓ inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and place in refrigerator for several hours to harden. Cut in slices ¼ inch thick. Makes approximately 35 slices.

Before you start your candy-making be sure to get your mother's permission to use her utensils. I think you should pay for the ingredients you use from your allowance. Here's a very important "must." You MUST leave the kitchen in apple-pie order, or else—you know what!! And now, when your pals ask, "What's cooking, Cookie," you can reply—"Candy's cooking!"

AMAZING BARGAINS



1. Love & Friendship Ring. Solid sterling silver with 2 hearts linked Beautifully engraved (Forget-me-not)



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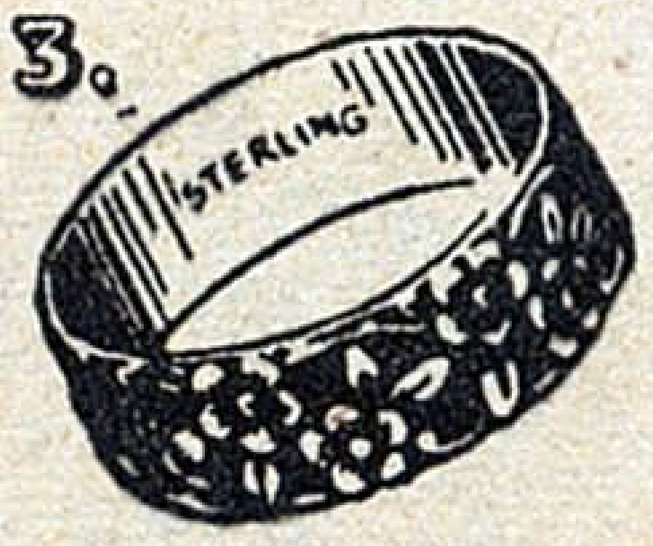

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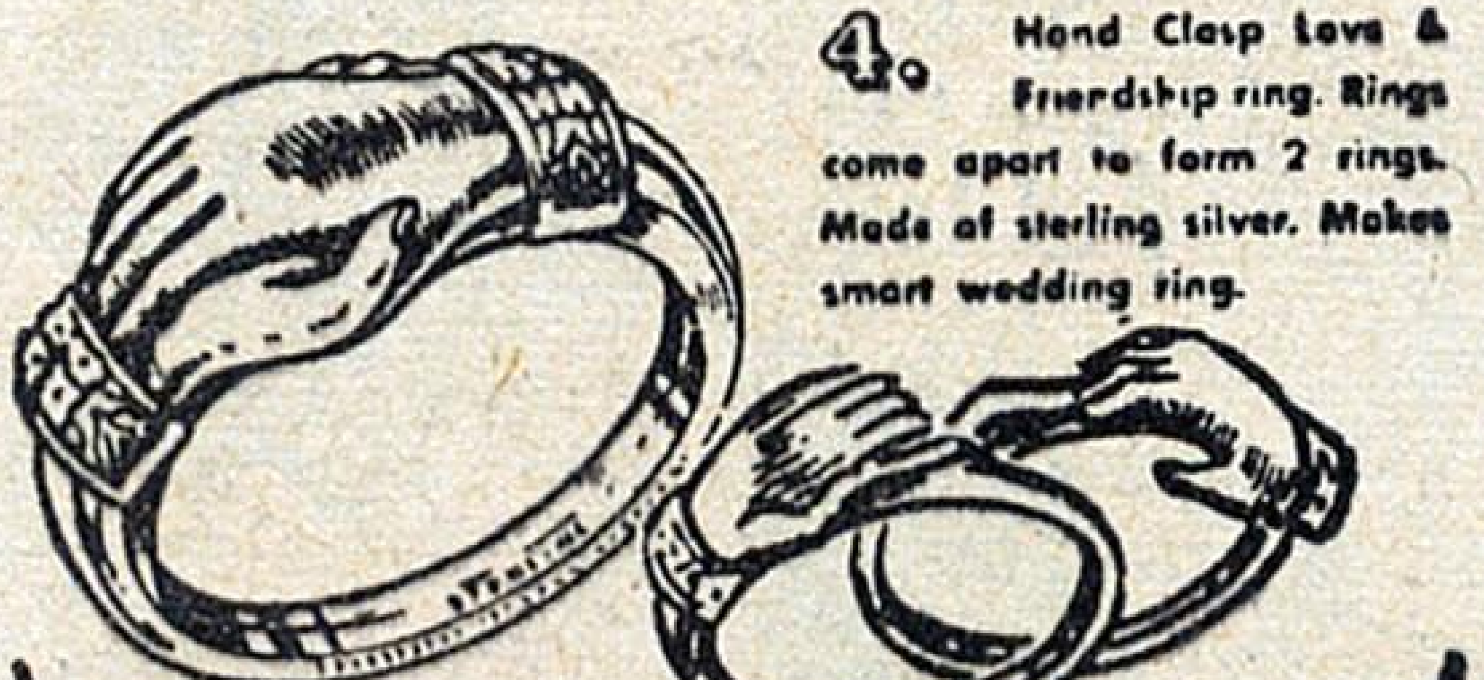


4. Hand Clasp Love & Friendship ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver. Makes smart wedding ring.

LOVE and FRIENDSHIP RINGS . . . ONLY $1.74
SOLID STERLING SILVER

Here are 4 exquisite examples of the silversmiths art—these extra heavy, extra-wide Love & Friendship rings. Fashioned in solid sterling silver beautifully embossed, they are the perfect symbol of friendship—love—romance—marriage—good luck. *Send No Money.* Just rush your name, address, and ring size and your ring choice (indicate by number). When postman delivers your ring pay him only $1.74 plus 26c postage and C. O. D. charges (total $2). If you send $1.75 with order, we pay all postal charges—you save 25c. Rush order today—supply limited. **GUARANTEE:** If not pleased return ring within 10 days for refund.

HAREM COMPANY *(House of Rings)*
30 Church St., New York 7. Dept. FF 122

MUST CLEAR YOUR SKIN IN 5 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

How You May Have a "Hollywood" Complexion

In just 5 days LeCharme must clear your skin of those ugly, disfiguring blemishes (externally caused) and leave you with a "Hollywood" Complexion or it costs you nothing. No help—no pay.

LeCharme Medicated Cream is the formula of a well known European Skin Specialist. It contains a special ingredient not found in similar preparations. LeCharme does 7 things for your complexion:

1. Draws out impurities. 2. Soothes and heals irritation. 3. Cleans skin of externally caused pimples, blackheads 4. Reduces large pores. 5. Corrects oily skin. 6. Gently flakes off dead, dry, dull-looking outer skin. 7. Leaves your skin soft, smooth, glamorous.

Dorene Phillips, St. Simon's Island, Ga., writes: "Send me a jar of LeCharme Creme ($2 size). It is the best treatment I ever had for pimples and blackheads."

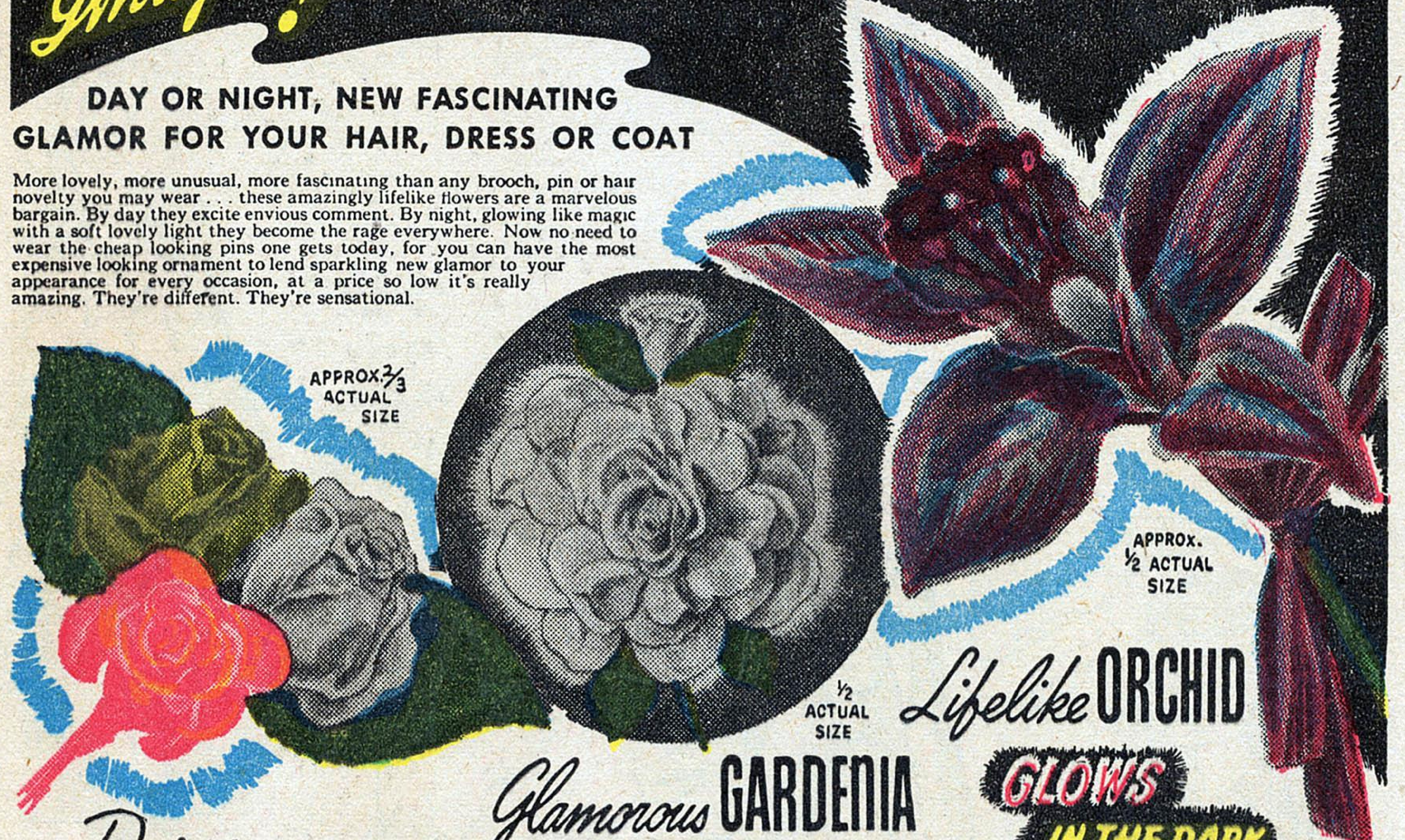
And Eleanor Rickey, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "Here is my check for $4. Send me 2—$2 jars of LeCharme. I used one jar and had wonderful results in clearing my acne condition."

SEND NO MONEY for LeCharme. Just your name and address. Pay postman $1 plus C.O.D. and postage charges ($2 for Economy Size) If you send cash with order we pay all postage fees Order today—remember. LeCharme must help your complexion or your money back. LeCharme Products, 303 West 42nd St., New York 18, N Y Dept 1K

Imagine! THESE LOVELY FLOWERS GLOW IN THE DARK

DAY OR NIGHT, NEW FASCINATING GLAMOR FOR YOUR HAIR, DRESS OR COAT

More lovely, more unusual, more fascinating than any brooch, pin or hair novelty you may wear . . . these amazingly lifelike flowers are a marvelous bargain. By day they excite envious comment. By night, glowing like magic with a soft lovely light they become the rage everywhere. Now no need to wear the cheap looking pins one gets today, for you can have the most expensive looking ornament to lend sparkling new glamor to your appearance for every occasion, at a price so low it's really amazing. They're different. They're sensational.



Dainty TEA ROSE CLUSTER

GLOWS IN THE DARK

Smart, chic style dictates a delicate cluster of soft-colored, "cuddly" rosebuds for certain costumes, and certain moods. Here's a lovely nestling cluster of 3 dainty Tea Roses that everyone adores. Rose, a pink, and yellow, almost full blown, they're bewitching by day, and at night they glow softly, strangely, with amazing new allure. And here's wonderful news! You can examine this splendid Tea Rose cluster on approval . . . wear it, thrill to its beauty, and if not delighted you pay nothing Check Tea Rose on coupon and mail order today.

Glamorous GARDENIA

GLOWS IN THE DARK

There's nothing more enticing for your hair, dress or coat than this exquisite, enchanting, simulated Gardenia. This lovely flower will not wilt or die, but is yours to wear for any occasion. When you wear this magnificent Gardenia by day, folks admire. At night they exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark Yet you don't pay a big price, not $5, not $3, not even $2 for this amazing flower, but only $1 if you act at once. Mail on approval coupon today.

Lifelike ORCHID

GLOWS IN THE DARK

Yes, this lifelike, gorgeous orchid glows in the dark and is a sensation wherever you go. It's so lifelike, so much like the exact color, look, feel of the costly orchid that it actually looks real. It's gorgeous by day, and at night it seems a rare, shimmering jewel. It helps beautify your every costume. And the price is almost unbelievable, only $1 on this special offer. And you test at our risk. Mail coupon and you must be overjoyed, delighted, or money back.

★ ***SEND NO MONEY . . .*** Here's more wonderful news! You actually can wear these beautiful flowers that GLOW IN THE DARK, on approval! Yes, unless you're thrilled, delighted . . . unless your friends exclaim in admiration and envy you your glamorous possessions, your money back! You need send no money. Just check Flowers wanted on coupon. Note the special introductory, generous money-saving combination offers. All are truly amazing bargains. Send no money. Just mail coupon. On arrival, pay your postman the exact amount, plus postage (if money comes with your order we pay the postage). Then examine, wear. Compare with any ornament it's possible to obtain, and after 10 full days, if you can bear to part with these lovely creations, simply return them for your money back. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then don't wait. Mail coupon now, while it's before you,

Free!

SINGLE TEA ROSE

THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK

Given FREE of Extra Cost with Any Order

This delicately glamorous, alluring single Tea Rose that Glows In The Dark is waiting for you, and will be sent FREE of extra cost as your reward for prompt action, with any order. It's new. It's different. It's lovely. For your hair, dress or coat. And it's yours, given if you send coupon now.

APPROX 2/3 ACTUAL SIZE
Mail Coupon Now!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 138-CC, 407 So. Dearborn St.
Chicago 5, Illinois

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 138-CC
407 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.
Please send Glowing Flowers As I Have Marked.

FREE TEA ROSE COUPON

........Glowing Tea Rose Clusters (In Addition to Free Single Tea Rose)
........Glowing Orchids ....Glowing Gardenias
(Indicate above How Many of Each You Desire)

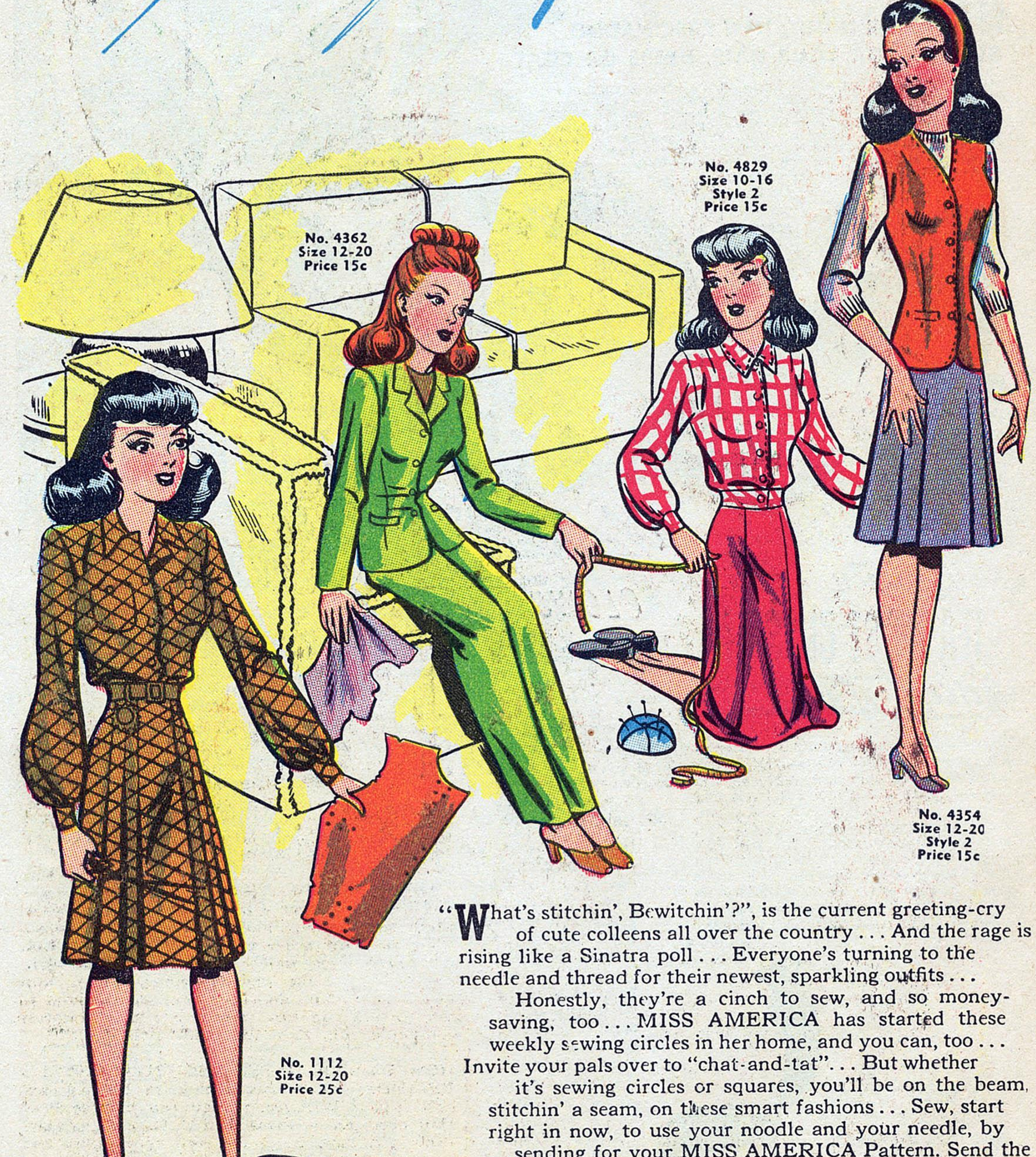
NOTE: You may select any Flower shown, or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity.

☐ 1 Glowing Flower—$1.00 ☐ 3 at one time—$2.50
☐ 2 at one time—$1.70 ☐ 7 at one time—$5.00
(There is no tax on Glowing Flowers)

FREE with any order 1 Glow In The Dark Single Tea Rose, for prompt action. Upon delivery I will pay postman the proper amount plus a few cents postage and C. O. D. charges.

Name..
Address...
City..................................*Zone*.......*State*.........
(Postage Prepaid if Cash or Money Order is Enclosed)

Sew Simple...


No. 4362
Size 12-20
Price 15c
No. 4829
Size 10-16
Style 2
Price 15c
No. 4354
Size 12-20
Style 2
Price 15c
No. 1112
Size 12-20
Price 25c

"What's stitchin', Bewitchin'?", is the current greeting-cry of cute colleens all over the country . . . And the rage is rising like a Sinatra poll . . . Everyone's turning to the needle and thread for their newest, sparkling outfits . . .

Honestly, they're a cinch to sew, and so money-saving, too . . . MISS AMERICA has started these weekly sewing circles in her home, and you can, too . . . Invite your pals over to "chat-and-tat". . . But whether it's sewing circles or squares, you'll be on the beam, stitchin' a seam, on these smart fashions . . . Sew, start right in now, to use your noodle and your needle, by sending for your MISS AMERICA Pattern. Send the number you want, along with your SIZE and the exact price of it to:

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Empire State Building • New York 1, N. Y.

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

These things you can be certain of when you write Aunt Nina your problems: vast understanding, great sympathy and Sound Advice...

WELL, girls, the more I hear from you the better I like you. Your letters have shown me your fineness and sweetness and I feel both proud and humble that you should trust me so. I regard it as a sacred trust, you may be certain. So write me more and more letters, won't you? Feel sure that the things closest to your heart are closest to my heart also. I will do my very best to help you in any problem you may have. Don't be afraid to tell me *anything*—because I will understand.

I know that sometimes it is hard for girls not to be shy and self-conscious. I was like that when I was growing up and used to think people were talking about me behind my back or laughing at me. That was all my imagination, and merely part of the mental growing pains of youth, which are very like the untried wings of a young bird. But I was never shy or self-conscious about writing. And I hope that you will write me the things you want to discuss and then, together, we'll try to straighten matters out.

Lovingly,
Aunt Nina.

NO! NO! DEPARTMENT: Dorothy C. and you, too, Antoinette S.—Listen, sweets! I never let a boy kiss me or fondle me when I was a girl, but I remained very popular with the boys and I had dozens of offers of marriage. Believe, me, a boy who thinks kissing is merely "fun" is unworthy of your attention. Kissing the one you love and who truly loves you is a sacred and beautiful thing. Which fact the real HE will realize as well as you do, when you find him.

REAL VISION: Verlie S.—Wearing glasses, darling, should not prevent your getting dates. Are you *sure* you don't offend in some other way? However that may be, you might try taking off your glasses just before you are introduced to a new boy and let him get a first impression of you without them. Then if you have to put them on again later, he will get used to them and hardly notice the difference.

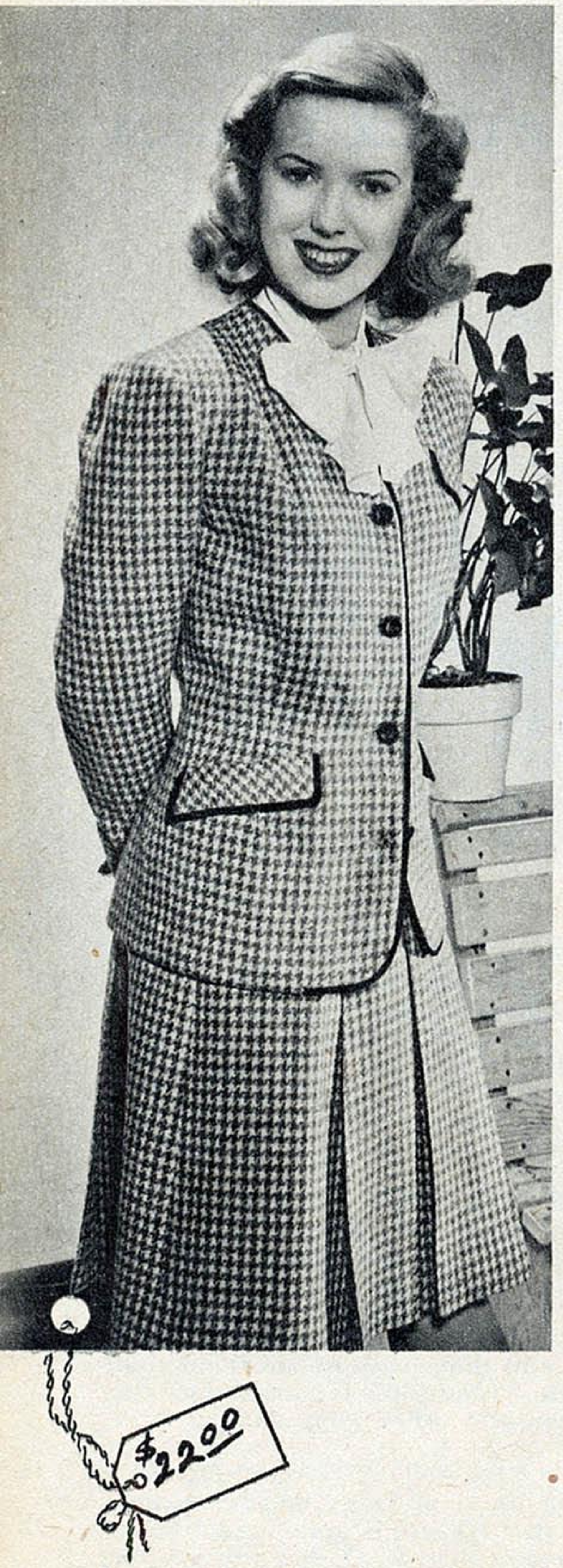
SOMETHING FOR THAT BOY: Ramona K.—So you want to attract a boy who doesn't notice you? Well, sweetheart, that's a big order, especially when so many other pretty girls are after him. I can only suggest that you try to find out what interests him in the way of games, studies, amusements or hobbies, and then bone up on them yourself so that you can offer him a more interesting companionship than the other girls do.

HOW TO LOSE DATES AND ANTAGONIZE BOY FRIENDS: You've heard of hair's breadth escapes, haven't you? Well, *hair's breath* is even more dreadful. Hair odor can be worse than B. O. and you may not know you have it. Make sure your pretty hair-do smells sweet and clean. Washing your hair once a week is not too often if a pure castile soap is used.

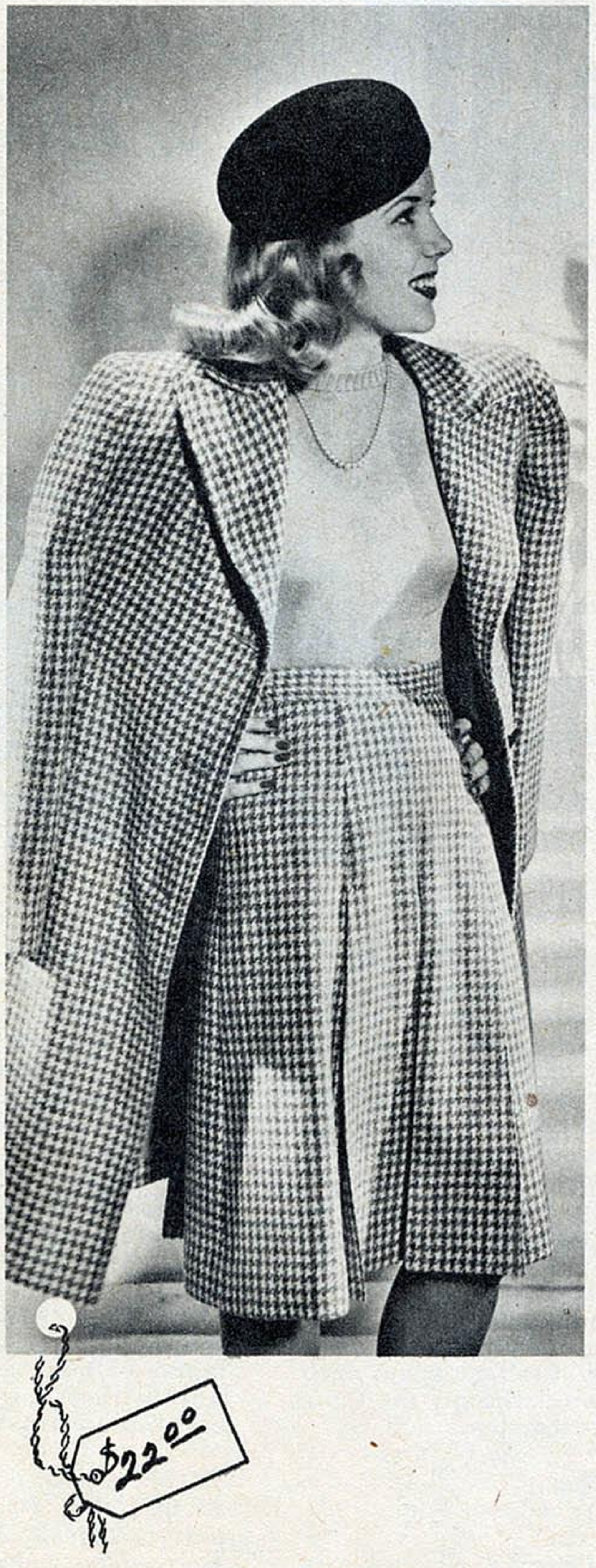
SWEET CINDERELLA SET-UP: M. S. B. and Fay B.—You dear creatures, you really *are* pretty young for dances at thirteen, although I can see no harm in school dances at that age. Perhaps if your high school report cards (*Continued on page* 60)

PERK UP FOR SPRING—

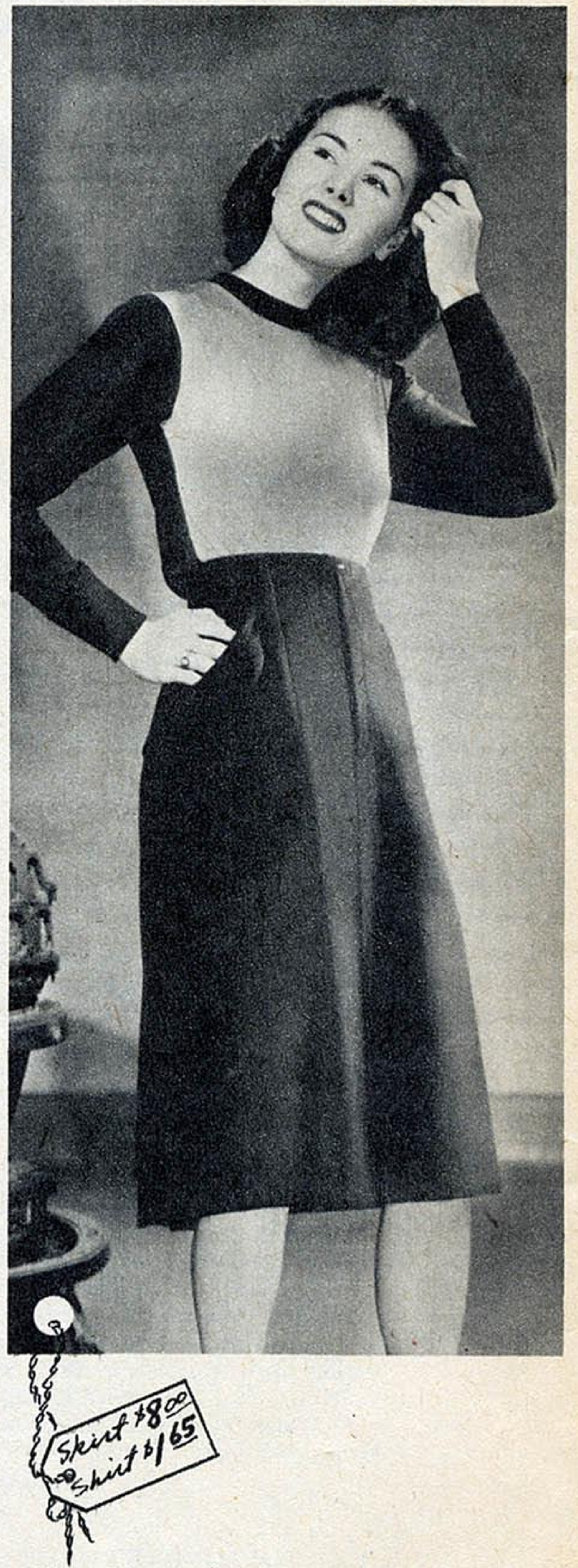
The most exciting season for new duds: just wear a smile with these adorable new styles, that's all...



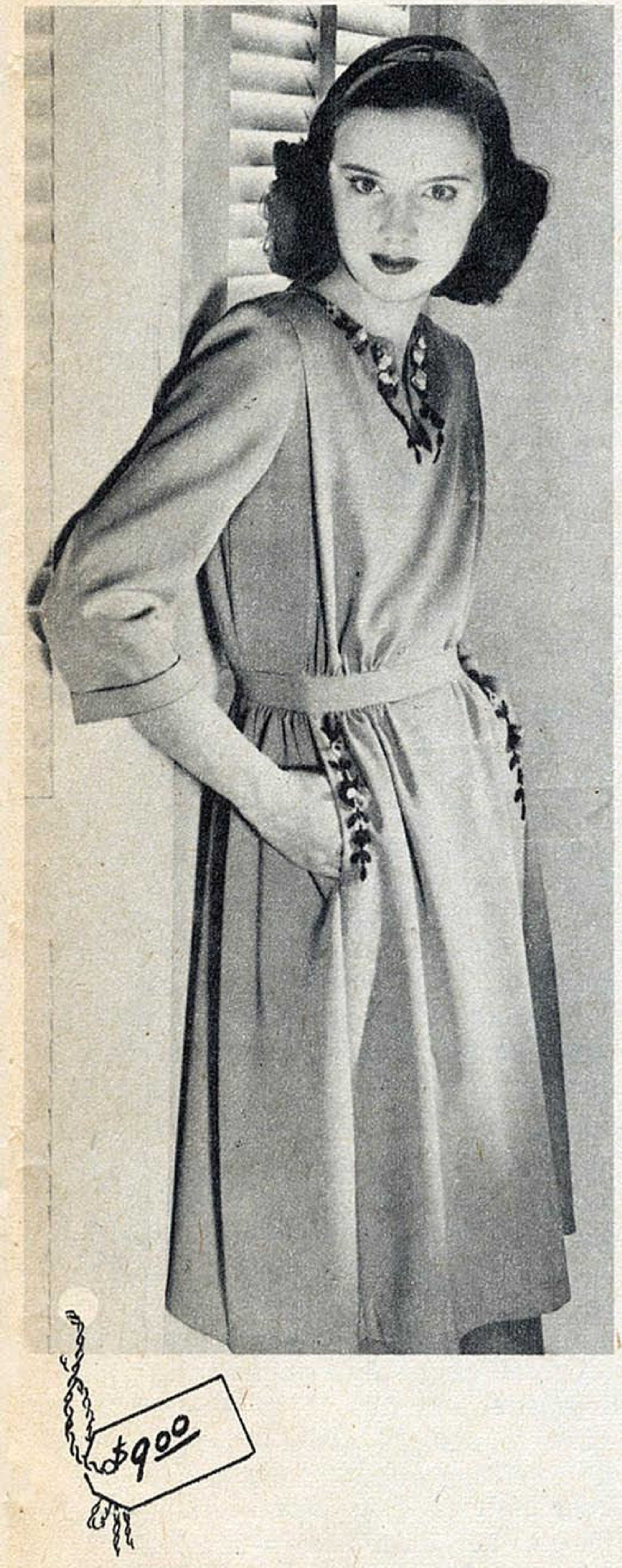
A smart hounds-tooth wool tweed, so trim for teens. Has cardigan neckline and pleats in skirt, back and front. Cocoa-colored, accented with brown binding. From Rosenblatt and Kahn. At Stern Bros., New York.



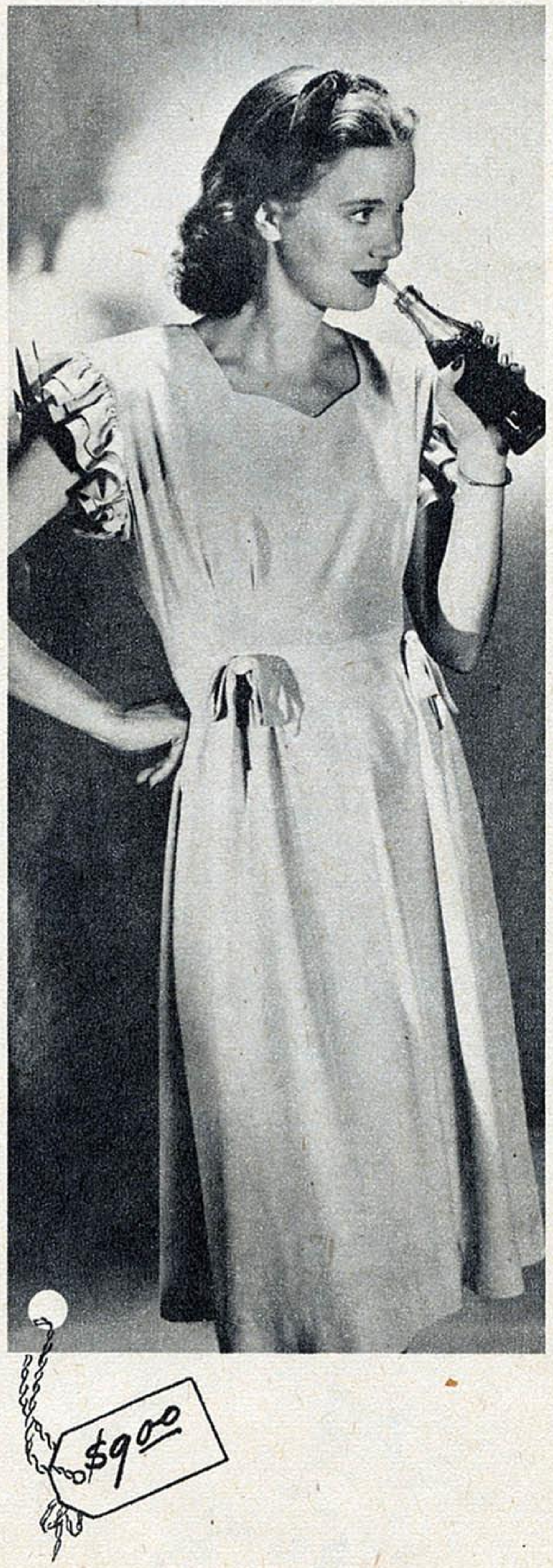
With versatile top coat you can create your own spring ensemble. Just team it with other sports dresses and skirts. It has slit pockets, wide lapels, and dark brown buttons. From Rosenblatt and Kahn. At Stern Bros., New York.



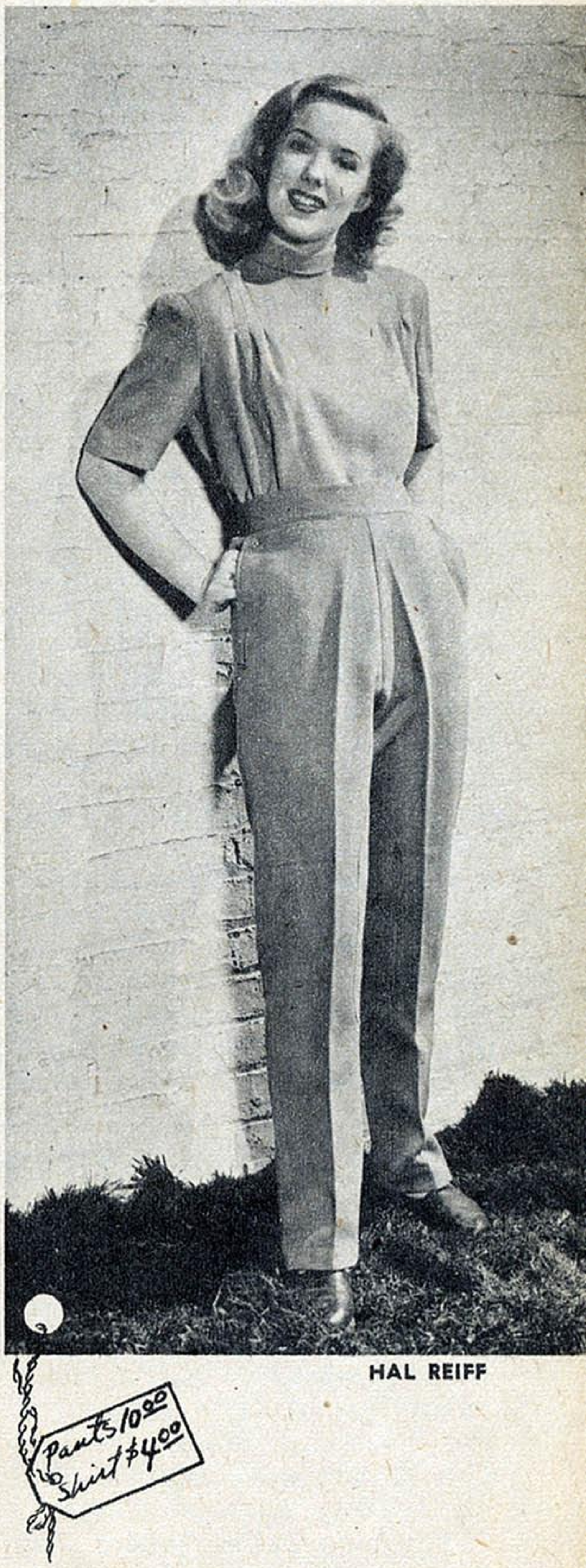
This all-wool navy broadcloth Mark-on skirt makes a mighty nice teen-mate for a Dee-Gee sweater shirt with rose-colored front, navy sleeves, back and neckline. Skirt has little pockets. At National Dollar Stores in the West.



Here's a dainty Betty Hill dress you'll love—cotton gabardine with a cute chain of wool flowers on the neck and pockets. It comes in five luscious colors: coral, blue, mint, cherry, maise. Sizes 10 to 16. At Abraham & Straus, Bklyn., N. Y.



Just look at those simply divine, fluffy-ruffle sleeves! A perfect dress for sunshiny spring weather. It's a Betty Hill grand Cohama shantung and can be had in cherry, coral, blue, mint. Sizes 10 to 16. At Bloomingdale's, New York.



HAL REIFF

These good-looking sports things, called Roughnecks, are from Louis Gieger. The pants, perfect for riding, come in natural, brown, black. The button-down-the-back shirt comes in pastel colors. Franklin Simon & Co., New York.

All prices mentioned are approximate.

SPEAK UP!

From Page 13

do any good to pretend you're interested if you're not. The pretense will show in your voice and even in the way you wiggle your little toe, if you do wiggle it.

But how can you keep the interest real? (I say, "keep" because it's natural to like people.) Well, there are just two things to do: don't be afraid and don't be selfish. If you're not afraid, you'll want to talk; if you're not selfish, you'll want to know how other people are getting along, too.

The one way to keep from being afraid to talk is to have something to say that you know people will want to hear.

To find out what to talk about, think of the things that interest you when other people talk about them. The chances are that most of these subjects will interest other people, too. You can't talk about those that don't interest you, anyway.

But you will not want to say just the same things that everybody else says. You must add something of your own. Here are some ways to find out new things to say.

Read. Read books—whatever ones interest you. Read magazines written for girls your age. Take an interest in the war and all the important things that are happening in the world today. Then think about what you read. Decide what you believe about things, but be ready to change your mind if you're wrong. That's what conversation is for—to test your conclusions with other people's ideas.

Do things. Have a hobby—or, maybe, two or three. Don't talk about your hobby all the time. That would be too much. But do tell people about your interesting experiences.

Look about you. Learn to see interesting things happening in everyday life. Some new cookies that Mother bakes. A lovely new dress that a girl friend has. Some new plants in the florist's window. A different way to cook weiners at a picnic. If you can say something new about something old, you'll find everybody wanting to listen to you.

Talk with people. Conversation, itself, will give you much to talk about with other people.

When you have done these things, you'll have so much to say that many bad habits will slip away from you of their own accord.

You will not be like Esther who says that everything is "swell" or "out of this world." You'll know enough to realize that most things are strictly in this world!

You will not be like Gertrude who always says to her friends, "You're so smart. You know everything." You will not have to flatter other people to get them to pay attention to you.

You will not pity yourself, either, or go around saying that people are not friendly. For you'll be so interesting that people can't help being friendly with you.

But you'll have to watch out for other faults. Girls who can talk well sometimes forget to listen to other people. They may be selfish in their conversation.

Do you switch the subject so that people will begin talking about something in which you can shine?

Do you forget to ask other girls' opinions about their hobbies or to ask grown-ups about the things they know about?

Do you go on talking so long about your interests that nobody else can squeeze a word in? Do you give every tiny detail and, perhaps, repeat it in a half dozen ways so that you can keep on having all the attention? Learn to come to the point!

Are you too frank? Do you say, "Oh, no, it isn't that way at all! I read all about it and—" Remember the other person thinks his ideas are worthwhile, too—and they probably are.

So — conversation has two sides: talking and listening. If you really like people, it will not take you long to learn both of them.

HAIR DO'S FOR YOU

From Page 41

ality, in order to achieve good proportioning and correct "framing" of the face. As a general rule, hairdressers consider the shape of one's face in designing a hairstyle, but in young people the bone structure of the face doesn't actually mature until about 18 or 20 years of age.

For long haired lassies, hair should be thinned and shaped to conform to the contour of the head, without actually shortening the hair length. Straight-haired sisters who are fortunate enough to have a permanent, should get only a soft permanent wave. If you find the feather cut is more suitable to your type, be sure your hair is not cut too short at the crown and at the neck line. A feather cut is so easy to handle. It just takes a lot of brushing to make it look pretty! But, to always look trim, a feather cut has to be shaped about every six weeks to retain that feathery look. And, whichever hair-do you wear — curls, feather cut, a modified page-boy, pin your hair-do in place before going to bed, and wear a net. In this way, you'll keep your hair-style longer. And you'll always look nice and neat and dainty.

In talking about different types of teens, Miss Harrison

UNO
DOS
TRES
Los Estados Unidos
Buenos dias
Brad

Doesn't Grace speak her Spanish *Fluidly?*

cited Shirley Temple as an example of the sweet schoolgirl type or baby face type, and predicts that Shirley Temple will never show age to a great extent—she is the ageless type and will always look much younger than her years. She should always wear her hair soft and fluffy to complement that daintiness of hers.

The baby face type should never wear set-looking hair. She should "frame" her face with a soft, fluffy, casual bob. Either a feather cut or long bob is all right. The girl of this type who wears glasses, should not wear heavy rims or any conspicuous kind of glasses, but rather, the more fragile-looking type.

For the young lady who has mature features for her age, Miss Harrison advises against any extreme hairstyle, for this tends to make the girl look older. Jane Withers is a teen with that sophisticated appearance; and for girls of her type, a long, shoulder length bob, with soft, flowing, vibrating waves from a side part is most becoming. These girls with glasses can wear the heavy rims, but ones that conform to the facial contour.

For the youngish, round face, a feather cut is very effective; or, soft, hanging curls with a hair bow or small hair ornament is very nice, with a side-part sloping upwards. No extreme hairstyle or straight hair for these young people.

And girls with soft, thin baby hair should always avoid a hairstyle that is too set looking or kinky, for this makes the hair cling too close to the head and makes it look flat. Such hair should be cut according to the type face you have, but should be shaped to appear thicker. Only a very soft loose permanent is suitable for this kind of hair so as to keep it looking natural; just enough of a permanent to add body. These girls, too, who wear glasses must select only the fragile-looking kind.

Miss Harrison emphasizes the fact that not only has a face shape a lot to do in determining a hair-do just right for you—but age and personality *must* be taken into consideration.

A Lass and a Lack

(OF CONFIDENCE)

IRVING NURICK

ALL DRESSED UP to go to the most-fun party of the year . . . and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off and put that Pierrette costume back on the hanger . . . or *does* it?

Not when you realize that comfort and confidence and Kotex* go together! Yes, Kotex helps you keep in the fun *any* day, *any* evening. For Kotex always *stays soft* while wearing . . . doesn't just *feel* soft at first touch.

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SLENDERIZE

Dear Betty Ann:-

Tragedy—stark and terrible—almost hit the jack-pot in sub-deb Victoria Allen Dunford's young life . . . and all because . . . Vickie tells her troubles to her best friend and confidante, Betty Ann . . .

Hollywood, Calif.
February 10, 1945

Dear Betty Ann:

Sometimes I suspect a spark of genius in me! I really do. Although Pops terms it "lunacy". Of course I never pay any attention to what Pops says when he's angry! He blows hot and cold. One day I am his darling daughter, and the next we might as well be distant relations, and very distant, at that.

There are so few people, grown-ups I mean, who understand me, Betty Ann. You do, and that's why I pour my heart out to you. I know you never question my motives, because you know that I know that I know exactly what I am doing.

Now, take "Four-Eyes," for example. No one, not even her fairy-godmother could do for "Four-Eyes" what I did. I completely remodeled that girl, and did her father thank me? No! He said that I should have a brush applied to me where it would do some good, and he didn't mean my hair.

Pops doesn't believe in woman-beating, so I escaped the humility and injustice of Mr. Benson's (he's "Four-Eyes'" father) demands.

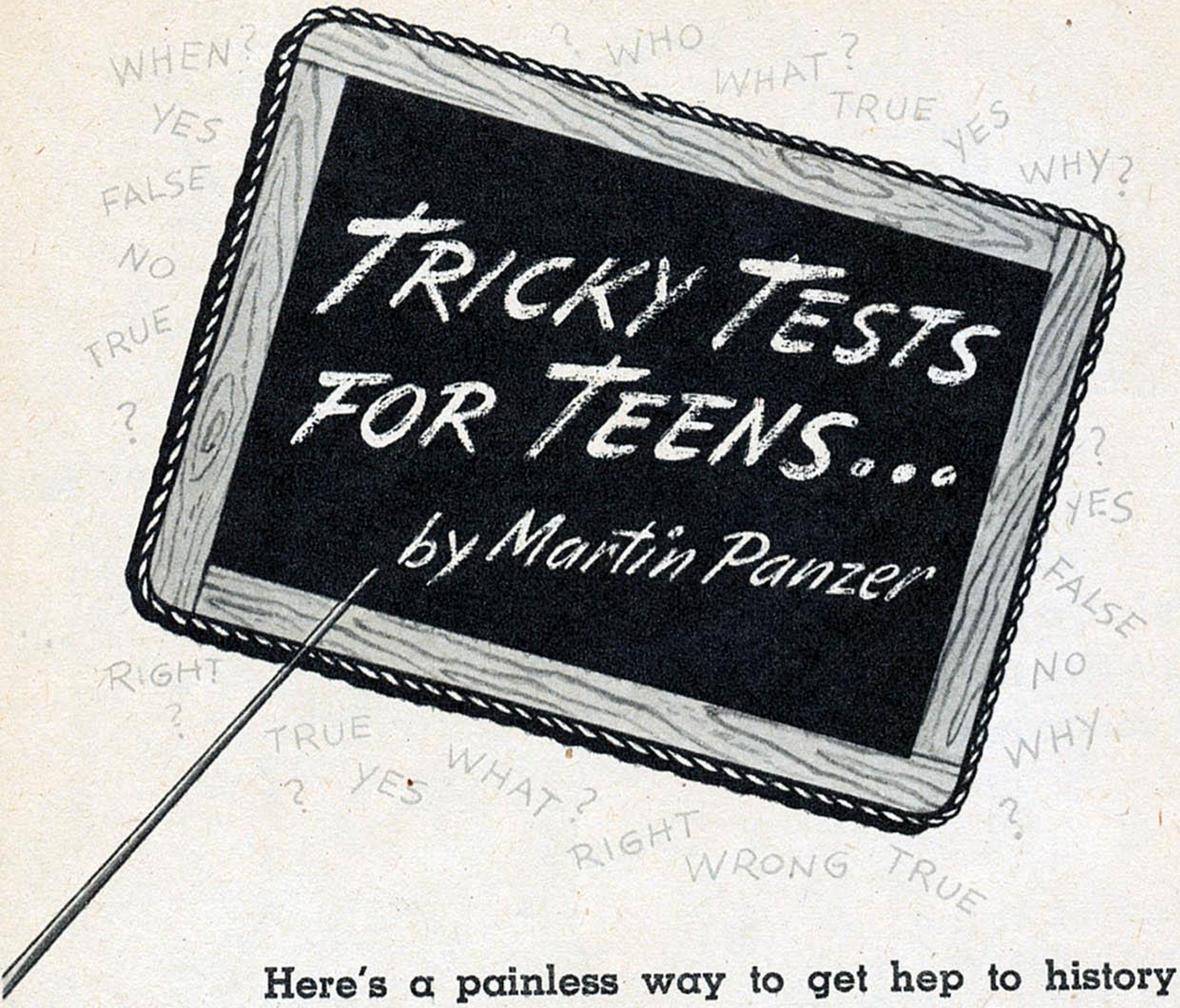
Last month I wrote you about "Four-Eyes" and how her father painted Van Johnson's house, and how she brought him to school to our candy sale.

I felt personally responsible for that girl when I won her Van Johnson box of candy. All she wanted in return was to go to the Valentine Dance at Hollywood High! Which was about the most impossible thing in the world for a girl with her looks. She had to have a date somehow. It seemed to fall on me to get her one.

I had a date with Walter Miller, and of course I had hoped to have a date with Rusty Bramwell the Third. Every girl in the school would like a date with Rusty. Brother, is he terrific! So I began thinking how I could get a date for "Four-Eyes," and how I could get a date with Rusty, and not be unladylike in breaking my date with Walter.

Then, it came to me, Betts. It honestly did. Remember I told you how "Four-Eyes" had everything possibly wrong with a girl—wrong with her. If only we had had more time, we could have taken up a collection and subscribed to one of those "Charm Schools" and put "Four-Eyes" through her paces. She was just perfect as the

(Continued on page 62)



Here's a painless way to get hep to history and things brainy. . . . A little learnin' every day can be fun . . . especially at a party . . .

By MARTIN PANZER

ENGLISH

Do you know who you are? You should, at YOUR age. But if anyone asks you, "Who's there?" and you say, "It's me," the answer is wrong. You *should* say, "It's I." That may seem a bit awkward to you at first, if you're not accustomed to it, but it'll come easily after a while if you continue to say it correctly. You see, "me" is in the objective case, which means that it can be used only when you are the recipient of an action. Thus, you would say, "He kissed you and me," not "you and I." (Fickle sort of chap, isn't he?) When the first personal pronoun follows any form of the verb "be," it is in the nominative case: he, she, I. "If it had been she," "It was he" and "It could be I," are correct. Now, who goes there? Not me—I mean, not I.

HISTORY

Isn't love grand? And isn't it a glorious experience to find a certain kind of card in the mailbox on February 14th? And wouldn't you like to know how St. Valentine's Day became what it is today? Of course, you know that the day is named after the Christian martyr of the Roman Period, St. Valentine. But did you know that the custom of sending messages of love was handed down from the Roman festival of Lupercalia? It seems that in those days the folks of the village would get together at a feast and put the names of all the young ladies into a box. The men then drew the names as though they were selective service numbers, and when one of them picked the name of a certain girl, she became his Valentine or chosen companion for the year. But you know how the young folks are. They preferred to pick their own Valentines and so they started sending love notes to the damsels of their choice. And pretty soon the damsels began to believe *they* were people, too. And so *they* began to send love notes. Isn't history fascinating?

TO MY VALENTINE

GEOGRAPHY

Think of it: the United States borders on a foreign country for thousands of miles without a piece of heavy artillery in sight, and yet probably not one person in a hundred knows what any good American should know about that great country: Canada. Here are a few facts to start *you* off: Canada is not divided into states as our own country is, but is instead divided into nine provinces: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. In addition there is the Territory of Yukon, which adjoins Alaska, and the Northwest Territories to the east of Yukon.

MUSIC

Now back to the United States. (Don't we get around?) Let's all sing "America." Ready, now: "My country, 'tis of thee . . ." By the way, did you know that was an ancient (*Continued on page* 60)

SEE HERE!

From Page 29

the way it is. I don't want to smother my best feature behind a pair of cheaters.

If your eyes are attractive, the kind that are more satisfactory to look into than out of, you have a better reason than most to wear your glasses. Without them, in order to focus on any object, you will have to narrow your eyes and this charming little habit, in time, develops into a permanent squint. Raying out from the squint will be tiny creases that deepen into telltale age marks with each passing birthday. Horrid, but true.

Glasses have emerged from the practical and drably utilitarian purpose of improving faulty vision, into something more closely resembling a costume accessory, which is where they belong. The new frames come in delightful colors to match or offset your favorite outfits and if you can afford several pairs you can vary them at will. However, if one pair is all you can manage on your meager allowance (allowances are always meager, unfortunately) it would be best to select a neutral shade.

Glasses will not necessarily make you look either older, or more serious, as many people believe, but eyestrain will most certainly produce both these traits, since it is the rare lass who can appear either youthful or radiant under the impact of frequent and severe headaches.

There is a rumor which has gained prevalence among optometrists, that rimless glasses are far less noticeable than the other kind. This seems like false logic. Light reflects on glass and glasses twinkle brightly whether they are framed or suspended gingerly by two corners. Glasses are, after all, glasses, and the smart thing to do is to dramatize them rather than retire shyly behind your lenses in the fond delusion that no one will notice them.

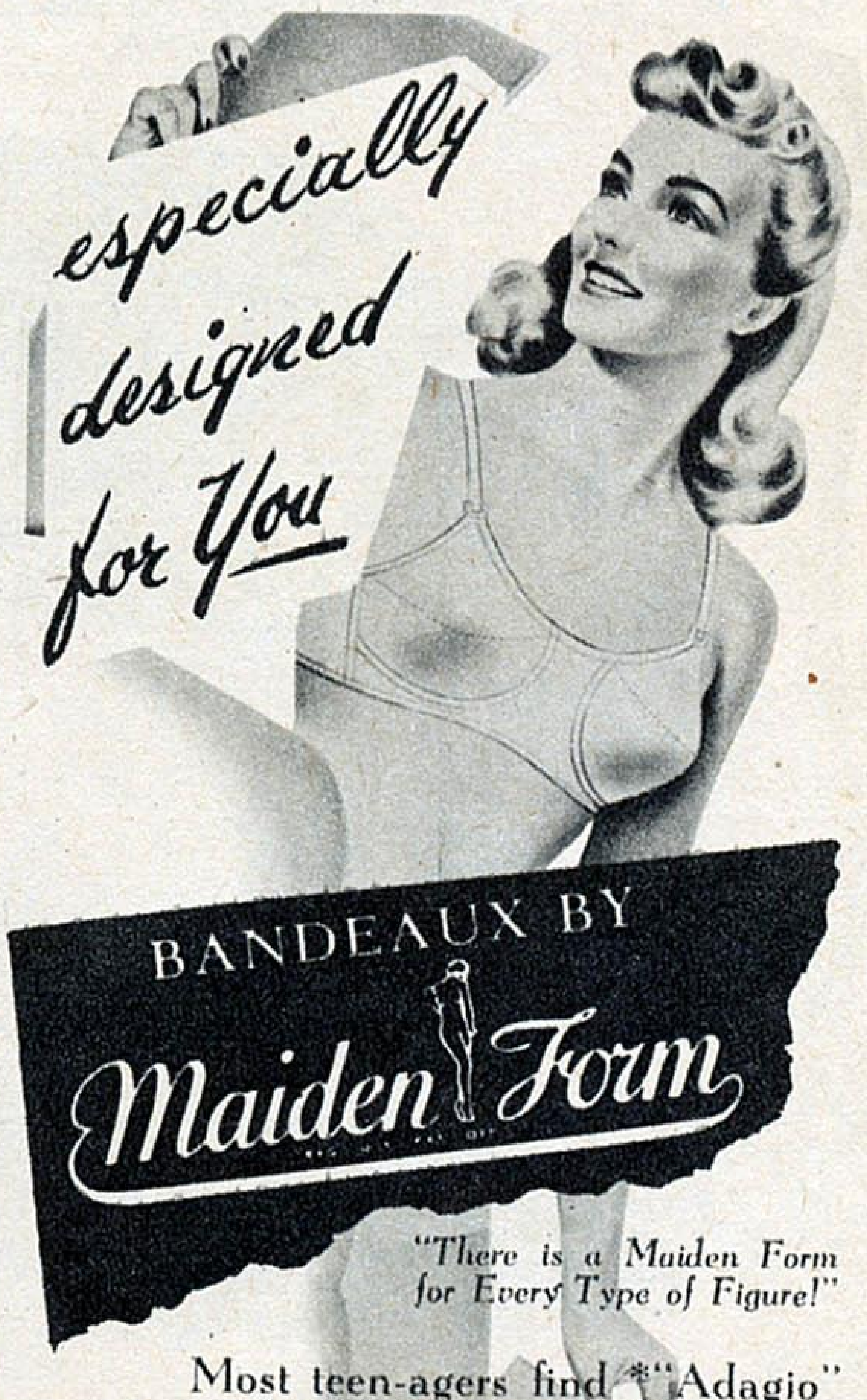
If you already have a perfectly serviceable pair of spectacles, nothing tricky or spectacular, just ordinary cheaters which simple economics forbids you to scrap, try this little trick for variety. The very next time you break a lens, have your prescription for both lenses ground in dark tinted glass, which is kind to the eyes and conveys the happy impression that you are wearing sunglasses in public, like your favorite movie star, or due to your natural sensitivity to light. It is surprising how infrequently people suspect you of plain garden variety nearsightedness behind a pair of dark glasses.

The old fashioned kind, with their small round lenses which hide all but the immediate center of the eyes, are no more. You will discover that the newest frames really *frame* the eyes, stressing their importance. You can help the effect along by the judicious use of eye make-up, applying faint shadow at the outer corners to make them seem wider, and by darkening the lashes and brows to accentuate them, thus making the picture worthy of the frame.

Ah, you murmur, but what about formals? Where do glasses fit in with swishy evening clothes? They don't, of course. If your appearance means everything to you, and why shouldn't it, just skip them for the evening. You can concentrate on your partner's face, which may well be the only face you can see distinctly, and you won't go far wrong. This little practice is guaranteed to flatter your date's ego and will almost certainly lead to repeat performances.

That is, it will unless, the next time you have left your glasses on the piano, you pass him on the street without the slightest flicker of recognition.

Watch for the prize-winning essays on "Tomorrow's World" in a near issue of MISS AMERICA. The delay has been caused by the overwhelming amount of contestants.



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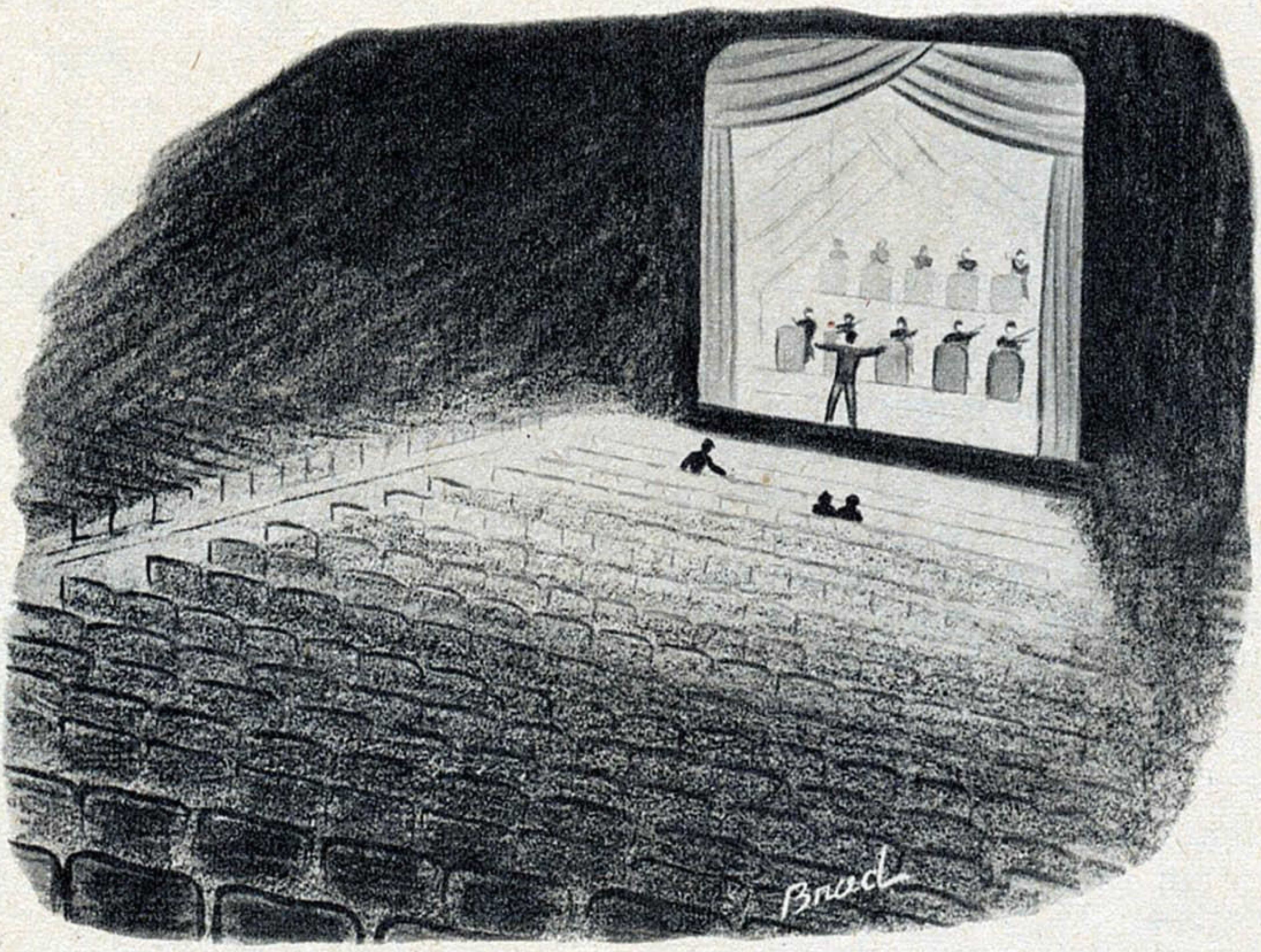
TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From Page 58

German tune which became the British national song, "God Save The King"? The American words were written in 1832, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, who was born in Boston, Mass. on October 21, 1808. He didn't know that he was using the tune of the British anthem when he wrote them. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that the word "my" made "America" the great success it is, because it makes everyone feel personal ownership of the land. It was his thought that the song would never have caught on if it had started "Our country, 'tis of thee."

ART

Raphael is another name to conjure with in the history of art. Born at Urbino, Italy, in 1483, Raphael lived only 37 years, but in that brief span of life, were crowded days of unbroken success and adulation. There are some art critics who pick flaws in his work, but then, don't critics always do that? For those of us who like people to look like people, Raphael remains a genius. As was the case with Michelangelo (remember?) Raphael's biggest assignment was in the Vatican, where he decorated several of the rooms. His *Madonna* and *Child* paintings are classics of art.



I'm sorry girls, but *those* two seats are reserved!

EXAM

Each correct answer gives you 10 percent. Passing mark, 60 percent. Good, 80 percent. Higher, excellent.

1. When was Raphael born?
2. Who wrote the words of "America"?
3. Name the nine provinces of Canada.
4. What case follows all forms of "to be"?
5. How did the modern version of St. Valentine's Day start?
6. How long did Raphael live?
7. Is it correct to say "It could not have been she"?
8. When was "America" written?
9. What are the names of the Canadian territories?
10. In what period did St. Valentine live?

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From Page 51

improve your parents will give permission for you to go out. After all, fun which is *earned* is the most fun of all. But *please*, for my sake, don't sneak out behind your parents' backs. Listen, Fay—you'll end up by hating yourself for doing that!

PRETTY LEOPARD'S SPOTS: Freckles have charm. And so to you many cuties who have written in asking what to do about freckles, I say that most *men and boys* think freckles very attractive, even though they may tease you about them. Both Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford have simply *loads* of freckles—and are proud of them. However, as a rule girls outgrow freckles as they get older. Freckles almost always come from exposure to sun and wind. There is absolutely *no* cure for freckles, and creams or lotions which pretend to remove them may be dangerous fakes. Make-up which matches your freckles will help conceal them and is very striking, especially on blondes.

HOW BIG IS A PIECE OF CHALK? Babs, and Patricia D.—Darling sillies, there is no such thing as "the kind of girl boys admire." If there was, the movies would show only one type of face. However, every boy likes a girl who is clean, who is fun to be with, who lets *him* do the talking, who doesn't run after him, and who is straightforward, honest and kind. Charm is not made to order, but is the outer reflection of a sweet inner spirit.

BEAUTY IS NOT ONLY SKIN DEEP: Oh, girls! Forheavensake, don't squeeze blackheads! Doing so permanently enlarges the pores and does *not* cure the trouble. As I have told you before, try washing your skin twice a day with soap and warm water, rinsing thoroughly with cold water. Then, if the blackheads don't disappear, ask your doctor if it is advisable to have a culture made from your own infection, to be injected as a cure. But act only on your doctor's advice.

EENE-MEENIE-MINIE-MO QUESTION: Irene R.—This is you—you, dear puzzled, honest, sweet! You have so many suitors and they all seem so attractive, no wonder you found it hard to choose from among them and are reluctant to say "Yes" to any one of them for fear of hurting the others. Well, you can't marry them all!!! I suggest you settle on the one you don't want any other girl to have, and break cleanly and definitely with the rest. You flatter yourself if you think they will carry a torch for you forever. If you are honest with a rejected suitor, you may be able to keep him as a friend. But it is definitely wrong and unfair to pretend a love you do not feel with the mistaken idea of saving a boy's feelings. Since your home is unhappy—for which I am deeply sorry—and if there is any doubt in your mind about being in love, why not work your way through college? That would get you away from home, improve your education, and give you time to be sure of

your choice of a husband.

AS THE POET SAID: Darling Katharine W.—It is *never* wrong to love. And it is natural to worry when the one you love has gone overseas. I hope you also pray for his safekeeping. A good, clean, idealistic love never hurt anybody. As Alfred Tennyson said, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." And when your sweetheart comes home you will both be older and better able to judge the importance of your feelings for each other.

BEST POLICY: B. L.—Listen, nice niece of mine: distrust and suspicion are in themselves enough to break up a love affair. You must trust the one you love until you have mighty good proof that you should do otherwise!

JAM SESSION

From Page 18

you forget it! My biggest laugh was watching him try to leave the theater after the broadcast. Both doors were jammed with fans waiting to mob him when he came out. Frankie tricked them. Stuck his head out of one door and all of the kids rushed over there. Frankie quickly withdrew and dashed out of the other door to a waiting taxi!

Bandstand sweepings: Artie Shaw's new band boasts seventeen men, including the ace colored trumpeter Roy Eldridge, so long featured with Gene Krupa's crew. This is the same type band with which Artie made his famous "Begin the Beguine" record. If you like your bands sizzling, Shaw will more than satisfy!

Vaughn Monroe got his name in the papers 2,000 times in two days because he was the first band to record after the lifting of the Petrillo disc ban in November. Vaughn recorded at the Victor studios 18 hours after the disc company signed. . .

Hey! Have you heard Phil Moore's quartet, the "Phil Moore Four," either on record or at Café Society Downtown? Phil is the prolific composer of "Shoo Shoo Baby," "I'm Gonna See My Baby," "There'll Be A Jubilee," etc. The quartet is a jivey little group with plenty on the burner, both instrumentally or vocally.

Dis(c) 'n' Dat(a): We've heard everything now. Latest record by José Iturbi, the longhair pianist, is a classical coupling of boogie-woogie and blues keyboard work. Disc, a Victor Red Seal, backs "Boogie Woogie Etude" and "Blues" both by contemporary composer Morton Gould. "Joe" Iturbi, as we shall have to call him for his disc boogie debut, swings a mean left hand, believe it or not!

That first Vaughn Monroe record we mentioned couples "The Trolley Song" with "The Very Thought of You" on a Victor black label. Vaughn and Marilyn Duke sing the cute lyrics on "The Trolley Song" and Vaughn solos on the flipover. Scores on both sides are excellent with the walking base effect setting a wonderful rhythm for the "Trolley" to ride by. First trumpeter Frank Ryerson arranged "The Very Thought of You," Vaughn tells me. He did an excellent job. Those rolling saxes in the intro are tops.

"Don't Fence Me In" is the plaintive request of Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters on a Decca record. Arranger Vic Schoen conducts the backing orchestra and Der Bingle and the Sisses get into Schoen's groove from the first bar to the coda. After all, it's tough to top Bing . . . even Frankie knows that!

Ella Mae Morse, the "Cow Cow Boogie" gal, greets a girl chum on the new Capitol disc

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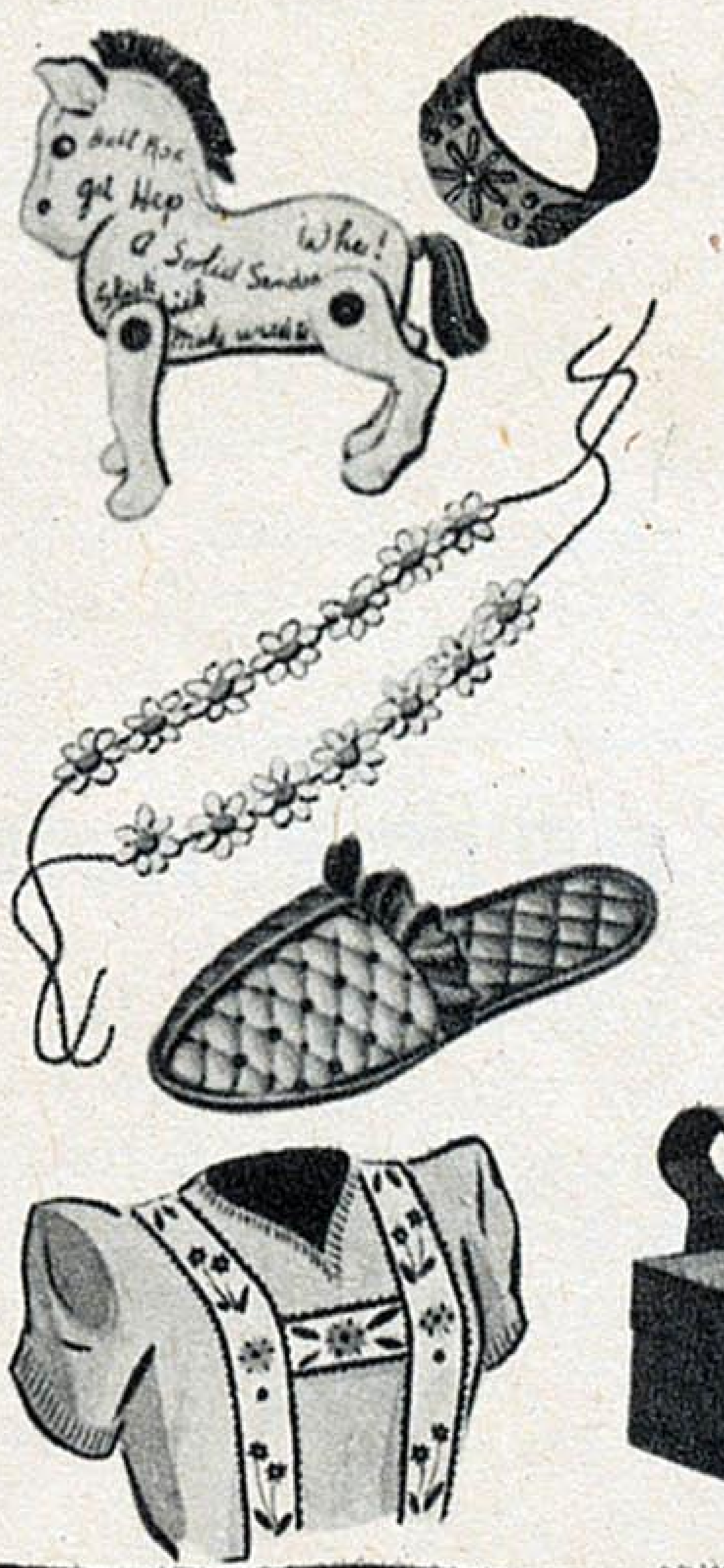

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SCREEN ART STUDIO, Dept. A
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of "Hello, Suzanne." Ella Mae scores but unfortunately Paul Weston doesn't do for rhythmical Ella Mae what the Freddy Slack band did on her first discs. The tune is fine, though, and the disc is above par. "Why Shouldn't I" is on the other side and again Ella is good. Weston gets off on a nice groove at the start but changes his mood when Ella starts to sing and that's just where he shouldn't have changed!

"Helpless" is a swell Glenn Miller disc dug from the bottom of the barrel. Sounds good to hear Glenn's civvy band again. Ray Eberle says the words. . . . The Five Red Caps pop up on a Gennett record of "No Fish Today" and "Grand Central Station." These guys should be a gold mine for their disc firm... Hit records has Louis Prima, and Louis Prima has something that no-one else has! Louis is personality-plus, on such epics as "Robin Hood," "Angelina" (the Waitress at the Pizzeria) and "White Cliffs of Dover"!

Victor has re-issued an album of Bunny Berigan discs. Bunny was one of the greatest trumpeters in the history of popular music. He worked with Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey before going on his own. The album is swell. . . . Don't miss Capitol's King Cole Trio set.

"There Goes That Song Again", says Sammy Kaye on a new Victor and he says it mighty prettily. . . . Meade Lux Lewis plays "Chicago Flyer" and "Blues Whistle" on a Blue Note record if you like jazz piano. We do and we especially like this. . . Teddy Walters turns in socko vocals on the Jimmy Dorsey Deccas of "Moon On My Pillow" and "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart". . . . Charlie Spivak's sweet trumpet croons the Irish lullaby "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" for Victor, and well!

Grace note: Look, cousins, that's all on the burner for this issue. We've tried to tell you what's cooking around the music world and hep you to the jive. If you like the drivel, drop a line. If not, drop a line. If you want information, to register a beef, to rave about a favorite, to suggest, to augment, to do anything. . . . drop a line!

Pat . . .

DEAR BETTY ANN

From Page 56

"before-and-after" type. But three weeks isn't enough, no matter how you look at it. So I had to use my own wits, and that is where the genius comes in.

I got my inspiration looking at a movie magazine. There were pictures illustrating how Ann Sheridan, Betty Hutton, and Susanna Foster became so glamorous. It is make-up and proper personality stylizing. That is what it said. So I started imagining "Four-Eyes" without her glasses and some applied glamor.

"Four-Eyes" said she couldn't do without her glasses. That was perfectly silly, I said. How about all of those exercises where you wiggle your eyes, and make them strong and forget your specs.

"If you're going to have a date for the Valentine Ball, you are really going to have to work, and on yourself," I said as firm as could be, "I can make you into a vision if you will cooperate.

"First, you have to go on a diet," I said. "All movie stars do that to achieve sylphy figures. You must do it fast. You will have to stop eating, that's all."

"Four-Eyes" felt as badly about being too fat as I would be if I was too fat. "It seemed useless to do anything about it. I didn't belong to any crowd. I was almost an outsider. Everyone calls me 'Four-Eyes' and no one really cares how I look.

"I know that I should diet, but candy is the only enjoyment I ever have. Being fat makes me so self-conscious and I get so miserable, looking at myself, that I just go out and get some more sweets to make me feel happier, and that just makes me fatter. But if you think I can really get a date and go to the dance, I'll do anything."

Well, you see how it was, Betts. I was plainly on the spot. I was morally obligated to see that "Four-Eyes" not only be-

Oops! Pardon me!

came a beauty, but that she had a date.

So I started working her out, just like she was Joe Louis training for a championship match.

Brother, what a job! Instead of having a hamburger and a sundae with Sally and Bev at the Malt Shop for lunch, what did I do? I confined myself to the society of "Four-Eyes," I mean Lizbeth, in bolstering her morale.

For one week, Lizbeth lived on practically nothing but lemon juice and lettuce. She began getting thin right away. She began feeling sick too. But when I put her on the scales and she saw the pounds vanishing, she would call on her moral strength and decide she wasn't sick at all.

Well, everything was going wonderful. Lizbeth had lost about ten pounds in eight days. In a few more, she could get into my red taffeta formal. I was loaning it to her special for the Valentine Dance. And right here, Betts, I was never more scared. But never!

In history, I noticed that Lizbeth looked pale, almost ghostlike. "Now what makes her look so strange?" I wondered. Right while I was looking at her, what happened, but she toppled over and fell on the floor.

Sally and Bev screamed! The teacher looked like she was going to faint, she was so scared.

"Make room. Give her air," Walter Miller yelled, and pushed us all away. Lizbeth was unconscious, like she was dead.

Well, a doctor was called. He revived her and took her home. And we all wondered and wondered and wondered.

I didn't have to wonder long, Betts. Not I. That night at dinner the telephone rang. Pop answered, and I heard him saying, "I can't believe it. Why that is terrible, Mr. Benson. No, I certainly did not know. I will stand good for any doctor bills. Naturally, I am responsible for my daughter."

"Good gracious, what have you done now, Vicky?" Mother gasped.

"What has she done!" Pops roared, returning to the table. "Why, she's only almost killed a little girl at school, that's all!"

"Don't you dare say such a thing about your only daughter!" Mother was indignant. "Vicky wouldn't harm a fly. And you know it."

"That's it," Pops growled. "She hasn't any sense."

"I am surprised at you," Mother said, becoming really angry.

"I am sorry," Pops apologized, "but sometimes being Vicky Dunford's parent is more than I can stand."

Then Pops went on to say that Lizbeth Benson's father had called. He said Lizbeth had been taken to the hospital, suffering from malnutrition. "Plain starvation. And do you know who was starving her? "Our daughter, Victoria Allen Dunford, that was who!" Pops roared, his temper flaring up again.

"If anything fatal happens to Miss Benson, we will be responsible for that girl's demise. It seems, Mr. Benson says, that our Victoria had persuaded his healthy, normal daughter to live on lemon juice and lettuce for over a week to get thin. And the child is in a serious way."

I was so scared I rushed to my room, and believe me, I got down on my knees, and I really prayed that Lizbeth would get well. I had never imagined that dieting would hurt anyone.

The next day I was up to the hospital early. And golly, Betts, Lizbeth wasn't in her room. I thought maybe she had died and the undertaker had taken her away for burial.

The nurse came along and said, "Why, Miss Benson was taken home this morning. She is going to be quite all right. Two or three days rest and proper nourishment and she will be back to school with you."

Golly, Betts, I was never more grateful!

For the next ten days, I was taking custards and soups and good nourishing foods over to Lizbeth's house. And do you know Betts, she never once blamed me. She even told her father that I was not to blame one bit. That I was acting in good faith to get her beautiful and glamorous so she could go to the school Valentine Dance.

The doctor said that if that was all, he would give her a proper diet that would make her slender, but would keep her healthy, because it would have the proper amount of vitamins.

We went to the dance, Betts. Walter Miller and Rusty Bramwell took us. Walter was darling. He danced with her, and then he danced with me, and I got Rusty to dance with her, too.

Betts, the whole school cheered when Lizbeth and Rusty were dancing. Everyone was so ashamed for ever having called Lizbeth "Four-Eyes," and for having been so mean and catty. Too, they had been so scared that she was going to die, that day in history.

In spite of Pops saying that I must never, never, never take such an interest in a girl, to the point of where I try to make her over, I am sort of glad. For Lizbeth is so glad and well, and everything seems all right.

Your loving and devoted
friend,
Vicky,
Victoria Allen Dunford.

Look, Dad, I just bought a new *Bird* Hat!

HEY YOU! WAKE UP!

From page 12

you "can't seem to do a thing with it", why not try some of these for size?

To begin with, there is still war work to be done. And you've got hours to spare between school sessions. You can't be an Army Nurse, but who says you wouldn't make a pretty Nurse's Aide, or the best little bandage-roller in the Red Cross. You can't be a foreign correspondent, but you can read two newspapers a day, and keep a bulletin board of current events, so that when your pop talks about Vichy, you won't wonder why he's thirsty all the time. You can't board a bomber and sing for the boys in Italy, but you can join a USO canteen, and hear what the guys who fought in Italy have to say. For that matter, you can even form your own canteen. It's easy enough. All you have to do is to get mom's permission. Then invite a few of the servicemen from your town in for a tall coke, good laughs, some rhumbas, and some Harry James platters. Presto! A canteen!

And if you have done, and are doing all the war work you can handle, how about some well known "extra-curricular" activity? A dramatic club, for instance. Remember when you used to parade in front of the hall mirror at age six, in mom's high heels, and blue ostrich-plumed hat? Or how about yesterday when you recited in class, and Tommy said you sounded like Bette Davis? Why not do something about it? Once you make a move in the right direction, the gang will follow the leader. Shakespeare said "all the world's a stage", you know, and since everyone seems to have a purple passion for olives and acting, how about forming a dramatic club? Put on your own shows, build your own sets, make your own costumes! The laughs you get out of it, plus the fun of working with a bunch of gals and guys will be worth the effort, even if the nearest you get to Bette Davis is her page-boy.

Be a newspaper-woman, and answer to "Hey, Scoop!" Track down stories in your home town, learn to smell excitement. Before you know it, you'll like the scent of a human interest angle as much as you do your perfume. Moreover, you'll be getting an advanced course in *"People—The Way They Tick."*

Learn a new language. It won't be long before people will be flying over to London for tea and scones, and then popping in on Paris for dinner. Why not be able to order your roast beef in such legitimate French, that the waiter doesn't misunderstand, and bring you calf's liver instead? And now that you rhumba and samba, why not cement Latin American relations even further by picking up a bona-fide Spanish expression with each new step?

It doesn't really matter what you do, as long as it's a constructive something. And it doesn't really hurt. Honestly, you'll feel no pain at all. And once you get started, it's just like salted peanuts. You'll never have enough. You see, chullens, there's a new world a-comin', and it's going to be all yours. When a star quarter-back gets the ball, he knows just where to run with it. The world is going to be your football, and it's had enough indiscriminate kicking around. You ought to know that field inside out.

The ball's coming your way, Bright-eyes. G'wan! Catch it, and run for a touchdown!

GHOST IN THE GUEST ROOM

From Page 8

It was then she heard it—the muffled thud of a closing door. A cautious click.

Her door!

Some inborn caution kept her from sitting up. Pretend she was asleep—pretend. Almost without breathing, she turned her head slowly, aware of a presence.

Someone was in the room with her. But who—and how? Her door had been locked, from the inside. She could see nothing among the shadows. But the silence was stealthy. Solid objects loomed in the darkness. Chairs, bureau, chaise lounge, dressing table, the mirror in its elaborate gilt frame....

The mirror! Susan's eyes froze upon its receptive surface, caught a pale flowing movement.

Another scream—from her own throat this time, torn by sheer terror. Leaping out of bed, she flew bare-footed across the cold floor, wrenched at the knob of the door. It was locked! It seemed years before her shaking fingers found the cold key and turned it. The door came open.

Susan almost fell outside—into Maida's arms.

"Maida! Oh, Maida—jeepers, I'm glad it's you!" she almost sobbed.

Maida clutched Susan back for one straining moment, then her arms dropped. "Of course it's me, honey—whoever would it be? Mercy, you're shaking like a leaf. What's happened? Was that you who gave that awful yell?"

"Yes—I mean, no! Not the first one."

"F-first one?" Did Maida's voice falter just a little?

SUNDAY, MONDAY, OR AL
Brad

I always (sob) carry a hanky when I dance, especially (sob) when *Frankie* sings!

"You—you mean—" choked Susan—"you didn't hear it?"

"I heard you, just now—of course—"

Maida's father came hurrying down the corridor, knotting the cord of his bathrobe.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked, concerned.

"S-s-someone's in m-my room —there!" Susan gasped. She was so glad to see Mr. Kincaid she could have hugged him.

Mr. Kincaid switched on the lights.

"Why," said Maida, "there's no one in here, Susan."

"Th-there must be!" stammered Susan. "In—in the closet, maybe. Or—or under the bed. I'm sure—"

Maida's father investigated. "No one," he assured her. He and Maida exchanged glances which Susan couldn't interpret. "You must just have imagined it, dear."

"But—"

"Your door was locked, wasn't it?" asked Maida. "Mercy, Susan, that awful train trip down here must have jangled your nerves somethin' awful."

"But I know I saw her!" cried Susan. "She—"

"She?" asked the Kincaids simultaneously, startled.

"Why, yes," faltered Susan, "I'm positive it's—was—a—a woman."

There was a tense silence. Then Maida's laugh tinkled. "These old houses. People are always imagining things. I may as well admit I felt creepy myself down here the first few nights. But you get used to it."

Susan shivered. "I don't think I will—"

"Probably," said Maida's father swiftly, "you'll hear other things while you're here, too —thumps, perhaps—creakings. Old houses settle at night, you know. And when it's windy, branches scrape against the clapboards, and you can hear the river so plainly you think it's flowing right into the house."

"Well—" said Susan doubtfully. He sounded very calm and reasonable. But cold crept up from the floor, chilling her feet.

"And," he went on, "the night birds down here have rather frightening cries. The owls and mockingbirds, for instance."

Maida said, soothingly, "It's nearly dawn, Susan. You must be awfully tired. Maybe you'd better come and sleep with me the rest of the night, if you're frightened."

"A good idea," said Mr. Kincaid.

The two girls had turned back to Maida's room when someone came along the corridor. It was old Sade, the colored cook. She was panting. Her eyes rolled. Even in the dim hall light, Susan could see that she was terribly scared.

"I'se leavin', Mistuh Kincaid. I serves notice. I jes' cain' stand it no mo'. That ghost, she come agin."

"That's ridiculous, Sade," said Mr. Kincaid firmly. "There are no such things as ghosts. It's a proven fact."

"It ain't a proven fac' to me, Mistuh Kincaid. I heerd her an' I seed her. An' I don' wan' to see her no mo'. I'se leavin' soon's it gits light."

"Of course, if you insist—"

"I does insist. I'se sorry, Mistuh Kincaid. Daytimes is fine. But nights I cain' git my sleepin' done with all them thumpin's and bangin's and screechin's—"

Susan faced the Kincaids with determination. "So—other people have heard and seen frightening things in this house, too. Not just me. Won't you tell me what it's all about?"

Father and daughter exchanged glances. Mr. Kincaid shrugged wearily, nodded consent. "Might as well," he said.

Maida turned to Susan eagerly. "Oh, it will be a relief to talk to you about it all. It's been so—so ghastly. Only—only, you see, we don't know ourselves what it's all about."

Of all things! We would have to omit the *piece de resistance* (fancy language, that) from this issue. We had hoped to give you FRANK SINATRA'S own story, but it came in too late to make the deadline. Look for "The Voice's" story about *you* next month. It's worth waiting for.

Her father's face sharpened with strain. "We've tried to convince ourselves, as well as our servants and guests, that it's all just imagination. Houses simply cannot be haunted."

"Haunted?" pursued Susan.

Maida looked uncomfortable. "There's an old legend about this house. Long ago, the only daughter of the Reardons, the original owners of this place, drowned in the river, at the bend where it flows past the abandoned left wing."

"A *young* girl?" asked Susan, surprised.

"Why, yes." Mr. Kincaid's glance was sharp, interrogative.

"But somehow," said Susan slowly, "I had the impression that—that whoever was in my room was—well, old. Of course, I only caught a glimpse in the mirror across the room—"

"A reflection in the mirror?" from Maida. "It that all?"

"The way she moved, somehow—" Susan broke off, laughing. "Well, here I go, talking as if I'd really seen your ghost. My goodness!" Suddenly it was she now who felt strong and—and brave. Faint light was streaking through the paned window in the hall. Morning was practically here, thank goodness. "Let's forget about it all today," she said cheerfully. "I'm getting hungry. I could eat a horse."

"You could," said Maida ruefully, "if you could cook it. That was our last servant, Susan. One by one, the ghost has scared them all away."

After a sketchy breakfast, the two girls escaped to the out-of-doors. Wandering over rolling lawns to the river, they sniffed air sweet with the Spring fragrance of flowering shrubs and trees. From a purely artistic standpoint, Susan understood why the Kincaids had been attracted to this place. Here breathed the grace of days long gone. In the morning sunlight, it was hard to credit last night's events.

The river ran almost to the foundations of the abandoned left wing, which was almost obscure, or would be in full summer, by giant shade trees whose branches poked at broken cobwebbed windows, high up.

"We hope to get it fixed up as soon as materials are available," said Maida. "Now—I don't know. Susan, both father and I love this place so. We bought it for a home—"

"Why—" said Susan shakily—"a face, in that window!"

Maida looked up, startled. "I don't see anything."

"Well," admitted Susan, "I don't seem to see it now—"

"No one could get in or out," said Maida. "That wing's been boarded up since the Civil War—except for those windows."

"Except for ghosts, you mean," said Susan.

Maida changed the subject, but hardly for the better. "They say," she told Susan, "that it was just about here that Sarah Reardon jumped into the river, after her redcoat fiancé was killed in battle."

Black deep water pushed at the bank. There was force in the flow of this stream. Whispering, gurgling, urging, it spoke a strange language. An unhappy girl standing upon this bank long ago had been persuaded. . . .

"Let's go back," said Susan abruptly, shivering.

In the guest room, Susan closed the door softly behind them. She turned to Maida.

"I'm going to lie down—"

"Mercy, don't you feel well, honey?" Maida asked.

"This is—is an experiment," Susan explained. "Walk over there—" she pointed to the wall opposite the mirror.

Mystified, Maida obeyed.

"Now! Right there—stop!" cried Susan. She could see Maida clearly in the mirror. Leaping up, she began to prod and push at the age smooth panels back of where Maida had stopped.

Maida stared. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Looking for the secret passage."

"Secret passage!" Maida gulped. "Mercy, do you really think there is one here? I'll call father. He'll get carpenters, smash the wall in—"

"Whoa," said Susan. "We want to do more than just find a secret passage. We want to catch whoever's using it to make you all this trouble, don't we?"

Maida nodded.

"Then tonight," Susan said, "we'll hold open house for the ghost in the guest room."

Wind and rain drove against the old house that night as the two girls huddled behind the two long drapes of the French windows. Floors creaked. Shutters banged. Branches scraped against the walls, tapped at the panes.

Through a peephole slit in the drapes, Susan could make out the vague outlines of her own pillow dummy in the bed, could see the grey flatness of the wall opposite the mirror. That wall—her eyes ached and burned with the strain of watching it. She was stiff from standing so long.

Wind moaned down the fireplace chimney like a human voice. Susan wished she dared speak to Maida, but any moment now, it might happen. It was long past midnight. Maybe—maybe watched-for ghosts never appeared . . .

Time crawled on. Susan got over being scared, became just plain tired. Her peephole eye blurred. That wall didn't look right. It was—it was—moving!

Jeepers—it was! The dark slit in the grey panelling was widening rapidly. A stooped form emerged swiftly, silently. Ghost or—or living person? Susan's spine felt like an icicle.

Stealthily, the figure approached the bed, peered down at the hump that might have been Susan, stretched forth a long hand . . .

Susan screamed. She couldn't help it. The figure straightened, backed toward the wall.

"Stop!" cried Susan.

She forgot fear. She threw herself forward. Her fingers clutched, missed, closed on air. The intruder was getting away, through that closing wall space!

Plunging recklessly after, Susan grabbed a thin bony arm, caught the fugitive off-balance. The "ghost" fell—lay still.

"J—jeepers!" gasped Susan. Behind, the aperture was nearly closed, leaving her in gloom. Then Maida's face poked through.

Rushing in from the hall, Mr. Kincaid pushed Maida aside, bore Susan's captive back to the guest room bed.

"Get water, Maida," he said. "Why, this is a frail old lady!"

Susan stared down at the lined face. "Who—who is she?"

Maida was bathing the old lady's face with water when the creepy eyelids fluttered. Suddenly veined eyes opened, wide with fright.

"There, there," said Susan, suddenly sorry for her, "you're all right."

"Let me go!" rasped the woman, "you—you're going to arrest me!"

"Who are you, please?"

"I'm Celeste Reardon." The old head lifted for a proud moment, then sank dejectedly. "The great-great-grand-niece of the man who built this house. I grew up in this house. Stayed on after—after they sold it for taxes. No one came to disturb me, until one day a few months ago a real estate man came to tell me I had to go." Old Celeste Reardon's eyes filled. "I had no place to go—and I love my home."

"So," said Susan, "you remembered the secret passage to the left wing."

"Why, yes. I moved over there. But the only way I could get food or get out was through the passage. Then—the idea came to me to try to—scare the occupants."

Mr. Kincaid said soberly. "You nearly succeeded. A few more months of that — that haunting, and—" he broke off. "But we love this place, too, Miss Reardon. It's our home."

"And," said Maida's father, "you're welcome to stay on here. There's plenty of room."

"You mean—I can stay here?"

Susan looked at old Miss Reardon. She didn't look like a ghost, at all, nor even like a mean old lady. Her face was so happy she looked—well, sort of like an angel!

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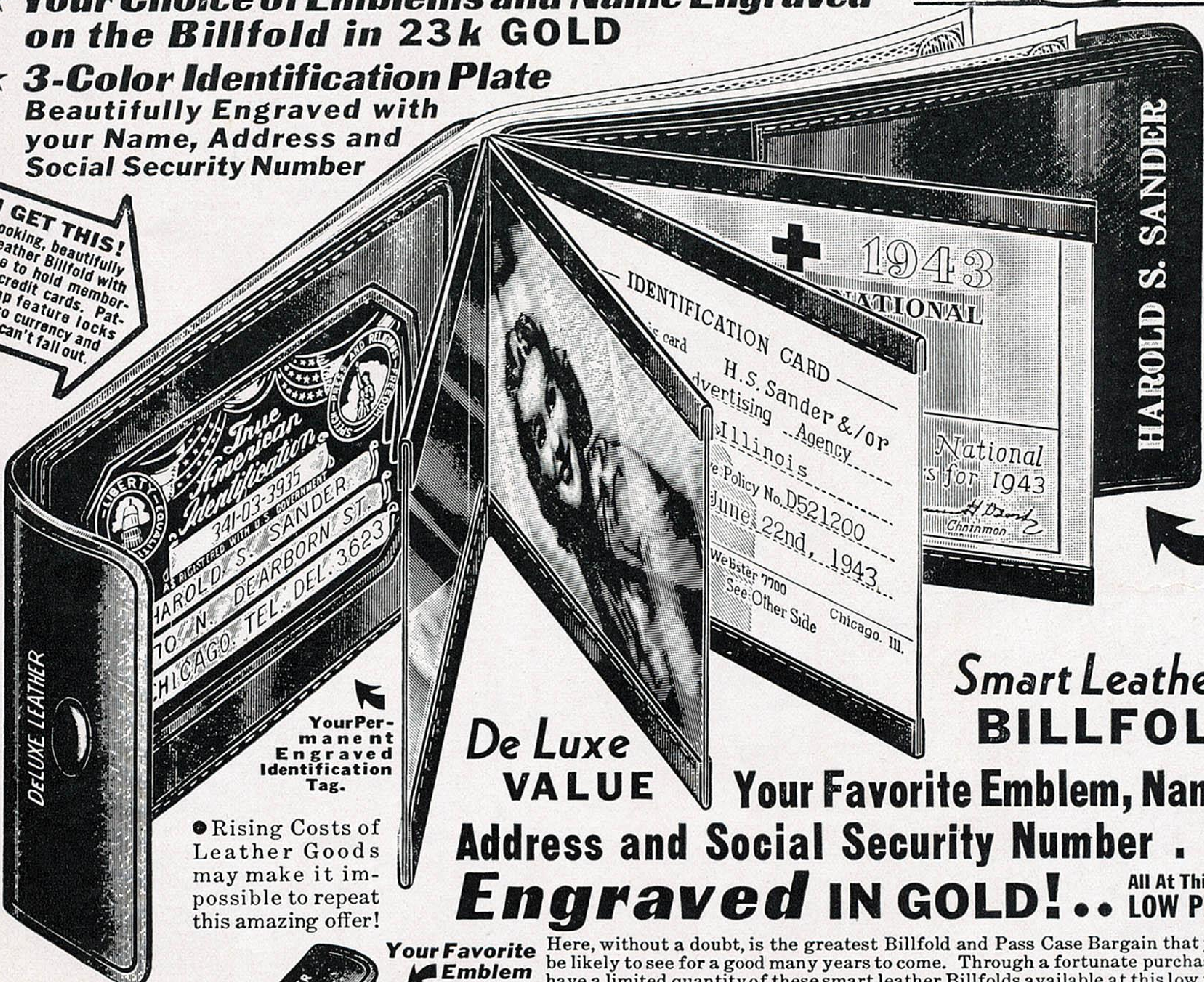
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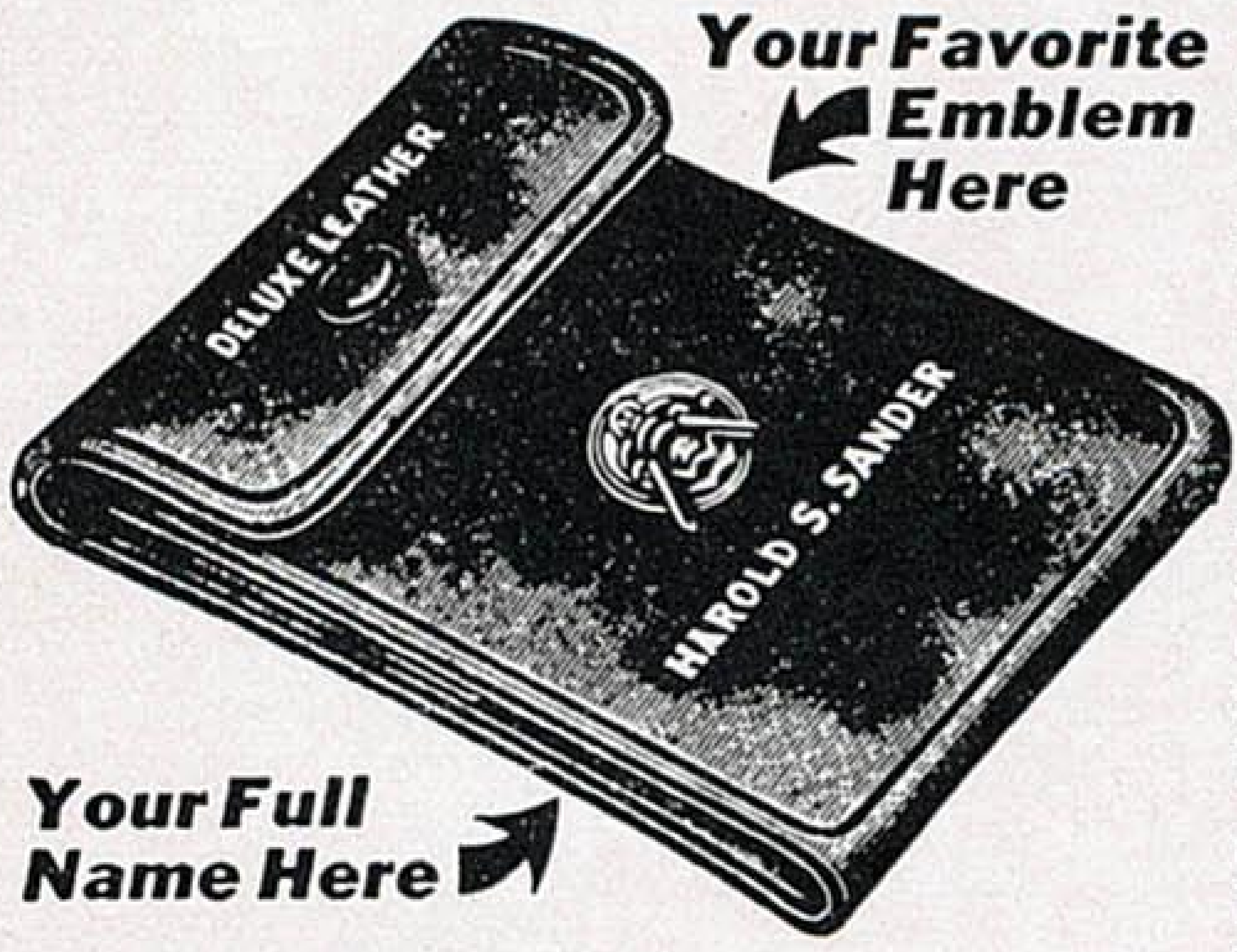
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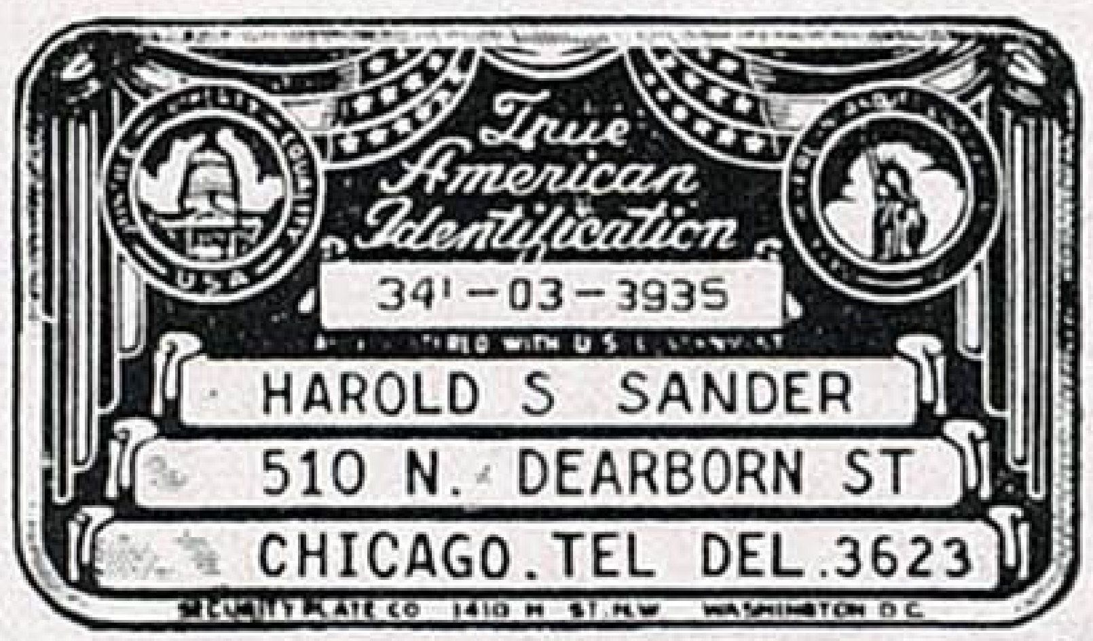
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is this YOU?

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